# Vol. 4, No. 2, Toronto, February, 1931

A Magazine for Canadian Women



The Love Story of a Girl Secretly "Cross Currents" By Joan Sutherland This Issue:



"TEN WOMEN WERE SENT THERE FOR OPERATIONS, TEN COFFINS CAME OUT"

#### NEIGHBORS CALLED IT

# the "House of Crime"

THE best doctors of France were in despair. Infection, then death, followed in the wake of almost every operation.

Someone suggested that hospital air might carry "virus" and "subtle poisons." The idea was seized upon. A house was rented in an isolated suburb of Paris. Ten women were sent there for operations. Ten coffins came out. No wonder that neighbors in superstitious fear called the place the "House of Crime"!

That was in 1863, less than forty years before the start of the present century. Yet doctors and surgeons never dreamed that they, themselves, were the carriers of death. The theory that germs cause infection and disease was still disputed. The need for disinfection had not been recognized even by the medical world! What a contrast with present conditions! Now, dis-

infection is almost a religion with the medical profession—and whenever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, doctors and hospitals the world over turn to "Lysol" Disinfectant. They depend on it even at that most critical time of all—childbirth—when disinfection must be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts and human tissue; as well as in the household on such things as telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. A tablespoonful, diluted, makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant, every drop of which will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it every day to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Lysol (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. "Lysol" is the registered trademark of Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

#### "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.











Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine 'Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol,"

#### The new Ford is an economical car to own and drive



The new Ford Town Sedan is richly furnished and upholstered. You may purchase it on convenient terms through your Ford dealer

## LOW FIRST COST, LOW COST OF OPERATION AND UP-KEEP, AND LOW YEARLY DEPRECIATION MEAN A DISTINCT SAVING TO EVERY PURCHASER

THE new Ford is a splendid car to own and drive because of its attractive lines and colors, safety, comfort, speed, reliability and long life.

There are, in addition, three other features of importance to every far-seeing automobile owner...low first cost, low cost of operation and up-keep, and low yearly depreciation.

During the life of the car, the day-by-day economy of owning and operating a Ford will amount to considerably more than the saving on the first cost. You save when you buy the Ford and you save every mile you drive.

Evidence of the economy of the new Ford is shown in its selection by governmental and city departments and by large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records. The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of a motor car.

The reasons for the good performance and economy of the new Ford are simplicity of design, high quality of materials and care in manufacturing and assembling. Many vital parts are made to limits of one one-thousandth of an inch. Some of three ten-thousandths of an inch. Throughout, it is an outstanding example of craftsmanship in volume production.

The more you see of the new Ford — the more you talk to Ford owners and experienced mechanics — the more certain you become of this fact. . . . It brings you everything you want or need in a motor car at an unusually low price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



OF CANADA, LIMITED

#### The Chatelaine

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Why did you read this? To see who the girl is. Why? Because she's pretty. Leave this page open and watch your husband grab it. You know the reason. It is why this author says beauty is a gill-edged

# OULD RATHER HAVE BEAUTY THAN BRAINS

#### by NAN ROBINS

The confessions of a plain girl who believes that a pretty face makes a showing in the marriage lottery no set of brains in the world can emulate

HEN it comes to leaping off the deep end, beauty has it over brains, yesterday, today and forever. Of course, I know the old saw as well as you do about the beautiful but dumb woman wearing down the resistance and taking the edge off a finely tempered disposition in time, but by that edge off a finely tempered disposition in time, but by that time there isn't anything to do about it—he has been caught, hook, line and sinker. Meanwhile, the brainy prospect, isn't a prospect. She is still sitting in somebody's office making pot hooks for a living and maligning Fate because she hasn't a pretty face to bewitch it for her.

Of course, I am talking about matrimony. Why not? Haven't I had it drummed into me that a husband is the prize packet in the lottery of life and that a family and a

prize packet in the lottery of life and that a family and a

home is every normal girl's real job? The only choices left are abnormal and subnormal—take your pick. Haven't I been told by mother and all the relations on both sides of the family, from Great-Aunt Hoidge down to my kid brother, that I'm improving my chances every day of being pushed in behind the pickle jars on the shelf and bringing lasting disgrace on the family? Haven't I heard my aunt boast that none of the girls in our family ever reached the age of twenty without having a batting average of at least seven proposals and a wreck gallery picturing all the eligibles in the district—(audible aside, that I must be nearly twenty-four now). I have, and that isn't a fraction of it.

It is just the same at the office. I do a man's job. But the Boss told me that the reason that they do not pay girls as much as men, is because a girl will probably go off and get married just as soon as she is properly trained and getting useful. I ventured the remark that when a boy is well-trained some other firm grabs him, but he just shot me an uncomprehending stare and grunted caustically, "It's different with men."

N THE meantime, if she happens to be plain, not ugly, just ordinary and plain, with something besides soft soap and bedevilling eyes in her head, she works around for twenty years. She does twice the work for half the pay of an average man and then gets the following definition for her trouble. "Oh, that's our Miss Brown. Been with the company twenty years. Faithful old sort, very competent and all that—but, you know how it is. She's set in her ways, and her methods are old-fashioned. What's that?" (whis-

pers and chuckles) "I guess she had her last chance about fifteen years ago, if she ever had a chance. One of the boys sent her a box of flowers once and she was so flustered that she could hardly work for a week. Still I like the old girl. She will help you out of a jam if you get in one."

Take a plain girl's girl friends. When Betty Beautiful wants a girl to make a fourth in any party does she call up her prettiest girl friend? Not she, she asks Polly Plain and then proceeds to enamour both the boy friends. She raves all the while about how clever, how wonderfully clever, how

then proceeds to enamour both the boy friends. She raves all the while about how, clever, how wonderfully clever, how enormously, magnificently and splendiferously clever is Polly. In fact, Polly is much cleverer than most men, Betty tells them confidingly and says, "Aren't you flattered that I asked you to meet Polly?" They nod dumbly and give Polly a poisonous look. By this time Polly hasn't a ghost of a chance if she ever did. Why? Because, while a man expects his wife to be wise enough to make a \$200 salary do the work of \$400, and boasts about her ability to make Paris models out of ginghams and prints, he avoids a girl who is models out of ginghams and prints, he avoids a girl who is supposed to have brains, as he would the Seven Years Itch. So coming or going the girl with brains loses. If she elects

to stay single and run her own show, it's automatically decided that the entire male population passed her up and she never got a break. If she likes a man and offers to give him a square deal; if she refuses to deal in subterfuge and deceit, she is chasing him and he goes faster than a newly broken ten dollar bill.

I know because I am one of the unfortunate intelligent ones. I'm not conceited about my brains—why should I be? One isn't overjoyed by "pink [Continued on page 56]



# "Eating yeast every day strengthens the muscles of the intestine"

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED HOSPITAL HEAD

WHEN your system is not functioning proper-ly, what do you do about it? Take a dose of medicine? A violent pill? A weakening cathartic?

You know you cannot correct constipation that way. Permanent relief from internal sluggishness demands a gentler, more sensible course of action.

For this extremely unpleasant trouble means a weakening of vital internal organs. The delicate mechanism of your intestines must be "toned up" . . . strengthened to carry away the daily accumulation of poison-breeding wastes.

It is very simple to accomplish this, today. Here is the method famous physicians advise, in the words of Dr. Josef Fabricius, the noted Austrian medical teacher and hospital head:

"For preventing and cur-

ing constipation," Dr. Fabricius states, "physicians are securing the best possible results from fresh yeast. Its daily use will strengthen the muscular action of the intestines . . . promote thorough elimination . . . regulate digestion."

Why not make up your mind to discover what

(Left) Miss Lucie Konig of Vancouver, B.C. Her mother writes: "Yeast is doing Lucie as much good as it did me. Her skin is clearing up fine. She doesn't catch cold as ceelly and now she seems to easily, and now she seems to have lots of energy for her school work."



eating Fleischmann's Yeast will do for you? Why not let it rid you of the headaches and complexion troubles, the unnatural tiredness and indigestion to which constipation gives rise? Just add three cakes a day to your regular diet. Starting today! Write for a free copy of booklet on Yeast for Health. Address Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

#### READ WHAT THESE NOTED DOCTORS SAY:-

Dr. Weicksel, celebrated German authority, reports: "I have prescribed fresh yeast for a large number of my patients suffering from disturbances caused by constipation." Dr. Farov, Paris digestive specialist, says: "Fresh yeast increases gastric and intestinal secretion."

#### They guard Health with Yeast!

Many of the people you know owe their vigor and alertness to this simple health routine! Every day, regularly, they eat 3 cakes of fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast.

Try it!-either plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold), or any way you like-before meals or between meals and at bedtime. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G, D. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains and drug stores.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast-the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!

couch at right angles to the fire; slender, golden-haired with deep eyes and generous mouth; Judy four years her junior, with fairer hair, blue eyes and a too sensitive mouth, was lounging in a low chair, her pale gold hair severely brushed back from her forehead, her fair skin made up to startling whiteness, typical of her set and generation. Jane, serious, attentive, immensely interested, curled up on the hearthrug, was an eleven-year-old who with her twin brother John made up the family of Emily and Ross Ardwyn.

Tania was talking, her face and voice grave.
"I don't want you younger ones to expect too much. Mother isn't maternal, she isn't in the least domestic. She's just very much a separate person with her own individuality. Judy you'll remember that won't you?"

Judy nodded. course, I'm not expecting a Victorian re-union! Don't disturb yourself Tania!" but in her heart she was saying: "It's two years! She must want to see us. She

must care! She's our mother—she must."

At half-past five came the sounds of arrival and Tania in the library on the first floor heard her mother's voice on the stairs, clipped, clear, curiously vital, and stood rigidly still with Jane at her side. The door was opened by Carter the English butler. Lady Emily appeared, Ross just behind her, gave a quick glance round the room to her children, and came across to them in the decisive rapid way that was so peculiarly her own.

"Family reunion—home-coming of erring wife and mother!" there was that irresistible note of laughter in her voice running through every intonation like sunlight under rippling water. "Well my dears how are you all? Jane—John—you're much too big; Judy you've altered your hair. Tania—" she kissed them all and without waiting for any reply slipped off her fur coat, and said to Ross:
"They look very fit which is more than you do. Tea.

Ross, clean-shaven, heavily built about the shoulders, handsome but lined and grim looking, lacked her fire, her quickness, her drollery, but there was strength in his face and kindness when the grim lines about mouth and eyes

They talked more easily as tea began, and before long it seemed as though Emily Ardwyn had never been away; they took her through the house, showed her certain improvements and changes which she approved, told her of plans for the immediate present, dinner and luncheon engagements, the opera fixtures, the receptions and debutante parties and as they stopped at her bedroom door since it was dressing-time, she laid her hand one on Tania's arm, one on Jane's. Emily had lovely hands, small, capable,

"My dears it's charming. So are you. We'll have a happy winter and put everything right!"

TANIA went to her room with a weight off her mind, at her mother's return. Perhaps now her father would look less tired and gloomy, would be like his old self. Perhaps there might be a life such as her friends had with a home life and home interests, and Judy growing up with more care where she went and what she did, and the children no longer left to governesses to muddle along as best they could.

The whole beautiful house seemed different tonight, as if some vital thing had entered it, and as she dres sang to herself and stood for a moment before the long the telephone rang, her maid came in from the bathroom and a moment later said:

"A gentleman wishes to speak mademoiselle. A Capitaine Blak-eeston."

Tania's hand was arrested in mid-air; for a moment she stood quite still, then she went over to the telephone and took up the receiver, and Mariette saw her face was quite white and looked suddenly years older.

ANIA stepped out of the limousine into the wild autumn night and paused just for an instant on the pavement, heedless of the tearing southwest wind, the dampness of the pavement to her thin gold shoes, or the passers-by. She was used to being stared at, to be pointed at, photographed, commented upon, to see herself in the picture papers:

'Miss Tania Ardwyn the beautiful elder daughter of Robert Ross Ardwyn the distinguished president of the Atlantic Banking Co."

"The most beautiful girl in Society, Miss Tania Ardwyn," and so forth, and it all seemed to matter very little to her tonight—to be pitifully unimportant. She wanted desperately to be by herself a little, to collect her thoughts, to have time to nerve herself for what might immediately await her, but no such respite was to be allowed her, and a man swinging on the pavement in a great hurry knocked

"You think you've got the whip hand of me, that I'll take anything you say or do lying down. But I tell you you're mistaken." He gave a smothered sound of anger. "No! I've a right to you—and if I can't have you, no other fellow shall!" Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu against her and drew sharply back with a hasty apology.

treat me so badly. Amusing people though. "That's good," Ross d heavily. "We're said heavily. glad to see you again Emily."

"We haven't had a

I had no

chance to speak yet. You're looking wonderful. Did you have a good tripover?"

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Thank heaven! Why are you all so quiet?"

Carter was laying the tea-table and at her quick question the general dumbness that had fallen upon the family broke up. The younger children vanished, Jane laughed rather nervously and Tania tackled the queer situation with

She shot him an upward glance and her eyes, dark, small, deeply-set under arched brows, danced.

"My dear Ross how touching of you all! I feel quite like a prodigal.

Tania laughed because her mother was so exactly the same, exquisitely dressed with the smartness of Paris allied to her own perfect taste, short, inclined to plumpness,

with a turned-up impertinent nose, a mouth eloquent, upward curving eyes that danced with a wicked mischief at the world—and a manner, as assured, as exquisite as her clothes. Lady Emily Ardwyn nee Lambourne, second daughter of Her Grace the Duchess of Lambourne, was plain and irregular as to features, yet made of that very plainness and irregularity an asset and a smartness that put every other woman near her, in the shade.

mirror in the bathroom, content with its reflection of long slim lines and delicate unblemished skin.

Emily might be abominably selfish, she might be intensely worldly, but she possessed above all the quality of making herself supremely necessary to those about her.

Tania went over to her dressing-table, picked up her comb, since the chiffon dress had disarranged her hair, and was just putting last touches to the soft golden cap when

"I'm awfully sorry—I was dodging a taxi."

Tania met the gaze of deepset eyes, whether grey or brown she could not tell, in a tanned extraordinarily arresting face, saw the man was above the average height, and broad shouldered, had a second's impression of some-thing less tamed and more vital than the world around her, and inclined her shining

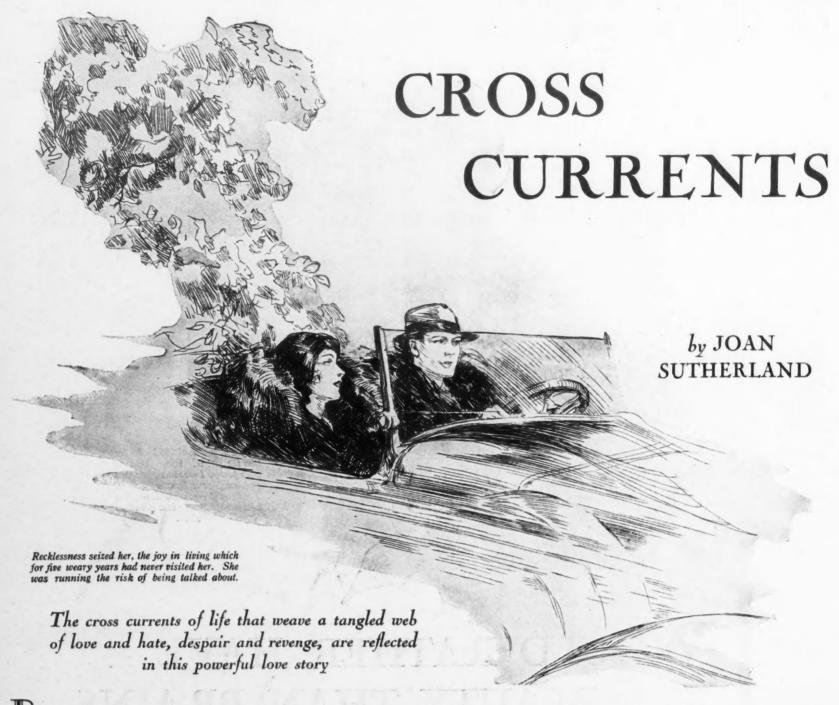
"You did not hurt me," she said, "But it is dangerous to dodge taxis—in New York."

He smiled, showing a ""

He smiled, showing a flash of white teeth and she smiled back and with a little feeling of regretfulness went across

the pavement in through the great doors of the restaurant.

Tania stood for one second quite still, at ease, a little aloof, undisturbed by the attention she attracted. Then a change passed over her, she [Continued on page 24.]



OSS Ardwyn closed the door behind him with something suspiciously near a crash, and swung along the wide, wet pavement at a pace that was eloquent of his

mood.

The night had been wet but the rain had ceased and above the high buildings the stars were visible when the blustering northwest wind tore the clouds apart as they raced across the March sky; just the kind of night to enjoy driving back to White Ledges if only Emily had had any sense—which of course she hadn't, preferring the stuffy heat of ballrooms and restaurants and bridge tables to the crash of the sea on the rocks, or the roar of the wind in the

woods at the back of White Ledges.

Suppose Emily had been right when she said he was dull and stupid and bored her to tears. If he bored her he probably bored the rest of the family . . . the Bathursts and that conceited young puppy they had with them—Blakiston. Yes Blakiston was the fella's name—they had not found him wearisome and they were Emily's relatives and friends. What was it Emily had easid? A transcendental and friends. What was it Emily had said? A transcendental bore, yes that was it . . . very well then he'd see in future she was not bored any more. He would clear out.

The club was his goal and he sat there till midnight writing letters and making arrangements. He'd had enough. Emily should be made to realize that he would not be

bullied and railed at any more. Canada or South America or perhaps the Orient . . . he'd say nothing, plan everything and when it was all arranged walk off. Emily should be taught her lesson.

LESS than two miles away Emily Ardwyn, alone in her extremely charming and elegant Louis XV bedroom had, oddly enough, reached the same conclusion. Ross needed a lesson badly and she would see that he got it. To fly into such a temper all about White Ledges and New York and

bridge, was simply absurd, but to absent himself from her dinner-party was unforgivable. It was all her fault for marrying an American—she might have known they would quarrel. Ross had never learned to waste time being agreeable, never could understand that an English woman wanted something more than money heaped upon her and trips to Europe—alone—offered as a panacea for loneliness. Of course she was lonely. There were the children, of course—and what a good wife she had been, never shirking motherhood, superintending their nurseries, their education and games and health just as English mothers should. At this point Emily sniffed and dabbed first one eye and then the other. She ought to be able to weep—instead the mascara only showed on her handkerchief and she stamped with indignation. She never had been able to cry easily but surely now a few tears would be becoming? Would not even her extend her to weep, when she had just been her mother expect her to weep when she had just been deserted heartlessly by Ross?

The picture of the Duchess of Lambourne pressing a deserted daughter to her high Victorian bosom touched

Emily's always lively sense of humor. She chuckled, threw away her handkerchief and the customary twinkle returned once more to her deep set, very bright eyes. Ross was a perfect fool but he was rather a darling—they must really stop quarrelling. It was bad for the children . . . and at that moment Licette the French maid brought a note to her mistress written at the Patronal Club and sent by a mesmistress written at the Patronal Club and sent by a messenger at midnight . . . and as Emily read it, her face altered subtly, her eyes grew hard, her mouth, that humorous impertinent mouth of hers, set in a close line. When she came to the signature she was no longer the tolerantly amused gamin-like woman whom her friends knew, but very much a great lady mortally offended.

Sitting down at her little French desk she wrote an answer without one moment's hesitation, sharp, curt and to the

without one moment's hesitation, sharp, curt and to the

point. If Ross wanted to leave her he should. Let there be no mistake about that . . . handing the note to her

maid she spoke curtly.

"Telephone through first thing in the morning to the shipping office and get reservations on the first fast boat. I am going to Europe."

HEY parted with distant and dignified farewells two days later and did not meet again for two years, after which interval Emily found herself less popular with her family, extremely bored with her position, and secretly a little homesick for her children and the big stone house. Ross, driving from his downtown office to his home felt he was meeting a stranger; he lacked Emily's power of putting the past behind him and cheerily beginning all over again. He was grimly aware of his own faults, quite prepared to meet her half way, but he lacked the quality of humor where he himself and his own affairs were concerned, and she had too large a share. Besides two years had been long enough to do irreparable damage; it had widened the gulf between people already poles apart, it had planted in his mind a deep sense of injury, it had fostered in her a reckless and cynical independence—and it had destroyed the children's cynical independence—and it had destroyed the children's

Ross justly feeling that silly squabbling should not have led either of them into the folly of such a separation, was learning to do without his wife and his home. Emily was quite determined to do without her husband; neither were particularly interested in their family and that family, modern though it was, suffered. On the afternoon of their mother's expected arrival they were collected in the mother's expected arrival they were collected in the library, a cheerful book-lined room looking on to the Avenue and catching the pale rays of the November sun shining down a

Tania, the eldest girl, sat on the broad back of a leather

#### 1931

# Canada's Most Envied Hostess

The romantic life story of the woman who, as wife of our new High Commissioner in London, adds another milestone to a glamorous career

#### by Lucy Swanton Doyle

O PUBLIC man in Canada has had a wife who has meant more to his career than has the gracious little lady whom London is wel-

coming this month as the wife of our new High Commissioner. Rarely has the passing of an official hostess brought such uni-versal expressions of keen personal regret. But it has been softened by the joy that Mrs. Ferguson is so uniquely fitted for the most envied post abroad that a Cana-

dian woman may occupy.

To her heritage of valiant Old
Land ancestors, who came to help
build a New World in the wilderness, Mrs. Ferguson adds a memory of school days in England, wide travel in the old world and the new, an intimate knowledge of her country's problems, and above all this, there radiates from her a record of unceasing public service and domestic devotion.

Daughter of Alexander Cum-ming, whose name echoes a Huguenot ancestry which sought refuge in Scotland, Mrs. Ferguson's fore-bears were Canadian pioneers from Inverness-shire, Perthshire, and the north of Ireland, and included a United Empire Loyalist grand-mother. Born at Vankleek Hill, her family soon afterwards took up their residence in Kemptville, near Ottawa. But when she was yet a young girl they moved to still another town within a short distance of the dominion capital. However, as their new abode,

Buckingham, was on the north shore of the Ottawa river, Quebec claims Mrs. Ferguson as its daughter since she

spent her girlhood there.

But few girls in those sheltered days had as varied a life as did little Miss Cumming. As a friend of the niece of a

as did little Miss Cumming. As a friend of the niece of a Quebec lumber king, she accompanied them to a northern wood never before traversed by white women. There she had glimpsed the heart of a great basic Canadian industry. After finishing at a Montreal school, Bute House, she went abroad with a small party of girls, chaperoned by a teacher. So fascinated was she by her three months tour, that she remained in England for a further year at a school at Highgate, where she took the Cambridge Extension at Highgate, where she took the Cambridge Extension Courses. On her return she travelled to California, as far as Mexico, and returned through the Canadian rockies, and later visited the Maritime Provinces. After her marriage,

her western trips included a glimpse of Skagway, and a visit to British Guiana and Demerara also came.

Though Miss Cumming's family had left Kemptville in her early girlhood a friendship with Howard Ferguson, begun in its village school, had continued, and when he finished law school, in the year of Owen Victoria's Jubilee. finished law school, in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, he brought her back as a bride to the very house in which she had lived as a child.



An interesting reminiscence recalls the fact that Mrs. Ferguson was first presented to Queen Mary at the opening of Canada House in 1925. This portrait by Ashley and Crippen was posed especially for The Chatelaine.

THEN began one of the most complete comradeships that a Canadian public man and his wife have enjoyed. Though young Mrs. Ferguson was adept in all the household arts, Kemptville recalls, that even in the Victorian era of their marriage, she united a rare gift of home-making with a zealous interest in her husband's career. From the days he entered public life as a town councillor, she not only followed his campaigns but was also to be seen in the only followed his campaigns but was also to be seen in the court-house when he pleaded some local cases.

court-house when he pleaded some local cases.

In her husband's work, Mrs. Ferguson found her greatest inspiration. For a sorrow that touched their early married life brought them still closer. Both have an intense love for youth and little ones, and the death of their only child, Charles, when not quite one year old, was doubly cruel for them. Bravely they faced it together, and only their intimates know of the personal grief that helped to make their interest in hospitals and child-welfare so outstanding. Although Mrs. Ferguson has been notable for her enthusiasm for every good cause that has made for progress

thusiasm for every good cause that has made for progress and improvement, her close companionship with her hus-band has left her little time for clubs. But it is interesting to note the first organization joined by the wife of the man who chose "The most important thing in the world—the British Empire," for the subject of his biggest London No better pen picture of Mrs. Howard Ferguson could be given than this article by Lucy Doyle, the noted Canadian journalist who has followed every step of Mrs. Ferguson's public life, and who, with Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, spent six weeks in London during the Imperial Conference.

speech last autumn. For Mrs. Ferguson joined the Chamberlain Chapter, I. O. D. E., in the days when that Birmingham statesman was sounding his Empire call. Since then a life membership in the Na-tional Council of Women and a membership in the Toronto Ladies' Club have been her sole enlistments, until on her departure for England, Mrs. Ferguson was made a life member of the National Chapter, I. O. D. E. and also of the Toronto Chapter named for

But few feminine club leaders in Canada have impressed men campaigners as has gentle Mrs. Ferguson. Despatched to interview her the night her husaband was first elected Ontario's Premier, I found her at midnight on the verandah of Toronto's historic Queen's Hotel.
Five-foot-three, Mrs. Ferguson

looked even less than her one hun-dred pounds as she sat in the midst of the party stalwarts who were waiting her husband's return. As

they received late results from distant constituencies, Mrs. Ferguson followed each bulletin with such intelligent comment, that an old campaigner said: 'She knows more than any of us.'

THOUGH the indomitable Mrs. Ferguson had seen her husband through a terrific struggle when she herself was fighting a serious illness, she collapsed when it was over and did not have the joy of seeing him enter the Ontario Legislature as premier. But even during her long months of convalescence, Mrs. Ferguson still continued her keen read-ing of the press. For one of her most precious possessions is a cabinet in which she files matter that mirrors the public thought.

Fond of music, pictures, and flowers, Mrs. Ferguson when asked about her favorite books, replied:
"One of my big regrets is that my busy life has left me so little time for reading. I do not read much fiction. I like memoirs and biography best. When you meet so many real people who have done things those in story-books seem so tame beside them.

Next to Mrs. Ferguson's genius for friendship is her merry sense of humor—a priceless asset for a public man's wife. Hers was never more needed than at the Opening of the Ontario Legislature, when just after [Continued on page 44]

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# A NEW MARRIAGE LAW



One of a group of articles describing the marriage laws of Canada. Next month Mrs. MacGill will discuss Ontario's marriage act.

Illustrated by

Victor Child

making and keeping by government officials of accurate records and the State defines and con-

trols those who may solemnize

marriage.

All ministers, clergy and others in British Columbia, including the new Marriage Commissioners, who wish to celebrate weddings must register with the Government. They may apply or their church may apply for them but the Government at its pleasure may accept or reject the

No other province but British Columbia has enacted a defense against the sporadic nomadic sect which gathers a few members, then either fades or "splits." For while some provincial laws require that the ministers and clergy must have "spiritual charge" of a congregation, British Columbia not only says they must be in charge and officially connected with a congregation but adds a unique clause all its own. The Act states that the religious body must be "well established both as to continuity of existence" and as to "recognized rites and usages respecting the solemnization of marriage." That is vague enough to cover anything and limited enough to allow the Government considerable discretion!

The visiting minister who comes to marry relatives or old classmates or the children of former parishioners, if he is otherwise eligible may be included in the elect. So none of those who long for his services on this joyous occasion need languish in vain. Supernumerary and superannuated clergy may also register.

But registration of a minister does not mean that he is ettled for life. Not at all. The registration may be cancelled without a hearing and the cancellation published in the Government's official organ. But the cancelee can appeal to the Supreme Court. The other provinces, retaining the Government's right to cancel do not permit any appeal.

at C M la he vi

Until the new law came into effect in British Columbia, the head or minister of any religious sect or denomination, if he spent a month in British Columbia could, and frequently did, perform marriage ceremonies. Since the Government knew nothing officially of the ministers or heads, and they knew nothing of the Government and probably cared less, if they were careless about registering legally the marriages which they performed, it was not discoverable until too late. Probably even the most ignorant [Continued on page 46]

DET feminists rejoice—in one province of Canada

This new ruling is no vague victory either. The act, in listing those who may apply to the Government for the privilege of solemnizing marriage states clearly that it "may include females as well as males." Thus again British Columbia leads onward and upward, according to some-backward and downward according to others. Under the old law females were not included among those who might perform the wedding ceremony, and in the case of the Salvation Army, where so many of the officers are feminine, it was carefully stated that officers "being adult male," and appointed to solemnize marri-

"being adult male," and appointed to solemnize marriage, might do so.

When the idea of women performing the marriage ceremony was first mooted elsewhere, there were some male members of society who raised their voices in protest. They felt that there was something almost Bolshevistic in an innovation so shocking. A man who really did not intend to be married might find he was not a versal who thought she was might find she was and a woman who thought she was, might find she was not! It scarcely seemed respectable. Some openly stated their firm conviction that women were so senti-mental about marriage—men are not!—that they would be willing to perform the ceremony at any cost. Naturally not in the sense of price cutting, but in mental, moral and

But there it stands in Canada's latest marriage law. Either the objectors have died out in the Pacific Province, or strong men have grown more self-reliant, or they have given up the struggle and are going to submit to being dragged or cajoled to the altar by some determined schemer or intriguing charmer, as the case may be encouraged and led on by a "female" minister.

So far no case of a woman performing the ceremony has been reported, but these are early days yet. Though women were not authorized to perform weddings until last September, I am told that long ere this, undeterred by the fact that they were not males, women have performed the wedding ceremony in British Columbia.

#### More Delay in Marriage

THE newest feature of all in the British Columbia Act is the delay in the preliminary steps—the brake put by both the new Ontario and British Columbia Acts on the hasty dash to the altar. But there is no intention in discouraging ardent young souls who lawfully and properly want to explain the rest of matrimony from doing so want to embark upon the sea of matrimony from doing so, only the hope that less marrying in haste may result in less repenting at leisure, fewer fees for separation deeds and fewer hurried appearances in the divorce courts.

The delay either before or after the application for or issuing of the license is a modern feature of marriage laws. In British Columbia the application for a license now must be made eight days before it is issued. With the require-

ments of eight days previous residence, and eight days application before the license may be issued, eloping couples may no longer secure a license and be wedded so soon as they can secure a minister. These regulations working out in all to sixteen days, are a check on the "over the border"

runaway match.

Licenses and banns are valid only for three months, but if not put into effect before then are void and as dead as yesterday's newspaper. The price of licenses in Canada varies from \$3.50 to \$8, the most popular price being \$5. British Columbia says "\$5 and no more."

To be married in the office of a marriage commissioner costs \$10 in addition to the price of the license. Indians, however, get a special low price. They need pay only \$1, but whether the Indians find the bargain price tempting is hard

From now, henceforth, all ministers, clergy and others including marriage commissioners—these are newwish to celebrate weddings must register with the Government. They may apply, or their church may apply for them, but the Government at its pleasure may accept or reject the application.

#### A Trend Toward Uniformity

ONTARIO has also been revising its marriage act, and both the new acts show the modern trend toward uniformity. In days of old the recording of weddings was the responsibility of the church, but year by year, the gradual shift of responsibility on the civil side to the State, shows the State's increasing concern with the marriage of her children. All the later marriage laws safeguard the THE minute she opened the door of the flat, she knew that one of the girls had been cooking pork chops and another washing things in strong suds. Helen sniffed the second odor appreciatively. She had her hair to wash tonight, and stockings and gloves and underwear. A girl went very dainty nowadays, but it meant long sessions of an evening with soap and hot water. You became an independent wage earner and a washwoman at the same time.

The bathroom door was bolted against her. "Nothing

doing for an hour!" sang out Sylvia. "Adele's going to have a beau."

It was actually three-quarters of an hour later that Adele, washed, water-waved and powdered, came into the bedroom. As she was slipping into her dress the doorbell rang. "Be a good child and answer that," said Adele. A good child is a girl who answers the door for another girl's beau.

On the threshold stood the young man who had held the revolving door for Helen this very evening.

the young man.

Helen pretended she did not hear him; but she sat down Helen pretended she did not hear him; but she sat down with him in the living room, which was more than a good child needed to do. He began to talk about the weather and the walking. He talked about movies. He was an accountant himself; but then he always got a kick out of figures. Judging by his grin and his outdoor look, they did

not take his evenings either.

Adele had never put the finishing touches to herself quite so quickly. It was as if the sun had gone under a cloud when she came introducing the young man by his name, which was Hartley Rivers, and then marched him off for the evening. Helen got into her dressing-gown, and shook down her hair. But by the time she reached the bathroom door,

Enid was running the hot water. Helen lay down on her cot in the bedroom, and reached for a magazine. First a big family, she reflected bitterly, and a small house, and one bathroom. Then three flat mates, and do your own washing at home, and one bathroom. All her life she had been waiting for her turn at the

moment of being at home with him. If she were ever married, she'd want to feel that way about the man she . . . She caught herself sternly. Waiting for the bathroom was

bad enough. She wasn't going to line herself up as waiting for a husband, too. And, after all, why should she? The minute she got a raise, she would not begin eating lunch. She might even stop eating dinner. But she would hire her-self some sort of apartment—alone. An apartment with a private bath.

She was so lost in her bright dream that Sylvia had succeeded Enid at the washbowl before she came to. It was ten o'clock when Helen finally got into the bathroom, and the hot water was all gone.

She heated water in a saucepan, and carried it, swishing and slopping, from the kitchen through the living room, where Enid and Sylvia were now established before a squeaky radio. She washed underwear and stockings to carry her through the week, and one pair of gloves. Her hair had to wait. She could have it done at a beauty parlor tomorrow, in her so-called lunch hour. But that dollar spent on a shampoo meant going without something else.

When her dripping wash was finally suspended above her cot, she resumed her magazine in the middle of a story. "My yacht will be waiting for us tomorrow," said the rich man with designs on the heroine's virtue. "It will take us to those storied and sunny lands you have so often dreamed of

The heroine didn't accept his bid. Why should she? Now if ne had said, "Your stateroom has a private bath, and we call at every port to replenish the water supply," she would have flung herself at his head. The trouble with most authors is that they haven't lived. At least, they haven't lived in a flat where they never got better than fourth chance at the hot water. She was reading an ad. for

a soap that had made all the users of it lovely, when Adele came in. "You're early," said Helen.

was pretty, and expected to be told so. Flat tires were frequent along her path. Helen smiled behind her magazine.

HE got up a quarter of an hour early the next morning. SHE got up a quarter of an hour early the next morning. It was a shivering and uncomfortable hour, with the remnants of last night's fog streaking in at the windows; but the early bird gets first chance at the bathroom. Unluckily, he may be an earlier bird than the janitor. This morning the hot water could be distinguished from the cold only by the word on the tap.

A cold plunge braces the nerves for the day ahead. Helen, with chattering teeth, wished she could get at the fellow who said that. She would have held his head under the water.

She brightened, however, when she reached the office ahead of everybody else. That was part of the impression she wished to make, though it simply gave her an extra quarter of an hour to work hard at a good stenographer's accomplishment of looking busy when she isn't.

She slipped a large sheet of paper into her machine and

began to write:

1 doz. bath towels, large. 1 doz. face towels. New bath robe. 1 doz. wash cloths. Rubber sponge (as big as my head). 2 jars bath salts, 1 violet, 1 rose. Bath mat. Soap. Perfumed soap. Soap flakes. Soap powder.

It was a dream of paradise.

Mr. Birnbaum's secretary came out in the middle of the morning to say that he was busy just now, but he'd see her the first thing after lunch. Helen took dictation and typed it out, with just enough of her mind in her fingers so that she didn't write "Hot water" in place of "Yours truly."

As she was leaving the building at the lunch hour, near the revolving door, she encountered [Continued on page 53]



She heated water in a saucepan and carried it swishing and slopping from the kitchen through the living room where Enid and Sylvia were now estab-lished before a squeaky radio. She washed underwear and stockings to carry her through the week and one pair of gloves.

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AVING sudsed and rinsed until her long fine hands were as soft as a baby's, Helen Wain-wright reached for a fresh towel. In these city offices they had everything. She remembered with a shudder the dingy rust-stained basin back in Centreville, and the roller towel that all the control of the control office force shared. She had always tried to get through her work early in Centreville, so as not

As she crossed the reception room of the Com-pany, she noticed that even the telephone oper-ator had disappeared from behind her hole in the

Helen looked about her with some distaste. This wasn't half as cheerful and pleasant as the washroom. The fireproof walls were hung with red velvet, and the long spaces occupied by carved oak benches. It made the room look like a slightly dissipated church. Helen twitched at a red velvet hanging and imagined it replaced by a mirror. Mirrors added to the size of a room, and people always liked to look at themselves.

A door behind her closed. She turned hastily. She had supposed herself alone in the entire suite; but there, stuffing the property into his oursecut problet.

a paper into his overcoat pocket, was Mr. Birnbaum. "Did you want me to take a letter?" asked Helen.

"I didn't expect to find a stenographer here now," he commented. "One minute after five—Psst! Now you see em and now you don't."

Helen's heart gave a leap. Caught by the boss working overtime! "I always stay until my work is finished," she said piously. "But I finished some time ago. When you came in I was just thinking what ought to be done about this reception room."

this reception room."
A smile twitched the corners of Mr. Birnbaum's mouth. "You stay after hours thinking about the reception room?"
"I lie awake night and think about it," said Helen boldly.

"It's a fine big room, and if it were fixed a little differently, it would be beautiful. But as it is, it's just chilling."

"So, you got ideas?" Mr. Birnbaum laid his hand on the outer door. "Come and tell me about it in the morning. I'll tell my secretary to give you an appointment. Your name Cantrovitz?"

"Wainwright," she cor-

rected with a smile.

The door banged behind him. Helen pulled on her little black hat. Her hair was strag-

black hat. Her hair was stragging; it needed washing. It was very fine, fair hair, and took a lot of attention. She had a little pointed pale face, and she was thin even for modern taste. At her best the other girls agreed that she had class. When she wasn't at her best she looked older than her twenty-two years, and too serious-and even a little dim.

She was sparkling tonight; she drew the eye of a young man, who waited a moment to swing the revolving door for He was a broad-shouldered young man, with a wide grin like a small boy's, and a sprinkling of freckles across his nose. Helen liked men who looked good-natured and out-of-doors. Even in her present uplifted state, she noticed this one.

Just enough snow had fallen to make the sidewalks slippery. Now a raw December fog was rolling in from the bay. The city at the hour when the lights go on in the tall buildings often reminded Helen of a beautiful woman in all her jewels. But tonight it looked like an old party who was down with influenza.

With as swinging a stride as she dared attempt on these slippery sidewalks, Helen started uptown. Helen liked

better than fourth chance at the hot water will enjoy this rollicking love story of a girl who staked her all on one chance of success

Any one who has lived in a family and never got

walking. Only the fact that she walked alone sometimes

made her homesick for Centreville.

Presently she stopped at a tea room and had her dinner.

"The girls" with whom she lived did most of their own cooking, especially toward the end of the week; but cooking with the three of them in the kitchen was too much for Helen. If she bought her clothes at sales and did without lunch, she could always stretch to a dollar for dinner, and ten cents for the waitress. Probably the waitress made more in a day than Helen herself. But the waitress had no bright hope glimmering on the horizon. The horizon looked nearer tonight, and Helen made her tip fifteen cents.

After dinner she felt better.

tonight, and Helen made her tip fifteen cents.

After dinner she felt better; yet when she started out again her brisk walk lagged. She was getting near home now. Home up four flights, with three other girls packed into four rooms and a bath. Back in Centreville she had been one of a large and noisy family, in a shabby old house that wasn't half big enough. But at least they had been her family. In the city you had to have money, or you might see well be dead. family. In the as well be dead.

had settled down in Rippingale and everyone in the place was calling at the house in Forest Avenue.

But during those first few weeks, Marianne had eyes for

no one but Phil Mason, who was of course, engaged to poor little Ruth Lee.

Phil would go on to the Wilsons' house after he had paid his duty visit to Ruth, every evening, and stay on there till all hours. At dances he devoted one third of his time to Ruth, and two thirds to Marianne; and he broke an impor-tant engagement with Ruth, to motor Marianne up to town, because she said she had got raging toothache and must visit her own special dentist.

Ruth simply made matters worse by clinging to Phil, and crying and begging him not to desert her; and the poor child did not look her best with red eyes and blotchy

The end of it was, that one day the cluster of diamonds was no longer on Ruth's finger, and next thing we knew, her mother had whisked her away to the south for a long visit.

Then, just when we were expecting Marianne and Phil to make a bolt for the nearest church, Marianne remarked yawningly that she was bored stiff with that stupid Mason boy, and didn't we think Mike Crowe had divine eyes?

Now Mike's wife had just had a baby, and she was tied hand and foot, surrounded by an atmosphere of feeding bottles and nappies and somebody's baby food; so it seemed too mean if to add to all her other troubles she was going to have to cope with a flirtation between her husband and Marianne Wilson!

I have a reputation for speaking my mind, so I put the

"Can't you leave the Crowes alone, Marianne?" I said.
"Hilda has her hands full with young Tim; it will be just too bad if you take Mike away from her, as you took Phil from poor Ruth."

Marianne assumed an expression of injured innocence.

"Why, Sally Davis," she said. "I'd no idea you could be so mean! It wasn't my fault if Phil discovered his mistake in getting engaged to Ruth! Besides, if a girl can't keep her man, she'd much better learn it before marriage instead of after."

of after."

"But Hilda is married," I said. "So for goodness sake don't try to take Mike away from her."

"There you go again!" pouted Marianne. "I never try to take a girl's man away from her. I can't help it if the men will fall in love with me, can I?"

As she lay back on the sofa, with her golden head against help is think the sofa.

a black cushion, we had to acknowledge that it would be pretty difficult for any man not to fall in love with her!

Of course, poor Mike soon fell a victim to her charms. He began by playing accompaniments to her sentimental love-songs, then he bought her chocolates with money that ought to have gone to Hilda and the baby, and finally he took to asking her advice on business—the poor worm!

Goodness knows where it would have ended, for Hilda was as proud as Lucifer, and made no attempt to keep her

husband. But luckily for the Crowes, a new man took the big house on Stacey Hill and showed signs of being interested in fluffy little Daphne Lane. So, all of a sudden, Marianne sent Mike packing back to Hilda, with his tail between his egs, and developed a passion for long walks up Stacey -in a new sports costume.

DURING the next year or so, Marianne had it all her own way in Rippingale. As Daphne Lane piteously remarked, it hardly seemed worth while getting married or engaged if it only meant offering up another lamb to be sacrificed on the altar of Marianne Wilson. And though the flirtations never lasted long, for as soon as there was any danger of them getting serious, Marianne always moved on to a fresh victim, what girl wants her man politely returned to her after a month's flirtation, as though he was a vacuum sweeper, out on hire?

"Of course," remarked Madge Daintree one day, "what I'd love to happen would be for Marianne to run after some man and find him absolutely blind to her charms. That would make her the laughing stock of the whole place, and do her all the good in the world."

"And where are you going to find the man?" asked Kitty bitterly. "No; I'm afraid Marianne will just go on dangling scalps from her belt, until she marries-

"Marries!" said Daphne scornfully. "You don't think a little thing like marriage would stop our Marianne's career?" "Unless," I said thoughtfully, "she married a man like Stanley Horton-

They all stared at me. "Mr. Horton!" repeated Madge: "Marianne would never marry an old sober-sides like him, surely!"

Of course, that first evening, everyone had noticed how Mr. Horton had fallen for Marianne, but since then, their names had never been coupled together.

But I stuck to my point.

"I know Stanley pretty well," I said, "and I'm positive that he's as keen on Marianne as ever, though of course there's no point in his dangling after her when she obviously doesn't want him. But I shouldn't be surprised if the day comes when she would be only too glad to settle down and marry him. And there's one thing; he puts up with all her silly little flirtations now because he can't help himself, but I know if he ever did marry Marianne, he wouldn't stick any of this nonsense from her afterwards!"

But it did not seem likely that Stanley would get a chance to show what he could do, for soon after this conversation, Mark Andrews came to Rippingale and people are still talking about the affair between Mark Andrews and Marianne Wilson.

Mark was an artist; that is to say he had had one or two pictures in the Academy and a tiny show of his own in town last year. But how he really made his money was by drawing pretty girls for magazines, and advertisements for So-and-So's chocolates and Somebody Else's silk stockingsyou know the sort of thing?

We do not often get really interesting people in Rippin-ale, so you can imagine how thrilled we were when we heard Mark had taken the little house called Sunset Lodge for six months, and how glad we were that Marianne was abroad, visiting an aunt in England for four or five months-so we had the field to ourselves!

THEN, what must Mark go and do, but fall bang in love with me! Yes, me, one of the plainest girls in Rippingale—a round little dumpling of a person with a freckled nose!

Of course, it was all over with me the very first moment I saw Mark, and I shall never forget the breath-taking moment when I realized he felt the same way about me.

The girls were perfectly sweet about our engagement,

though I knew even my best pals were wondering what on earth a man like Mark could see in me; and I often wondered the same thing myself!

But when I tackled Mark on the subject he just laughed. "Why did I fall in love with you, Sally? Just because you're dear, silly, quaint, warm-hearted little you!" "But Mark," I protested, "you're an artist and I—I'm not the least bit pretty."

Perhaps I'd been hoping that in spite of everything Mark would tell me I was pretty, to him at any rate; but he did nothing of the sort. Instead, he took my chin between his hands and gave me a long grave look.

Then he said: "No, Sally, you're not pretty. But if you only knew how sick I was of drawing sugar-and-spice girls day after day, you'd understand how refreshing it is to be with a girl whose charm is not dependent on her looks!"

And with that, I had to be content.

Mark said he did not believe in long engagements and so,

almost before I realized what was happening, he had bought Sunset Lodge; our banns were being called in church, and people were showering us with tea towels and silver teaspoons and toasters.

And I would have been as happy as the day is long, if it

had not been for two words—Marianne Wilson!
When the girls heard that Mark had bought Sunset Lodge, they told me I was a little donkey to settle down in Rippingale with Marianne coming home in six weeks' time. It was just asking for trouble, they said.

It wasn't as though Mark was tied by his work either.

In fact, he had promised me that we should live anywhere I fancied, from Paris to the South Sea Islands.

I saw all the danger in staying in Rippingale, too. I knew

that Marianne was the loveliest thing in the world, and that Mark, in spite of what he said about "sugar-and-spice" girls, was bound to admire her. I knew, too, that once Marianne saw Mark she would want him, just as she wanted every man she saw, especially [Continued on page 47]

As she lay back on the sofa, with her golden head against a black cushion, we had to acknowledge that it would be pretty difficult for any man not to fall in love with her. And, of course, poor Mike soon fell a victim to her charms.



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# POOR FEET

Which proves there are more ways of taking revenge on a triumphant siren than jealous women alone can dream of

#### bu PHYLLIS DENHAM

DO THINK that one of the most degrading sights in the world is that of one girl trying to take another girl's man away from her; and when that girl is almost invariably successful, then the sight is positively heart-breaking into the bargain.

I know what I'm talking about, too, for I live in the little town of Rippingale, which is also the home of Marianne Wilson; and when you've said Marianne Wilson, you've said "Vamp—Siren—Husband-snatcher" and a whole mouthful else besides!

Now, I do want you to realize right from the besides.

Now, I do want you to realize right from the beginning that I'm not a cat; and right here and now I'll acknowledge that Marianne is just the loveliest thing I've ever come across, and I'd give a thousand dollars (which I've not got) to be one-quarter as pretty. Hair like a spider's web gleaming in the sun, eyes like the sea on a summer day, a figure like a young birch tree—can you wonder that all the men wanted to kneel down and say their prayers to Marianne?

To do us all justice, I don't honestly think we would have grudged Marianne her conquests, if only she had let other girls' men alone.

But Marianne never wanted to look twice at a man unless he was already booked by someone else; and if she had to fight for him, then she enjoyed winning him all the

I shall never forget the first time I saw Mariann

We had made up a little party to dance at the Country Club, the newly married Turpins, the Daintrees, Phil Mason with his fiancée, Ruth Lee, myself (plain little Sally Davis) and Stanley Horton, the manager of a real estate office, rather dull and a good bit older than the rest of us, but a very useful stop-gap.

We were having a very jolly evening, eating a delicious dinner and making jokes about all the people in the dining hall, when suddenly Phil Mason said: "Who on earth is

that stunningly pretty girl who's just come in?"
We all looked up and there was Marianne, though we didn't know her name then, sitting at the little table in the corner with her father. She was wearing a ravishing frock of green and silver and sat resting her chin on her hands and gazing out of the window with a wistful expression, as though none of the people in the crowded dining room

existed for her.
"Doesn't she look sad?" said Len Turpin, and you knew he longed to pick her up and comfort her. "She kid, but I bet life has given her some hard knocks. "She's only a

Kitty Turpin and I exchanged amused glances. We knew instinctively that the girl in the expensive green and silver outfit had nothing to be sad about; she was merely posing for our benefit. But if we'd so much as hinted at such a thing, the men would have been up in arms immediately;

During the next year or so Marianne had it all her own way . . . As Daphne piteously remarked it hardly seemed worth while getting married or engaged if it only meant offering up another lamb on the altar of Marianne Wilson. Illustrated by W. V. CHAMBERS

so we just had to sit mum and listen to them raving over her, till the end of dinner.

Then Mr. Horton suddenly remarked: "Why, I believe

I recognize the man with her now! He came into the estate-office this morning about the house to let in Forest Avenue. Said he thought of settling down here with his daughter—that must be she! I've a good mind to go over and ask for an introduction.

'Don't be selfish, Mr. Horton!" laughed Len. "Pass her round, won't you?"

"Why not ask them both to join us?" suggested Jim Daintree brilliantly. "Dancing is just going to begin. Don't you think it would be a good scheme, Madge?" "Oh, excellent!" said Madge drily, making a little face

at me, behind Jim's back.

AFTER THAT, the evening was ruined, for the girls, anyway! The newcomers completely upset our Anyway! The newcomers completely upset our numbers, for Mr. Wilson didn't dance, and we hadn't come to the Club to take turns in sitting out with an old man who talked about nothing but his wonderful daughter, thank you!
But Marianne didn't seem to notice anything wrong.

She was never the one to sit out, and her wistful expression vanished like magic, as she danced and laughed and flirted with all four men in turn.

As the evening dragged on, we all began to be the least bit snappy with each other. Madge was huffy with Jim because he had danced three times running with Marianne: Ruth's brown eyes were wet because Phil had disappeared into the velvety black night with Marianne and had not returned for twenty minutes by the clock. While as for Kitty, when she heard her husband tell Marianne her eyes were like dewy pansies, she turned her back on them both in disgust, and tried to get up a flirtation with Stanley

Not that she got much luck with Stanley! He's an old friend of mine, and though he did not say much, I could see that he would willingly have monopolized Marianne's whole evening, if she would have let him. But once she realized he was the only unattached man in the room, she took no more interest in him than if he had been a puppy; though she threw him a smile and a few kind words occa-

sionally, just to keep him hoping!

That first evening was a pretty good sample of what we were to get from Marianne. Before long, she and her father

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Consternation and horror descended upon them. She was not in the chair by the fire—she was not in the house. . . It was a dreadful night.

# THE CARETAKERS

by W. B. MAXWELL

Illustrated by Henry Davis

She was old-and they wanted to take care of her. But it was the tyranny of love which was driving her desperate

LD Mrs. Hibbert lived in one of those comfortable, almost splendid houses of Portland Place. Surrounded by watchful care and attention, she still evinced great interest in life, and enjoyed all such amusement or gaiety as her anxious family considered advisable. Never was an old lady better guarded.

better guarded.

"Well, she does you all the greatest credit," said Dr. Jennings, who used to come every morning to see that there was nothing the matter with her. "For her age, I think she is wonderful. By the way, how old is she exactly?"

"Mother has never told us," said Miss Maud Hibbert, the elderly spinster daughter. "Poor darling, she has always been sensitive about her birthdays."

"Mother must be eighty, if she is a day," said Mr. John Hibbert, the eldest son. He looked about sixty himself, a big bearded man who spoke solemnly and moved slowly, and who had a trick of passing his hand down his beard with a majestic caress when saying anything that he felt to with a majestic caress when saying anything that he felt to be unusually portentous. "Eighty—at the very least;" and he stroked his beard. They had been waiting for the doctor at the foot of the stairs, and while they talked they were escorting him

through the fine inner hall to the outer vestibule where a servant stood in readiness to open the front door.

"By the way," he said, leading them back again, so as to avoid being overheard by the servant. "She struck me as a

shade fretful this morning. Have you observed any signs of irritation lately?"

Mr. Hibbert said he had, without specifying what the signs were. The fact was that his aged parent had quite snapped at him two days before. He had been compelled to talk to her, indeed to lecture her, about things that made him anxious. There was an undesirable acquaintance that he wished her to drop; there was a marriage that he wished her to foster; and last, but far from least, there was the stillunsettled question of her testamentary dispositions. But when he had touched on this matter, she had spoken queruwhen he had touched on this matter, she had spoken queru-lously. "Oh, don't be in such a hurry to cut me up before I'm gone," she had said, with irritation distinctly indicated. "I dare say," said the doctor sympathetically, "it isn't always easy to manage her. Old people are often obstinate." "She comes round in the end," said Mr. Hibbert. "We are careful never to seem to thwart her own inclination. We humor her," and he stroked his beard. "We try to make it event that she herself has decided without anybody else's

seem that she herself has decided without anybody else's guidance.

guidance."

"Just so," said the doctor cordially. "That's the way.
She came round just now. She had rather questioned the necessity of my daily call."

"Oh, why," said Miss Maud, "why didn't you tell her

what I do-that your visits are only to set all our minds

"I did; and she made one of her little jokes—saying, if so, why didn't you all subscribe to pay the bill, instead of leaving it to her? Of course, I saw she was all right again as soon as she began to joke. And she bade me good-by quite soon as she began to joke. And she bade me good-by quite in her usual gracious manner. I only mentioned it because I suppose I may take it you desire me to continue the routine?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hibbert.

"Oh, yes," said his sister. "If you didn't come I don't believe I could get through the day."

Price, Mrs. Hibbert's maid, often said that Miss Maud (ussed and worried from morning to night. Indeed she

fussed and worried from morning to night. Indeed she agitated herself in the night also, getting sudden alarms, stealing into the old lady's room to ascertain that she was sleeping comfortably, and sometimes waking her during the process of ascertainment. Miss Maud was quite grey, very thin, with a nervous jerky manner.

When the doctor had gone she picked up a newspaper, opened it, and peered at its staring headlines. The paper was the Morning Telephone

"How did that come into the house?" said Mr. John Hibbert severely. "I gave explicit orders that it was not to be admitted under any pretense whatever."

"Dr. Jennings must have left it."

Mr. John highly disapproved of the *Telephone*, in spite of its immense success and stupendous circulation. It was a disturbing paper; with its "stunt" journalism, its "scoops," its daily "sensations." The sort of paper that might scare an old lady out of her wits.

He glanged scornfully at teday's beautiers of the statement of the paper of the sort of the paper of t

He glanced scornfully at today's headlines, after taking

How do you introduce a group? Should a lady shake hands? Should you rise to greet a lady of your own age?



Of course such a letter would only be sent to some place where the welcome of the letter and bearer is assured.

# Will You Introduce Me?

#### by JOYCE POTTER

Illustrated by JEFF CHAPLEAU



HESE illogical women," our husbands sigh, "They long to be individual, and at the same time they ask, 'What is right? What are other people doing?

This is particularly true when those small, but so important. matters of etiquette are questioned. So

"How I hate introductions! I never know what to say." It isn't that they don't actually know the correct thing to say and do, but it is just that a little doubt creeps into their

What to Say

That is, of course, the first and most important thing to That is, of course, the first and most important thing to know. "Let me make you acquainted with" and "Pleased to meet you," although used a great deal, should be placed in the same class as "aintcha" and "dontcher know." There are really only two accepted forms for the ordinary formal introduction. That is, "Mrs. Jones, may I present Mr. Young," or "Mr. Old, may I introduce Mr. Young?" In the informal introductions, the words "may I present" are repully left out. The two names only are mentioned "Mrs. usually left out. The two names only are mentioned, "Mrs. Old, Mrs. Young." The inflection in the voice supplies the missing words, the voice slightly rising on the first name.

The same inflection is used as if you said "Are you there? It is raining."

There are other informal methods of introduction which are permissible. A mother may introduce her daughter to

a distinguished guest, "Mr. Jackson-Brown, have you met my daughter?" It is not necessary to mention her name, except to people who would be likely to call her by her Christian name. If the daughter were married, her mother would, of course, mention her married name. It would also be correct to say, "Mrs. Jones, do you know Mrs. Smith?" "This is my daughter, Ellen, Mrs. Jones."

In introductions, all names should be enunciated clearly, and titles given distinctly. A clergyman with the degree D.D. is always called Reverend Doctor; a bishop is intro-duced as Bishop So-and-So; an archbishop as Reverend the Archbishop; a priest, as Father; a duke should be introduced as Duke of B.; an earl should be introduced as Lord S., not Earl of S.; a person with the courtesy title of Honorable

should be introduced as Mr. Brown.

Collective introductions should be avoided as much as possible. However, they are correct in some instances. A lady at a country club may wish a friend to join a group of ladies in the lounge room. In that case, she might say to one of the group "Mrs. Dash, have you met Mrs. Brown?" She would then mention the names of the other members of the

group. She need not, however, repeat Mrs. Brown's name. When introducing two members of the same sex, the younger is introduced to the older, except when the younger is the particular "lion" of the day. The lady of the lesser importance is introduced to the lady of greater importance. Gentlemen are, with few exceptions, introduced to ladies, no matter what rank they hold. However, a young girl would be introduced to a distinguished gentleman and any lady to a president, king or cardinal. The unmarried lady is ented to the married, unless the latter is very much younger.

Greeting Introductions

It is not usual for ladies to shake hands when introduced, unless there is a special reason for welcoming the introduction. Gentlemen, however, usually shake hands when being introduced. A smile with a slight nod of the head and "How do you do?" is the most widely used acknowledgment of the introduction and the only one that is recommended for casual introductions. When a lady and gentleman are being introduced, the lady may shake hands if she wishes. She takes the initiative. However, if the gentleman holds out his hand, she should never refuse to shake hands. This is the greatest rebuff possible when being introduced. A younger lady rises when being introduced to an older lady, but no lady rises when being introduced to a man, unless she is in her own house. An example of this is when her husband brings a friend to the house or when a man is brought there, by permission, by a friend. A mother usually rises and shakes hands with the young man introduced to her by her son or daughter, and a wife shakes hands with men introduced to her by her husband.

#### Asking for Introduction

While I cannot say this is never done, yet I can say that it should be done only when we are absolutely certain that it will be appreciated. An example of this might be when you wish to meet someone whose sister or brother you know very well. A responsibility also lies upon the person who has been asked to make the introduction. If he has the least doubt that the introduction will not be appreciated, he should first ask permission to introduce the person who wishes to become acquainted. Introducing oneself comes under the same category of things to be considered well and wisely before being performed.

Of course, there cannot be a definite rule which says "Thou shalt or thou shalt not introduce," but the general rule is that you should introduce any small group of people who are to sit together anywhere, partners at a dinner, guests at a house party, guests at a [Continued on page 55]



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#### THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

This month the special little book for the children tells the story of a bad little bear who went exploring into a milk bottle. This children's feature can be taken out of the magazine without spoiling it for the grown-ups—and can be taken out the minute *The*Chatelaine arrives. Cut the page along the margin, fold along the dotted line, doubling in half from top to bottom, then from left to right to the big picture of the bear in front. Cut neatly round the edges, pin or sew in the middle—and there's your own book!



H THIS is the tale of a bad little bear, With milk in his eyes and his nose

and his hair But a satisfied smile on his bad little face.

For he'd put a good deal in a much better place!

This ends the Story of a Bear: but there's another one coming.



A BEAR STORY
By Dora Sanders

rolled over He rolled over it, and it the rim, He bit it, he hit it, he chewed round shook it some more. HE TOOK it, and shook it, and pounded it, He frowned at it, pounded it,



But couldn't uncover the tiniest drop. He tried to unscrew it by twisting the He gave it a lick, and he gave it a smell. at it well. HE LOOKED at it wisely, he looked



+ speq

the paper out of his sister's hands. "WHO WILL BE THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY ROUND THE WORLD?... Monday's Epoch-making Flight." There you were. Always something sensational.

He took the obnoxious thing to the big wood fire that made the hall so snugly comfortable, tore it sheet from sheet, and watched it blaze up the wide chimney.

ALL Mrs. Hibbert's caretakers were to assemble on this March Saturday, because a great enterprise had been arranged. Mrs. Hibbert was going to an afternoon concert, taking all the others with her. The party would comprise Mr. John and his wife; Mrs. Ralston, a married daughter, with her husband; Mrs. Manners-Clive, a devoted neighbor; and, of course, the faithful Maud. Maud was the only one who lived in the house; the others merely seemed to live there because they were there so often, taking care. There was also a charming grand-niece called Gladys, who often came to stay, who loved her aunt, and took as much care as such a young unbalanced creature could be expected to take. Of course, she had not had such practice as the rest; so they made allowances and never blamed her. But just now Gladys had fallen under Mr. John's displeasure; he as her guardian having selected a very estimable young man for her husband, and she having failed to jump at uncle's choice. She was coming to stay for this week-end,

but would not arrive in time for the concert.

"By Jingo," said Mr. John, "I forgot to see whether the fog has cleared off;" and he went out to the front door.

"Worse than ever," he said gloomily, on his return. "If it's like this, it would be madness for her to attempt it."

"It may clear by half-past two."

But also the for got week and worse.

But, alas, the fog got worse and worse.

Just before luncheon, after the others had arrived and before Mrs. Hibbert had come down from her room, there was an anxious debate at which it was regretfully decided that the fog was altogether too bad. Mrs. Hibbert's treat must be postponed to some more favorable occasion.
"Hush!" said Mrs. Manners-Clive, the neighbor, "here she comes."

"Come slowly, mother darling," said Maud, all nervous and jerky at the bottom of the stairs. "Don't let go of the The sides of the stairs are dreadfully slippery.

Soon, then, Mrs. Hibbert had negotiated the descent and was safely among them. White-haired and rather frail looking, the old lady leaned upon a stick and moved with a certain stiffness. But her complexion was fresh, her eye bright, and the expression of her whole face alert and intelligent. She had a gentle, benign smile as all of them gathered round her; and there was much kissing and tender enquiry.

Luncheon being announced by Stephens, the butler, they conducted her in state to her comfortable chair at the head

of the table. No one sat down till she was established, her footstool arranged, and her handkerchief picked up from the floor. Big Mr. John, overwhelming with his slow bulk the servants at the sideboard, himself lifted one of the silver dishcovers and announced to her what it had been hiding.

"Here's a nice roast leg of mutton."
"Give me a slice of that, John," said Mrs. Hibbert. But Miss Maud was pantomiming to John in a distressful manner and jerking her head negatively.
"There is also, ah, chicken," said John, lifting another cover. "Don't you think 'em—"
"No, I'm for the mutton," said the old lady.

"But the chicken is so much lighter, darling," said Miss Maud, appealingly. "So much safer. I do really think so. Don't you, John?"

"Oh, make up your minds about it, and give me something to eat," said the old lady good-humoredly. "I'm as hungry as a wolf." And she began a lively chat with her attentive friend, Mrs. Man-

ners-Clive.

John solemnly brought her some white meat of

SO FAR so good. They had choked her off the mutton all right; but now they had the more difficult task of choking her off the concert. In a few last whispered words they had determined to begin at it at once and go on gradually all through

Mrs. Ralston, the married daughter, made a start by depreciating the concert itself. She said she had been surprised to find the programme a very poor one

"Oh," said Mrs. Hibbert cheerily. "Clara Butt. George Robey. Mark Hambourg! What more do

'I am inclined to doubt if there will be any concert at all, said Mrs. Ralston. "There's such a fog that you can hardly see your hand before your face."

They all talked of the fog, its soot-charged penetrating

fumes, its manifold perils for delicate lungs.
"Thank goodness, I'm not delicate," said Mrs. Hibbert. "But if Maud is afraid, perhaps she had better stay at

The old lady made this bold counter attack, seeing perfectly well the nature of the onset with which she was threatened. Looking from one to another she had detected the signals of concerted action. Her wrinkled old cheeks took on an even fresher color, and to the end of the luncheon she fought gamely against such heavy odds.

She was defeated of course.

"For our sakes, mother dearest," said Maud.
"Remember what Dr. Jennings said about not straining the respiratory organs," put in John.

"It would be a thousand pities to be laid up for the rest of the winter," whispered Mrs. Clive, "just for one afternoon's amusement."

This was at the conclusion of the battle. Mrs. Hibbert, flushed and exhausted, yielding to overwhelming pressure, rose from her chair and moved toward the door that led into

"All right," she said. "I own I'm disappointed, but you must have it your own way.

"Lean on me, mother dear," said the bearded John, slowly hastening to offer his arm for the short journey to the

"You make a great mistake, John, in supposing that I have lost the use of my legs." She spoke with perceptible annoyance; and walking stiffly but firmly, she swung her stick as if to show she did not need even that slight assistance.

HEY all grouped themselves about the hall, watching her anxiously as she paced to and fro. Mrs. Clive held a chair ready for her at one end of the walk, and Maud shuffled with a chair at the other end of it, both silently inviting her to sit down the moment she felt tired. The solemn John walked to and fro with her, as if to catch her should she totter.

"Then the plan is," she said, "that you all go to the concert and leave me to spend the afternoon by myself."

But they protested. Certainly not. They would all forego the concert and stay to keep her company.

"Nonsense" said Mrs. Hibbert. "I have bought the

tickets, and I'm not going to let them be wasted. Of course

"Well, if you insist," said Mrs. Clive. "If it would make you uncomfortable our not going."

"It would."

"I'll stay with you," said Maud, "anyhow."

"No, dear. You must certainly go. It will do you good." "It was to be any good if I think you're fretting dearest. But of course you'll have Gladys here by about three."

"Now, look here, John," said Mrs. Hibbert, still walking vigorously. "It's a mistake keeping me mewed up indoors.

If that old molly-coddle Jennings has frightened you about the fogs, I'd much better go straight away to Cannes."
"Why not? Capital idea!" said John; and the others

concurred. They saw that he was humoring her. Then he

forward at her by Maud and Mrs. Clive, seated herself in a big grandfather chair by the fire.

It was time for the concert party to go, and there little more that could be done for her. Maud and Mrs. Ralston moved a large screen in order to keep the draught from her; Mrs. Manners-Clive moved a small screen to prevent her scorching herself.
"Don't you think," said John, smiling as he pulled at his

beard, "that it would be wiser for you to sit in the drawing-room?"

"No," cried the old lady, almost screaming. "I'll sit here, where I am.

Then they all went to the outer vestibule, merely kissing their hands and waving to her. Her huge motor was at the door, and the whole six could pack inside it. John told Stephens that Mrs. Hibbert was not at home to Mr. Cecil Grange or anybody else; and at the last moment Miss Maud ran back to kneel by her mother's chair.

'Good-by darling. We shan't be very long, and we shall

"Good-by darling. We shan't be very long, and we shall find you here all comfortable when we get back."

"You silly creature." said Mrs. Hibbert, touching her daughter's face with her forefinger. "Of course you'll find me here, unless I have gone up the chimney."

MRS. HIBBERT sat musing by the fire, but she was not left long alone. Price, her maid, came to her. Price was an honest, faithful, capable woman, and she thought that her old mistress was unduly pestered by her relations; but on the other hand she occasionally worried her herself. She was now bothering about a situation that she wished to find for a cousin of hers.

'Emily Baines is downstairs, ma'am. Would it trouble

you to see her a minute?"

Mrs. Hibbert consented at once, and the young woman was brought up to the hall. She was a square-built, powerfullooking person, and she said in effect that she was ready to do anything to turn an honest penny.

"She's as strong as a lion, and as brave," Price continued; "and yet they can't find her employment. It does seem

Old Mrs. Hibbert was sympathetic, but confessed that she had little power. She knew so well that if she attempted to act on Price's hints and find Emily a job here in Portland Place she would have another tussle with the whole family. They liked to engage her servants themselves. However, she said she would think about it; and meantime Emily was to be given a really good tea and be allowed to spend the

evening with her cousin Price.

"She'd do the odd man's place," said Price, returning for a confidential whisper, "a good deal better than a man. She'd carry all the coals, on her head, she would, and make

no bones about it either."

Then soon Miss Gladys arrived, accompanied by Mr.

Cecil Grange.

The butler would have said Not At Home if Mr. Grange had come alone; but he shrank from the responsibility of-refusing him admittance when he presented himself with a youthful member of the family and carrying her kit-bag in his hand.

Gladys threw her fur wraps on the hall table and gave her great-aunt a birdlike but affectionate kiss. She was a graceful, pretty girl, with bright questioning eyes and quick vivacious movements.

"Well, you have got safely through the fog, Gladys!"

"Oh, the fog is nothing, Aunt Jane. Besides, I had Mr. Grange to help me. Mr. Grange met me at the station. Wasn't it lucky?"

"Well, that was a piece of luck. No doubt quite unexpected too;" and the old lady laughed. They all three laughed. "You had better have some lunch now, and tell me about it afterward."

"I fed in the train," said Gladys. "But I know

this poor man is starving. May I ring and ask them

to get him something."

Mr. Cecil Grange declared that he could not on any account give so much trouble; but he was presently prevailed upon to follow Stephens into the dining room.

"Well, the merest snack," he said. "You're awfully kind to me, Mrs. Hibbert."
Gladys watched him with bright and very

friendly eyes till the dining room hid him from Then she brought a stool and sat at Mrs. Hibbert's feet.

You do like him, don't you, Aunt Jane?" she

said, clasping her hands round her ankles.
"Like whom, my dear?" asked Mrs. Hibbert

innocently. "Cecil Grange," said Gladys, nodding toward the dining

"Yes, I do. I find him very breezy and entertaining. But my likes and dislikes are of no consequence. Whereas, you Gladys!"

And the old lady told her charming young niece that John would not approve of her meeting Cecil like this. John had asked that Cecil should be forbidden the house; John would say it wasn't fair to that blameless young man Mr. Calverley.

"I'm not going to marry Mr. [Continued on page 57]

#### Deliverance by ISA. JACKSON



In last night's dreams I smothered in a jungle That echoed nameless utterance of pain, And purple vines of sickly sweetness bound me, So that escape were vain.

This morning I awoke 'mid kindly people, Who ministered to me. And one Laid a soft whiteness tenderly beside me,

"Here is your son."

began to bring her round. The only objection to the idea of

Cannes was, as he pointed out, that the difficulties of the journey rendered it impossible.

ry well. Then if I can't go abroad, I'll go to Torquay. "Ah! Far better! Torquay—charming place. Only—"
They all thought that even Torquay would be too much for her, and little by little they spoke of risks and discom-

Journeys that seem easy are often excessively

Mrs. Hibbert gave a sigh, and, avoiding the chairs pushed

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# My Adventure with the "V.O.N" I learned that every child born under the care of the Victorian Order of Nurses was visited regularly during the first year of its life, except when there were other agencies interested in child welfare, when it was turned over to them.

#### by RENE NORCROSS

OWED my illuminating month in the Victorian Order of Nursesa sufficiently ear-filling title—to the fact that one of its members in my home town sprained her ankle. That would have had no bearing on my fortunes, had not my friend and fellow-graduate, Margaret Jerome. been recently appointed supervisor of the branch. She offered me the post of substitute, and I took it, more out of curiosity than because I expected to like the work.

Beyond the fact that you exist, and wear nifty blue beyond the fact that you exist, and wear first blue uniforms, and drive around in flivers, I don't know much about you," I told Jerry, on arriving at the flat where the nurses made their home.

"You wouldn't," she agreed crisply. "Some of you pampered private duty nurses never do large anything authide.

know anything outside your own potty little round. I'll give you our history in a nutshell in case anyone asks you. We were founded in 1897 on the recommendation of the National Council of Women, acting through Lady Aberdeen, to commemorate the diamond jubilee of the late Queen Victoria, of whom you may have heard. We have seventy-eight branches throughout Canada today, and over three hundred nurses, registered graduates, staffing them. Whoever is governor-general at the time is always our patron and his wife is our honorary president. For many years we operated under a royal charter, but in 1929 it was changed to a charter under the Great Seal of Canada."

"Oh I knew you were venerable and all that—first public health organization in the country, and so on," I hastened to say placatingly. "You do a lot of obstetrical work, don't you?"

"And a lot of medical and post-operation work, beside helping with minor surgery, in the homes."

beside helping with minor surgery in the homes. saving hospital space and the pockets of the patients. Also we do a good deal of child welfare and pre-natal instruction. Remember, before a nurse can join the Order, she must have a postnurse can join the Order, she must have a post-graduate course in public health and several months of field work. Of course we do a lot of obstetrical nursing—and our maternal death rate is 1.6."

"Phew!" I whistled respectfully. "But don't you get awfully fed up with it?" I had all the private duty nurse's lack of enthusiasm for that

two-patient, twenty-four-hour-duty class of

work as it obtains in Canada.

Jerry smiled pityingly.
"Not with our kind. We take our obstetrical patients first in the morning, and we reckon two, with a shortish case of some other kind, an average morning's work for a nurse—an hour and a half to attend to mother and baby including writing up the chart and leaving everything

'That's good work," I ad-

mitted.

"It's the system," Jerry explained, her eyes beginning to sparkle. "The V. O. routine cuts out all non-essentials. Of course, you have to allow a little variation in time according to conditions. Where there is not allowed. ditions. Where there is an adoring grandmother and a

couple of aunts to lay everything ready to your hand, an abundance of hot water, and so on, your work is one grand sweet song, but where you have to track down every single thing you need, it takes a bit longer. Then we have our insurance cases. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company provides free nursing service for certain types of its policy holders, and pays us so much a visit for doing the work. The arrangement is of benefit all round—to the patient, to us, and to the company. You see, the fees from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company form a pretty big part of the income of many of our branches, and at the same time our entry to the homes of the policy holders gives us a splendid opportunity to fulfill one of the aims and objects of the Order, namely to teach health as we work, which in turn helps to lower sickness and death rates for the which in turn helps to lower sickness and death rates for the

company. See?"

My further instruction that night was cut short by the My further instruction that night was cut short by the lateness of the hour, and at eight-thirty next morning I followed Jerry into one of the two coupes belonging to the Order, and we started for our first case. Our bags were parked in the carry-all space at the back—wonderful bags, of black leather, weighing about six pounds in full service order; they were the last word in neat and comprehensive weights.

"This," said Jerry, halting before a pretty bungalow in a quiet side street, "is one of our nicest obstetrical cases. They're saving to buy their home. This is the baby's fourth day."

The patient's mother, come from a near-by town to manage her daughter's house for the time being, admitted us, and the patient herself received me

graciously. Jerry had bade me be an observer merely in this case, since the foundation of the work, the thing that made its scope and success possible, is the routine laid down and strictly adhered to. So I watched my guide lay her cuffs in her hat, roll up her sleeves and wash her hands, before opening her bag and putting on her apron. She took the baby first, that being the V. O. order of procedure, bathing him on her knee beside his mother's bed, using a method that in several points was en-tirely new to me, and comprised the greatest possible speed and thoroughness with the minimum of handling. One chair held the baby's clothing, and another the basin of water, while on the mother's bed rested a dainty silk lined basket, containing



One young patient who has learned to watch eagerly for the advent of the V. O. N. nurse.

#### THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

Here is another in *The Chatelaine's* series of children's booklets, which can be cut out of the magazine and made into a book, without spoiling the magazine for the grown-ups.

A number of mothers are covering these little stories with book muslin to protect them, while others are binding two or three together for a birthday gift.

Next month the story of a rabbit who went adventuring will be told.

Page 2

#### The Story of a Bear



Verses by Dora Sanders Pictures by H. E. M. Sellen

OH THIS is the tale of a bad little bear
Who hadn't much learning, but plenty of hair.
He called himself William the Wicked and Wee,
And lived in a garden of sunny B. C.



SO, "Since it refuses to come out," he said,
"William the Wicked shall go in, instead."

He pressed—on the top—with the whole—of his power—

And OUT came the milk in a regular shower!

OH, EARLY one morn as he lay in a doze,

Nose on his toes, what do you suppose?

Somebody came whom he never espied,
And left a big bottle of milk at his side.



HE COCKED it to one eye, and the tilted it this way, and tipped it another.

He hugged it so tight! to his round little waist—

But couldn't uncover the timiest taste.



al

### THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

The Valentine Party

#### by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Diretor of The Chatelaine Institute

Buffet Supper-6.30 p.m. Assorted Cold Meats
(Ham, Tongue, Veal)
s Celery Curls Potato Croquettes\* Pickled Beet Hearts Tomato Jelly Salad in Heart Molds\* **Buttered Rolls** Cranberry Tarts with Rosettes of Whipped Cream Cookies Coffee Mints

> Late Supper Jellied Chicken with Pimento Hearts\* Potato Salad Stuffed Olives Baking Powder Biscuits
> Ice Cream Hearts with Strawberry Sauce\* Angel Cake Coffee



next two hours, then the guests turn their attention to the delightful valentine refreshments which the clever hostess offers.

In planning and preparing the re-past, let the hostess remember that the

past, let the hostess remember that the spirit of the day permits almost any degree of informality and with this in mind, she may procure at small cost, dainty heart-splashed cloths and serviettes of crepe paper, frilly cups fashioned from lacy doilies, to be used for candy, nuts or ice cream, and of course, the flat doilies themselves, shaped as hearts and delicately scalloped make the cake plate or dessert dishes look like lovely valentines.

The hostess has additional opportunity for decoration

The hostess has additional opportunity for decoration, and makes the party more happily informal if she chooses to serve her refreshments in buffet style, and her table, simply or elaborately decorated, presents a picture which

no other style of service can duplicate.

If you possess a lace cloth for your dining-room table, you have a perfect background for the valentine picture.

Or a snowy damask cloth decorated with tissue paper hearts

carries out the idea quite as well and is a little more informal. Serviettes to match, or as we suggested earlier, paper ones, folded neatly, are placed in regular order at one end of the

The centrepiece may be chosen from a variety of possibilities, but nothing is more effective than red flowers arranged in a suitable bowl or vase. Red roses are symbols of cupid's art, but other red flowers, as tulips, carnations, or sweet peas, make excellent substitutes.

Red candles arranged artistically may form a glowing centre, or a heart-shaped cardboard box surmounted by a bow of ribbon may be the fountain from which streams of red crêpe [Continued on page 50]

EARTS are always trump at the valentine bridge party. The hostess, who is eager to have something a little different, enthusiastically welcomes any special day, with its opportunities for novel decorations and refreshment ideas. So, for a week before and a week after the fourteenth, the other suits fade into insignificance and a heart will take any trick.

Whether your party is in the afternoon or evening, whether it is a group of ladies or a mixed crowd, whether it is one table or ten, hearts may be found everywhere hearts in groups, or as single spots of red color—hearts with arrows piercing their fluttering sides—hearts carried by saucy little cupids—hearts made alluring by bows of wide ribbon, or dripping streamers of narrow ribbon on which smaller hearts or lumps of sugar, or tiny valentines may be suspended. With a

little time and a few ma-terials, you can transform your living room or dining room into a veritable arbor of hearts and satisfy your own and your guests' desires for novelty. Or, if space is limited, you may find it more satisfactory to simplify the ground described. simplify the room decora-tions and concentrate on the bridge tables and the refreshments for after all, these do receive the most attention.

A different and amusing method of finding partners for the game will begin your party in true valentine style. From a sheet of red cardboard cut as many hearts as you have couples, making each pair of hearts a different size. Cut each one in two pieces, leaving jagged edges and present

each guest with a piece of broken heart and instructions to search for the other section. When the hearts are mended and whole once more, the guests are paired and it only remains to find the table at which they are to play. This is done by matching the size of the mended heart with one of similar size made of crêpe tissue paper and sewed to one corner of the bridge cover. These paper hearts serve as a background for the table numbers, and this method of

beginning the party puts your guests at ease immediately. Valentine tally-cards are found on the tables, as are heartshaped score cards simply cut from stiff white paper and

Lacy cups may be purchased at small cost, or fashioned from paper doilies, and placed, full of tiny candy hearts, on each table. The game and these fitting accompaniments



In planning and preparing the Valentine dishes remember that the spirit of the day permits almost any degree of informality. Pickled beet hearts, tomato jelly salad in heart molds, and ice cream hearts with strawberry sauce are three delicious ways of giving a Valentine air to the menu.

all the accessories of a well cared for infant's toilet, among

them his own special soap and wash cloth.

The baby dressed and given into the temporary care of his grandmother. I watched Jerry take the mother's temperature and pulse, and enter them on the little V. O. chart standing on the vanity table where it could not fail to catch Then she stripped the bed down to one the doctor's eye. pillow and one blanket, as I would have done it myself, but with a smooth celerity that I had never attained to even in my training days under the hawk eye of a head nurse. The next half hour or so saw the young mother receive all the attention and care necessary to her comfort and wellbeing. It was a marvel of combined efficiency and speed, which yet gave no disturbing sense of haste, nor interfered with the pleasant flow of small talk which means so much to any house-bound person. I noticed that Jerry managed to inter-sperse quite a little "health teaching," as she called it, throughout her remarks.

Jerry "cleared up" in half a dozen deft movements, and an hour and ten minutes after we had entered the house, we had given a drowsy baby back to his smiling mother, and

IT WAS some blocks away in one of a row of small houses. "The kind of place where we do some of our best work," Jerry remarked, as she halted the coupe before the door. "Mrs. Grey could manage to pay seventy dollars for a private duty nurse, or go to hospital, but I wouldn't like to think how Mrs. Black would get along without the V. O. This is her ninth child, and her husband has been out of work for three months."

And when we entered the dingy little house, overrun with noisy children, and I saw the relieved look that came over the face of the anxious eyed woman on the bed, and the happy grin that tangled itself in the freckles of a scrawny girl of fifteen—generalissimo of the household while her mother was laid up—I was as much impressed as even Jerry could wish.

'This time you are going to work," she whispered, and gave me my choice of mother or baby. I tactfully chose the baby, and leaving the established friend and councillor-in-chief to carry on with the patient, I commenced my task by mining for the infant's clean clothes amid a welter of miscellaneous garments in one half of a straw telescope valise located under the mother's bed. Rather a pathetic little outfit when I had got it together, every article patched and reinforced to an almost incredible extent, but all there, and clean; and, testifying to an implicit carrying out of the nurse's instructions in her absence, there was a special piece of soap and a separate wash cloth for the baby—these last in no silk lined basket but a plain earthenware plate, along with all the other simple but indispensable things needed for the child.

"Yes, they're good stuff," Jerry agreed, as we went on our way again. "The man will get work eventually, and pay our bill. He is not the kind who would allow us to cancel it."

"That reminds me—how are you fi-nanced?" I enquired.

"Oh, headquarters get a national grant, and the local branches usually receive a grant from the town or municipality, and if that and the fees are not sufficient, the committee may arrange a drive, or perhaps a tag day. V. O. boards are made up of representative citizens who give a great deal of time and energy to the affairs of the Order. All the nurses do is to attend the sick and afflicted by day, and beat the stork to it by night, and that is ample for them. Here we are at the Antominis'.'

I glanced about and found that we were in a squalid quarter of the town, among dilapidated houses fronted by rotting, tumbledown fences. Children of Asia, Africa and Central Europe played and squabbled, laughed and cried, on the broken, littered sidewalks.

"Mrs. Antomini is from sunny Italy, and counts that year lost which doesn't see a new bambino in the family circle. This is her eighth, and she is twenty-five."

I suppressed a startled exclamation, and followed Jerry into the house, one of four having a balcony and an odor of garlic in common. In a large, untidy bed lay a very lovely, velvety-eyed girl, her newest baby cuddled in the curve of her arm, while two more of toddling age played over and about her, amid a jumble of jammy biscuits and grubby

"You take the patient." Jerry directed me in a swift aside. "She'll be wonderful practice for you. Her towel is over that picture and you'll find her soap and wash cloth and comb behind that statuette of St. Anthony. It's selfexpression in the nursery here, and we put everything we can out of the youngsters' reach."

She vanished kitchenward, and I started my labors by opening a window. Then I lifted the two children off the bed, started them toward the great outdoors, and proceeded with the usual routine. All went well until I was ready to sponge my patient. I went to the kitchen in quest of hot water, to find the stove was not only out, but stuffed with rubbish and buried in rust. A melancholy looking woman who seemed to be about sixty and was probably forty, the patient's mother, stood watching Jerry bath the baby

"You seem to have all the hot water there is," I said viously. "What do I do now?"

enviously.

"Go to the house across the street from here, and ask Mrs. Latta for hot water. She's a Finn."

Evidently being a Finn meant in Jerry's experience having plenty of supplies for shiftless neighbors, and so I found it. Mrs. Latta had a kettle of boiling water on her speckless stove, in readiness for the nurse, and in due time, longer time than the average V. O. schedule called for, we left the Antomini house.

Heading westward to the home of one of the city's street-car conductors, we did an abdominal dressing for his twelve-year-old daughter, a hernia case allowed to leave the hospital a week sooner than would have been permitted had the V. O. N. not stood ready to give all needful post-graduate care. The little girl lay in a pleasant, tidy bedroom; there was ample hot water for the sterilizing of scissors, probe and forceps, and the dressings required were carefully pinned up in a clean towel. She was plainly delighted to see us.

The care of babies is one of the most important community aspects of the V. O. N.

"Seventy-five cents three times a week to us, and all the comforts of home for the patient, as against four dollars a day for one corner of a semi-private ward in the hospital, Jerry remarked as she started the coupe once more. "Di I happen to mention to you that we are a very useful organi-

Before I could voice my hearty concurrence with this view, the mother of the patient we had just left came runto tell my companion that she was wanted on the telephone. The housekeeper at the nurses' home was always given a list of the places and approximate times at which she could, if need arose, get in touch with one or another of the nurses. She had caught Jerry at what was to have been our last call for the morning, to say that an insurance call from a house only three doors away had just come in.

Thither we repaired at once, and were conducted to the

bedside of a shy, long-legged lad of fifteen, who, his mother told us, had a pain in his stomach. We both knew, even before we found his temperature a hundred and his pulse

hundred and twenty, that the youth had a sure-enough pain lurking in his system. Downstairs we indicated the gravity of the case sufficiently to the mother to send her hurrying to the telephone to call the family doctor, with the result that the lad was operated on for his appendix that afternoon, and, I am happy to say, was playing baseball with his own local "gang" a month later.

THE average afternoon's work in the Victorian Order of THE average afternoon's work in the Victorian Order of Nurses is more varied, and on the whole less strenuous than in the forenoon. With us on that day it consisted of such nursing calls as had come in during the morning, or been held over as not especially urgent; the second visit to those patients who were receiving two a day, these being left as late as possible in the afternoon; all newly received calls, and last but not least, child welfare and pre-natal visits, in which branches of activity alone the organization might be held to more than justify its existence.

I learned that every child born under the care of the Order was visited regularly during the first year of its life, except when there were other agencies interested in child welfare, in which case it would be turned over to them; and that each mother was entitled to call a nurse, without charge, during that year, when in any trouble or anxiety about the infant. During my period as a substitute I saw many mothers of many kinds: mothers eager, intelligent, and grateful; mothers careless, lazy and indifferent; mothers woefully ignorant and pathetically anxious to learn; mothers woefully ignorant and placidly satisfied with their ignorance, to whom the tongues of medical men and ministering-angel

nurses spoke in vain.

Jerry again took me under her wing, and our first call was upon a Mrs. O'Flaherty, a comely young matron whom we found in her kitchen, poising a spoonful of onion soup before the innocent lips of her four-month-old son. Jerry halted the performance with a word, and proceeded to draw a harrowing verbal picture of the sufferings of wee Micky after the soup had got in its deadly work. Mrs. O'Flaherty seemed impressed, and stated that it was a Mrs. Zinzky across the road then, who had suggested the onion soup, having raised eleven of her own upon it. It was a pity itself, Mrs. O'Flaherty declared, that none of them was livin', that we might be seein' what a fine family the woman had. Jerry only staggered a little in her verbal stride, and went on with the good work, finally eliciting Mrs. O.'s promise to cut onion soup off the baby's bill of fare.

From her house we drove to a little bungalow, where a young couple, both university graduates, lived with their first-born. Money and a certain robustfirst-born. Money and a certain robust-ness of health were all that lacked in the rich heritage of the tiny girl to whom the young mother !ed us. Professional ques-tions were asked and sensible, dependable answers given, until presently we boarded the flivver and headed for our next port of call. It was but a few blocks away in actual distance, but a million miles by every other comparison. A slatternly woman sat by a table covered with unwashed dishes and unabashed flies, a heavy eyed three-year-old in her arms. A neglected looking baby slept in a tum-bled crib in a corner of the squalid kitchen. Motherhood was all this woman had in common with the dainty girl we had just left-that and the Victorian Order of Nurses.

"Too bad you didn't send for us," said Jerry as she slid a thermometer under the hot, inert little arm.

"Well, I thought it was just a cold-like, and I know you folks are always busy.

"But we have always come when you have sent for us. He's pretty sick. I'll put him to bed as soon as I've He's pretty sick. phoned your doctor. No, don't move, Mrs. Smith. We'll manage.

She went into the little front hall to telephone, and then took me with her into a bedroom opening off the kitchen. It contained a bed and a cot, both unmade, though it was late in the afternoon; a battered bureau, covered with a grimy runner and a jumble of odds and ends, and a trunk stacked with "rough-dried" laundry. Also there was a broken-backed chair, an assortment of boots and shoes, and at least a week's accumulation of dust and fluff.

'Open the window, and then make the bed and clear up that ferocious bureau, will you?" Jerry besought me, diving into the pile of "rough-dried." "Her husband's a skilled mechanic who turns over two hundred dollars a month to her, and this is the sort of home they have. He is away a good deal of the time, and she has let that child get to the verge of broncho-pneumonia because [Continued on page 52]



Submitted in The Chatelaine's Snapshot Contest by Mrs. D. J. Cormack, Totonto, Ontario

# During the No Man's Land of Childhood

How to guide the children from two to six-important years which are most generally neglected

Submitted in The Chatelaine's Snapshot Contest by Edith B. Russell, Westmount, Quebec

#### by Emma Gary Wallace

HE wee, new scrap of babyhood is almost certain to be regarded rapturously by its adoring relatives, and practically overnight the newly-arrived stranger becomes monarch of all he surveys and the centre of the planetary system of the home. The regular programme of meals and system of the home. The regular programme of meals and living generally, is promptly adjusted to the preparation of food formulae, the sieving of vegetables, the squeezing of fruit juices, baby's nap, life in the open air and sunshine,

Then the baby begins to be more independent. He can sit up, handle things, creep about, let the family know what he wants. Finally he can struggle to his own feet, and one day he is two years of age and a tiny baby no longer. He is eating quite like a grown-up—oatmeal, baked potatoes, whole wheat bread and butter, vegetables which

potatoes, whole wheat bread and butter, vegetables which are not sieved, lettuce and dainty liver sandwiches, shredded wheat, baked apples. He handles his own glass of milk with real pride and drinks it with enjoyment.

The baby is, strictly speaking, a baby no longer!

At this point, he actually enters the "No Man's Land of Childhood," for from two to five or six years of age, the young child in many, many homes practically "goes it alone." Once he reaches the degree of maturity necessary to enter school, he comes automatically under community and state supervision as to health and general welfare.

and state supervision as to health and general welfare.

But in those most important years from two to six, known as the pre-school age, the young child often suffers positive neglect through no intention on the part of the home folks. This condition is by no means always found in the poorer homes, for according to the findings, "One-third

of all children, according to statistics, suffer from mal-nutrition which started in many cases during the pre-school age. Malnutrition is due generally to the wrong food or not enough food . . . Children from well-to-do homes are often badly nourished."

often badly nourished."

In reality, the child of pre-school years needs as careful feeding and as regular weighing as the infant, and it is at this time that definite lessons in health should be given systematically, and health habits begun in infancy, firmly established. These health habits so important now and in later years, actually become the basis of proper physical development, happiness, good manners, the ability to get along with people, and indirectly of success itself.

The child of pre-school age should be taught to keep its hands clean, and it is a good plan to place a small pitcher and wash basin on a low stand with a towel back of it, or else to make other suitable provision so the child, as soon

else to make other suitable provision so the child, as soon as it is old enough, can wash its own hands, and learn to take the initiative in doing it. It is not safe at first to allow the little one to climb on a

chair or stool and turn on faucets, for fear of over-hot water which may be the cause of burns. Before long the little one should learn the use of an orange wood stick to keep the nails nice and clean, and to blow its own nose and never to neglect such attention, even when it has a cold. To this end, there must be a pocket and a clean handkerchief regu-larly provided, which the mother insists must be used.

All too often mothers and nurses expect the little one to know how to keep the nose clean without any definite in-struction on the matter. The older person will need to demonstrate with a handkerchief of her own, and it is often helpful to give the child a sson before a mirror so that it can see exactly how to handle the task neatly and successfully. Soon the comfort of free nostrils will be learned, and other points on the subject, such as attending to the nose unobtrusively, having a clean fresh handkerchief, never examining the handkerchief, or never picking the nose, can be

Young children can learn to

refrain from coughing when it is advisable to do so, for coughing is merely a nervous habit which serves to irritate or keep alive a tickling in the throat.

Give the child a drink of water or something soothing, and explain why every cough of that kind makes another cough in a few minutes. If, however, there is mucus or phlegm to be raised, then the small boy or girl can be shown how to use a piece of soft cloth which may be burned, or a paper napkin, or a sputum cup—and the advisability of doing this if possible, as much out of sight of others as can be managed. Also that any ejected matter of this kind is poisonous and should be treated as such.

Rarely do we see a young child covering its mouth and nose when it coughs or sneezes, or even turning its head.

The lack of training is obvious.

The proper use of the toilet, the thorough washing of the hands immediately, and any other details should all have attention, so that such habits become fixed and automatic. Health authorities tell us that the amount of liquid taken at meals should be limited, in

order that the digestive juices shall not be unduly diluted, and the food so encouraged to remain in the stomach longer than it should. This calls for the drinking of plenty of water between meals, in order to give the system an adequate amount of liquids to work with.

This is the time to cultivate the water drinking habit between meals, and many times the craving for sweets and knick-knacks and out-of-schedule lunches will be headed off by a drink of cool, pure

We often see young children eating candies, crackers, or cookies which have fallen on the floor, ground, or pave-ment. They should soon come to know that this is unsafe; also to drink after others from cups which have been used; or to eat or drink from utensils cups, spoons, which have been improperly handled. They will soon be able to grasp the reason why.

The custom in careful homes

of passing food dishes with a folded napkin between the hand of the serving maid— even a paper napkin—and the dish, serves to emphasize the need of [Continued on page 33]



Submitted in The Chatelaine's Snapshot Contest by Mrs. Edward May, Niagara Falls, Ontario

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# Oh Yes, We All Like Bananas—

But how many of us know their proper food value and new ways of preparing them?



Banana shortcake topped with whipped cream makes an attractive and delicious dessert at any season.

#### by Helen G. Campbell, Director, The Chatelaine Institute

N THE warm, sunny days of summer and autumn, Canada produces an abundance of fresh fruit to provide variety, delicious flavor and food value in the daily menu. In winter, we must depend for our supply of these foods on the products of warmer climates, but with efficient modern methods of transportation and storage, there is no dearth of fruit for the Canadian bill of fare. The banana is among the fruits which come to us from the tropics, and for which the housekeeper will find many and varied uses. It may be eaten raw, alone or in combination with other foods, or it may be cooked and served as a dessert, or with the meat course.

When served raw, it is important that the fruit be thoroughly ripe, as it then has the best flavor and is easily digested. Ripeness is denoted by the yellow skin which may be spotted with brown flecks. Under-ripe bananas are green at the tips, and at this stage are suitable for cooking. Formerly, bananas were thought to be indigestible and unsuitable as food for children, but a greater knowledge of

unsuitable as food for children, but a greater knowledge of dietary requirements, and of dietary principles has put this belief to rout, and has enhanced the reputation of this delicious food. The old prejudice against them was probably due to the unwise custom of serving them before they were thoroughly ripe, for like green apples, pears and other unripe fruits, they are not then ready for eating, and may cause diesering dieturbance.

digestive disturbance.

Bananas are known to be an excellent source of essential vitamines. They supply mineral salts and sugar and are popular for their delicate flavor. Another advan-tage is their ease of preparation and their varied uses in the menu. The fact that they are available at all seasons at a moderate cost, recommends them.

Bananas may be served for breakfast as a first course, or with the cereal. For luncheon or supper, they may be the dessert or appear in it, or they may be served as a salad at this meal or at dinner. Fried, broiled or baked bananas are excellent accompaniments for hot or cold meat; with bacon, sausage, tongue or ham, they are particularly interesting and delicious Before cooking, they should be peeled and scraped to remove the coarse, thread-like portions, and a little lemon juice may be added. In fact, there are many recipes for preparing bananas to serve with the main

As desserts, too, they combine well with plain puddings or with other fruits; they make a splendid addition to ice cream,

junket or jelly. Try serving sliced bananas in orange juice as the finish to the meal or at breakfast. As sandwich fillings with nuts or dates, they are especially tasty, they have a place in the lunch box for the school child or the workman. They are easily carried, and many people enjoy

the fun of broiling them over the camp fire.

Bananas are picked from the trees while still green. They continue to ripen, and do so best at a temperature between sixty-two and sixty-eight degrees. As cold prevents proper ripening, and the development of the finest flavor, bananas should never be stored in the refrigerator until fully ripe. There are certain points, too, to remember in buying bananas. The custom of selling them by weight is becoming more general, as there is considerable variation in size. Ask your dealer not to pull the fruit from the stem but to cut them off as in this way the skin remains unbroken, and the

fruit will keep in good condition for a longer time.

When peeled, the banana darkens in color in a short time, and for this reason, they should be peeled and cut just before serving. If it is more convenient to prepare them some time in advance, they should be covered with fruit juice to prevent discoloration. The prepared fruit may be placed in the refrigerator for a short time to chill before serving.

The housekeeper appreciates the fact that bananas may be served to all members of the family-adults and children

alike. A crushed or baked banana is often recommended for babies, and tempting banana dishes may appeal to the flagging appetites of the aged. They have a place on the invalid tray and in the diet of the physically active.

Bananas are important in meal planning in a season when home-grown fresh fruits are not available. Their numerous menu possibilities and other advantages, make bananas a popular food and they give good return for the money spent.

#### For Breakfast

Serve ripe bananas sliced in cream, or in orange or pineapple juice.

Serve them sliced on prepared cereal.

Slice into a cereal dish and cover with hot, cooked cereal. Try these some Sunday morning.

#### Banana Pancakes

34 Cupful of flour 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt 1 Egg

1 Teaspoonful of Baking 2 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Egg powder
1 Cupful of banana pulp
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted

butter

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk to the beaten egg and mix with the banana pulp. Combine this mixture with the dry ingredients, add the melted butter and beat until smooth. Cook on a hot greased pan, turning only once to brown on both sides.

#### Banana Muffins

2 Cupfuls of flour

4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar

34 Teaspoonful of salt 1 Egg

1 Cupful of milk

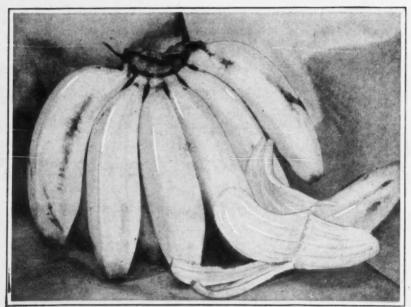
3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, add the milk to it and pour the mixture in the centre of the dry ingredients. Stir until mixed, add the melted butter and the finely chopped bananas which have been lightly dusted with a little flour. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for about twenty-five minutes. This recipe makes fifteen small muffins.

#### Luncheon Suggestions

#### Bananas in Bacon Rolls

Cut peeled bananas into one and a half inch lengths. Roll each section in a bacon slice and make [Continued on page 68]



When thoroughly ripe bananas are easily digested and have their best flavor. They should never be placed in a refrigerator until fully ripe.

# Every girl wants a nice skin!

Lovely bride
of the late
J. Pierpont Morgan's
grandson



With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York, Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's débutantes. Her complete naturalness, her simplicity of manner are as irresistible as they are unusual.

In her flower-filled, paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis . . . in winter it's skating or some other sport ... and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent."They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely!

"Everyone's skin needs something to tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls nowadays use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes the powder last much longer.

"I am always absolutely faithful to the Pond's Method-the four steps are so quick that you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's

Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many other famous beauties'. Make them part of your regime: DURING THE DAY-first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face

and neck, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the



pores and float the dirt to the surface. SECOND-wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. Parisian peach color and white.

THIRD-pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.

LAST - smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for
powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not
only on the face but wherever you powder...arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.

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# The Flowers That Bloom in the Home-tra-la

# Understanding their natural environment is halfway to success in caring for house plants



Narcissi bring the breath of spring into your

#### by ETHEL M. WEBSTER "The flower lady of Canada"

O have our house plants growing thriftily, blooming freely and looking nicely means satisfaction. We enjoy their beauty and get additional satisfaction from the admiration of others. We are correspondingly dissatisfied when our plants show by drooping or stunting of the growth that they are not doing well, and we are often at a loss to

are not doing well, and we are often at a loss to account for the trouble.

Insects are best controlled by a simple rule: poison for the eating insects, which means a Bordeau mixture sprayed on; or if the insects are merely sucking the plants' juices, a nicoting relation, which means deeth in either case. solution, which means death in either case. Red spiders should be washed off with a soft Red spiders should be washed off with a soft brush, giving especial treatment to the joints of the plants, and then spraying them for safety. Insects, such as worms at the roots, can be controlled by setting the plant in a pail in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added for each gallon of tepid water, and leaving it there for a couple of hours or more. A couple of "applications" smother the worms. Black flies, those tiny midges which mean sour soil, are easily got rid of by the simple method of stirring a tablespoonful of slack lime into a quart of water and pouring the water over the soil in the pot. The dry lime can be stirred into the soil, but we prefer lime can be stirred into the soil, but we prefer the water method, as the water reaches every part of the soil quickly. When the midges are gone, the soil is sweet again. The little grubs which live in the soil do not injure the plants unless they are sickly, but the midges them-selves are unpleasant tenants of the living

If the plants are not bothered with insects, the next trouble should be looked for in the pot. While some plants bloom best if slightly pot. While some plants bloom best if slightly root-bound, which forces the plant to bloom instead of making more growth, they eventually reach the point where they require shifting to a slightly larger pot. This condition is easily ascertained by turning the plant out of the pot and looking at the ball of earth in which it has been growing. If the roots of the plants are thick around it, re-pot simply by putting in a around it, re-pot, simply by putting in a slightly larger pot, and packing in soil under and around the ball of earth.

If the plant is unthrifty, and no roots are in sight, wash or remove the part of the soil, until

same trouble in re-planting.

A very good average mixture of potting soil is composed of equal parts each of sand, garden soil, leaf mold from under the trees and well rotted manure. Mix these together, but do not sift too finely or it will pack tight and growing plants require aired soil for growing. A tightly packed soil, into which light and warmth cannot penetrate, will destroy all roots of such delicate plants as those which make up our favorites for house plants.

As a general rule, popular conception to the contrary notwithstanding, those plants with watery looking stems and foliage, such as Cactus, Begonias, etc. require less water than the dry stemmed plants such as the Fuchsias and Geraniums. Too much water is as much a source of trouble as too little, and the plants should only be watered when they need it, which is denoted by the earth in the pot getting dry. Too much water will result in souring the soil, with midges as a possible attendant; nor will the plants thrive in sour soil.

Most drug stores carry little packets of plant food, usually at ten or fifteen cents, and the pellets will be of immense benefit to the growth of the plants, but one should follow directions implicitly. You can force plants, but if you crowd them with too much feeding disaster will result.

Once we get the idea into our own heads that our plants are living breathing things, coupled only only on the plants.

are living, breathing things, capable only of showing their feelings by responding to correct treatment by ready and happy growth, of suffering and even dying from neglect, we are a long way toward understanding our plants; and in understanding, we will go a long way toward obtaining satisfaction from them. Just here is the opportune time to

the roots are exposed. If they are curled up in a wad with little or no new growth, it denotes unsuitable soil. You can soon see whether it is too sandy or heavy, and can avoid the best results. A Cactus, which is a native of sandy deserts, cannot thrive under the same treatment as a fern, whose natural habitat is the cool, damp forest. We must study the natural conditions under which the various species of plants thrive best if we are to be really successful with

Many novices will often confuse the "rest time" of their plants with unthriftiness. Nothing is more a mistake. Every plant, as well as every other living thing, requires a resting period. This is often shown very distinctly by the plants themselves. Ferns will turn yellow, geraniums will step bleoming and shed their leaves. Ovalie often called stop blooming and shed their leaves. Oxalis, often called Shamrock, irrespective of the variety will simply die down. This is the time to set them away and let them rest quietly, without much water and very little light, until they show, by starting into growth, that they are rested sufficiently to resume growing. Bring gradually to the light, and water a little more each time until the plant is growing thriftily again. Re-potting at this time, removing part of the old

soil and replacing with a new mixture, will pay well in satisfaction for the plant and yourself.

There are some evergreen plants, such as the Sword Ferns, which do not shed their leaves, but rest merely by a period of dormancy, when growth is suspended. Other plants require yearly rests.

While many people buy potted plants, from florists and other growers, to decorate the living rooms of their homes, there are many others, myself included, who prefer growing them from seed or cuttings and find an extra interest in them for the very circumstances which produce them. To sow the seeds and watch them germinate and grow, to set

cuttings and see them develop into shapely plants, provide a fascination for the grower that mere beauty does not produce. To us the most absorbing interest is to watch developments.

The colorful, easily grown Coeus, or so-called foliage plants, come in such a wide range of markings and colorings that they are well worth the time and trouble to grow them from a packet of seeds. No two seem to be just the same and although there will be some which will not be worth keeping, many of them will be delightfully colored. They can also be grown from cuttings, or slips, and if grown in a sunny window the color will be more intensified than when grown in partial sheds. than when grown in partial shade.

Petunias also come in almost unlimited colors and in many forms. The balcony type is usually very doubled, beautifully marked with splotches and dabs of contrasting colors, and are desirable house plants. They are easily grown from seed, but care should be taken to save the smaller, most delicate plantlets, for they are the most double and beautiful ones. They can be grown from cuttings or slips also, if special varieties are wanted. Like many other plants produced from seed, they cross readily and you cannot always be sure of getting just the variety you want from seed, even if grown on your own plants. Every plant has thousands of ancestors who are liable to be reproduced in the next generation and one can only plant and hope. However, they are so fairly sure to come true that they are interest-

Geraniums also can be grown from seed.

They are usually listed under the botanical

Cuttings of any of name of *Pelargoniums*. Cuttings of any of them are easily rooted in soft water, clear damp sand, or even in soil. They should be potted in not too rich soil, using a rather small pot at first and shifting to a size larger as required. They need much sunlight, sparing use of water, and winter rests, when water is almost withheld altogether, to bring them to their full beauty. They [Continued on page 41]



The luxurious foliage and feathery bloom of Spirala are wonderfully decorative.

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MARGUERITE HOARE



PESSL of Vienn



CARSTEN of Berlin



MME. JACOBSON











SABY of Montreal



# Now! more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over

# advocate Palmolive Soap to keep that schoolgirl complexion

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ALL over the world, lovely women are learning to retain their cher-ished loveliness . . . learning from authority in beauty culture. Such men as Niraus, of Madrid; Pierre, of New York. Such women as Jacobson, of London; Mrs. Johnston, of Toronto; Rose Laird, of New York.

"Cleanliness," they say, "is absolutely essential to beauty." And, of course, you agree. But how to achieve that cleanliness?

"Soap and water must be used regularly to get down deep into the pores," these experts insist. But not any soap will do. You should use Palmolive.

#### The case of Princess X

"Madame La Princess X—," says a noted Parisian specialist, "was a woman of only 30 or 35, but alas, her skin had the withered look of age.

Made in Palmolive's Canadian factory, one of the finest soap factories in the world.

"'Madame,' I could not help crying out, 'when did you last wash your face with a good soap and water?'

"And in her answer lay the secret of her beauty tragedy. I had the Princess use Palmolive Soap and water twice daily, together with my own special preparations. It was not long before the daily took on the preparations. her skin took on the new color, the delicately smooth texture that now makes her one of the most enchanting and sought after women in Biarritz."

#### So often it's just Palmolive

In so many cases that are reported to us the mere change to Palmolive Soap makes all the difference in a complexion. Those who know attribute this to Palmolive's vegetable oils, which have been the chosen cleansers of famous beauties

since the days of Cleopatra's glory.











Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

became more like those others around her there, the lips hardened a little, the grey beautifully-set eyes hid the soul behind them. She seemed at once to be more artificial. more modern, a woman rather than a girl, as a young man came across from the table where he had been sitting and held out his hand.

"Hullo-thought you were never coming," he said. "Chammin' cloak."

His careless casual manner was that of his class, but his eyes were hot and his clasp feverish. Very tall and thin with clipped mustache and rather good features he had "soldier" and "Englishman" written all over him—but there flashed into Tania's mind the image of the man who had cannoned into her on the pavement. Broad, tanned, easily friendly and with something in his face that this man lacked. Then she dismissed the vision and disengaged her hand.

"I am sorry I am late. It is a rather attractive cloak

isn't it?'

The other members of the party were to come on after dinner. So Daphne Bathurst, Tania's cousin, informed her while the second man whom rumor had engaged to Daphne several times over, Bill Langley, quite loudly proclaimed his relief at the news.

"Four is an ideal number," he remarked. "We can talk all the scandal we want to. You start Daphne."

Daphne, a very dark slim girl looked across at Tania.
"Oh—scandal! Why there's quite a lot of it going about.
Tania ought to have first turn."

Tania met her cousin's gaze steadily.

"You forget I've been in the country—"

"So you have. Well the first and foremost news isn't scandal, but may end in becoming so. It's that Mae is engaged. Yes. Engaged. It will be in the papers tomorrow and I had lunch with her and heard today.

"Who's the man?" Blakiston asked and Daphne waved a hand to Langley.

"Ask Bill. Friend of his. Your father knows him,

Tania."

"Fellow named Cardross," Bill said, "Larry Cardross. Canadian. First-rate fella. Wild as the dickens, but clean-bred all through. You'll meet him

later. Mae is bringing him here tonight."

"Is she by jove?" Blakiston interposed, "Do we approve of this wild man from the West, Tania? Our little Mae will have to be looked after."

Daphne laughed. Mae Langley, Bill's sister, a year or two her senior and a contemporary of Tania's was one of the leaders in their own particular circle and well able to take care of herself.

"Mae is quite content, so you needn't worry Rodney. Finished Tania? Let's go in then. We've got a topping table."

They rose, strolled into the restaurant, were conducted to their table, and Bill Langley, finding that Daphne and Blakiston were for the moment absorbed in something the former was saying, leaned toward

"You don't look very gay," he said in an undertone,
"Anything wrong dear?"
The strained look about Tania's mouth and eyes faded, for the moment she looked as she had looked at the stranger outside in the street.

"Nothing you can help with Bill dear. No need for

you to be anxious."

He laid his hand over hers for an instant and gave

He laid his hand over hers for an instant and gave

"Sorry old thing." it a quick warm pressure. "Sorry old me know if I can do anything any time.

She smiled at him, then Daphne turned to her, the conversation became general and Tania talked with the rest, everyone enquiring after Lady Emily and wanting news of her.

Tania longed for it all to end, yet dreaded the moment when it must. Back of her smile, her cool careless air, and her ready conversation, one question persisted in her brain, dinning through all the sound of the orchestra and the laughter and buzz of conversation in the room. Why had Rodney fixed this evening? Why had he so urgently demanded her presence? Why had he made such a demand—for demand it had been . . . What new thing could he have to say that he had not said only too often . As from a distance she became aware first of Daphne's touch, then of her amused stare, and came back "I'm so sorry! What is it Daphne? What were you

saying?'

Daphen uttered a little hoot of laughter.
"You're wool-gathering," she declared, "I was only announcing the fact that the rest of the party have just come in—I didn't know Judy was to be one of them." "Judy? No. Neither did I. She didn't tell me. Who asked her I wonder?"

"I did!" Blakiston said in a curiously quiet tone, "She's an amusing kid and we get on very well. This is a good tune. Let's dance."

He rose, looked across at Tania, and sketched the slightest of bows, while Tania steeling herself to these next few moments, rose also and let him take her into his arms. She shivered at the first touch, but after it resigned

#### Cross Currents

Continued from page 5

herself with what grace she could muster, and after a moment or two could give herself to the pleasure of movement, for Blakiston was like herself, a beautiful dancer. They danced till the music stopped, then, at the entrance end of the room he nodded toward the table beyond where they had been sitting

"Come and sit out here for a few moments," he said,
"It's cooler," and knowing that sooner or later she must face the situation and handle it, Tania obeyed, her face a little paler, her grey eyes a little harder than usual. When they were seated side by side on one of the low sofas, no one else in their immediate neighborhood, she took the situation into her own hands.

"You asked me to come tonight," she said, "I had no idea you were in the city. Why have you come? What did you wish to say. Please tell me as briefly as you can."

Blakiston stretched out his long legs, surveyed his pumps

for a moment, then sat up and leaning his elbows on his

knees began to fidget with a match. 'Well-you don't believe in fencing do you-it's like

this: I'm getting a bit tired of the situation. What about it?"

Tania sat very still, so still that she did not appear to breathe. She was silent for a moment, then she said in a level voice: "What exactly do you mean by that, Rodney?" He gave her a quick sidelong glance.

Well I've had about enough of the whole show and I uggest we put a paragraph in the Morning Post and the

Times and your American papers and get ahead."

Tania closed her eyes for one second, then opened them

#### The people you will meet in "CROSS CURRENTS"

EMILY AND ROSS ARDWYN, who, because of their selfish interests have left their children to grow up alone.

TANIA ARDWYN, beautiful elder daughter, who is secretly married to

RODNEY BLAKISTON, who wants to make the marriage public.

LARRY CARDROSS, the young Englishman with his famous ranch in Canada.

MAE LANGLEY, selfish and pleasure-loving, engaged to Larry.

JUDY ARDWYN, Tania's younger sister.

#### BEGIN THIS THRILLING LOVE STORY NOW

and gazed straight at the opposite wall-a spectator would away in his arms.

have imagined her utterly bored.

"I am afraid I cannot agree with you," she said, still in that level undisturbed voice, "If that is all you have to say I do not quite understand the reason of your note

"It isn't all," he said a little thickly, "Not by a long shot my dear. You think you've got the whip hand of me, that I'll take anything you choose to say or do lying down, but let me tell you you're mistaken. I'm through with it. Through with it I tell you."

"Indeed? Must you get so excited? People will wonder if you have been drinking."

He gave a smothered sound of anger and Tania turned ead and looked at him.

"I do not want to make things more difficult. The whole thing is miserable enough. Why not end it decently?"
"No. I've a right to you and if I can't have you no other

fellow shall! One day you'll get fed up and till then I can wait."

Over the masked pallor of her face came a sudden quiver of indignation.

"Speak the truth Rodney if you can. You forced me to marry you by a cruel trick. Oh I was a fool I know . . . but a good many girls are fools, whatever they pretend to know of life, when they are up against a man such as you proved yourself to be . . . I am not your wife physically, and I never will be. And the reason is because I do not love you, not because I have any unusual views. You know that as well as I do."

He thrust his jaw forward in an ugly fashion. His eyes, bloodshot and narrowed studied her from head to foot

"I wanted you, and if you hadn't been such a little prude you'd have played the game by me. What's the good of going on like this?'

"None.

Then why won't you behave sensibly and end it? Unless you're too modern to care about men. Perhaps that's it. I tell you I'm sick of this and I'm not going to stand

'Then why don't you agree with me and have the

marriage annulled?"

He struck his hand on his knee.

He struck his hand on his knee.

"No. You're mine and I'll have you."

"Please don't talk like that!" Tania's voice was icy.

"I hate it. As for talking like that it won't help you."

"No? We'll see. How would you like it if I put the announcement in the papers? What would you do if I told Tania was rather white but her eyes did not falter.

'If you intend to do this I cannot prevent you," she said, "But I can tell also how you forced me into that marriage— how you tricked me by that ancient ruse of a broken-down into staying out all night. How you made me believe that no one would credit so flimsy a story, or that any girl would be so ignorant as not to know the kind of house Irleigh Manor was-I was fool enough to believe it was the country club it called itself. Oh, you were clever in the way you played on my feelings and my shame at staying in such a place!"

You were grown up."

Yes. And no more and no less ignorant than the average girl of my age brought up as we're most of us brought up nowadays. If my parents had been—less busy—if—if they'd been at home more, I might have learned as much

of life as I thought I knew. Do you think your cowardly trick would have succeeded then? No. Rodney, I do not think you will put that announcement in the

> He twisted the cigarette viciously between his fingers tearing it to shreds. That's your last word?"

"Yes.

"Very well then. I can promise you, you'll be sorry you said it."

Threats won't help your cause Rodney," she said rather sadly, "Don't you understand yet that nothing will make me do as you want?"

"I understand that you'll be sorry. That you'll come to me and ask me to take you. That you'll—"

He broke off abruptly, half-choking with rage and

Daphne's cool amused tones cut across the silence: "Hullo you two! Quarrelling? My dear Tania he looks awful!"

-Don't?" Tania said in a quick smothered voice. A little group of five persons was approaching and

Tania went to her sister who looked a mere child with her broad bare forehead and candid grey eyes.

"Darling, I didn't know you were coming!" Tania exclaimed, "Why didn't you tell me—you might have dined with us."

"I didn't know. And anyway I dined with Rose Judy Ardwyn indicated by a jerk of her fair head a girl in scarlet chattering to Bill and Rodney, "And the crowd. Such fun Tania!"

She gave her sister's hands a little, light squeeze, then a masculine hand parted them. Rodney's voice

"Come and dance with me Judy," and Judy floated

TANIA found herself surrounded, carried off, and at the end of a waltz was taken by her partner to the table they were all to share for supper.
"You've got to meet Mae's man," he said, "Come on and

get it over. He's rather a good scout. Hi, Larry! C'm here! This is Tania Ardwyn, someone you've got to know. Tania this is the bold bad lad who's going to marry Mae, Larry

And with no warning Tania found herself looking straight into the eyes of the man to whom she had spoken outside in the rain and the storming wet wind.

He started, stared for a long moment, then took her outstretched hand and held it. Tania smiled and looked steadily back.

"We've met before—once," she said, "How do you do? I think you know father, Ross Ardwyn. Bill tells me so."
"Yes." His voice was brief, a little husky. "Will you dance this?"

She accepted, gave herself to his arms and knew instantly that he was the partner of her dreams. They went twice round the floor before either of them spoke, then Larry looked down into her eyes-he had a way of looking deeply,

intently, when he was interested.
"So you're Ross Ardwyn's daughter. Topping fellow he is. Why haven't we met before?"

"You've not been in the city perhaps, or at any of the places I go to.'

"That's so. Russia and the East. You're like your father.' "You think so?" Tania's brows [Continued on page 62]

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# Let's Learn About Cereals

A bounteous nature has provided the chatelaines of Canada with a wide choice of home-grown foods for the nourishment of their households



Canada has the distinction of producing the finest wheat in the world, and has extended her wheat belt northward by hundreds of thousands of acres.

#### by J. B. SPENCER, B.S.A.

HEAT, the greatest of cereal foods, named as the industrial and commercial life "economic fairy" to the industrial and commercial life of Canada, has built practically the whole economic structure of the prairie provinces. The soil and climate of Canada have eminently suited the production of wheat of

high milling quality.

Although the early wheats grown in Canada were of good quality, no pains have been spared to improve them so as to bring out better varieties not only from the standpoint of bread making, but also for productivity and early maturity. The plant breeder has done a valuable work in this field of endeavor and has brought to Canada the distinction of producing the finest wheat in the world. The improvement of wheats by breeding was commenced many years are by of wheats by breeding was commenced many years ago by the late Dr. William Saunders, the first Director of the Experimental Farms system. Red Fife, the standard by which all hard wheats were measured in the early days, through the efforts of Dr. Wm. Saunders and his successors, Dr. Charles Saunders and Mr. L. H. Newman, Dominion Cerealist, has been followed by Marquis that now exceeds all other varieties of wheat grown in North

These later wheats, by their earliness of ripening, have extended the wheat belt northward, expanding the area of profit-able wheat growing by hundreds of thous-ands of acres. Through these varieties of high milling quality Canada has become

recognized as the foremost country in the world in the pro-duction of the most important of the cereal

The Staff of Life

Bread, popularly designated the "staff of life" is an accompaniment of practically every meal. home or in a bakery it has become in a general

way, a standard product. While during the present century there has been a growing tendency to depreciate white bread, the white loaf continues to be in popular favor. The demand for brown bread is year by year increasing, and according to the reports of some of the largest bakery companies, brown bread has reached fully ten per cent of the output. This is an increase of fully six per cent since 1920, when the proportion of brown was about four per cent of the bread made. One of the large milling companies reports the out-turn of Graham and whole wheat flour supplied to the larger bakeries for the making of brown bread to be about five per cent of the output. While the baker's loaf has become a standard product housewives are constrained, from time to time, to change their bakers. It may be the monotof the standard loaf that inspires the wish for a change, which not infrequently leads, in the matter of a few months to a return to the former brand.

The ingredients making up the modern bread are flour, liquid, yeast, and salt. Sugar and fat and sometimes potatoes are added. Wheat flour is practically the only flour used for the bread of commerce in this country.

A variety of liquids are used in bread making. These include water, milk, rice water, whey and buttermilk. When milk is used it is necessary that it be scalded first and then cooled. This is to destroy the organisms that might cause sourness while the bread is in process of making. Sugar is added chiefly for flavor and fat in small quantity to increase the tendernes

The standard mixture for the making of a loaf of bread consists of one cupful of liquid, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of fat, one tablespoonful of sugar, three to four cupfuls of flour, and yeast in an amount depending on the kind used and length of time in which bread is to be made. There are varying methods of making the bread, differing only in details of manipulation, but ending in the turning out of a loaf of pleasing quality.

#### The Coarse Grains

A writer on cereal grains for human needs has classed corn, wheat and oats "the triumphant trinity of grain foods." After these come rice and barley. Since the earliest days of which we have records for this continent corn has been prominently identified with the feeding of humanity. The earliest settlers found the native population using corn and even since the more favored grains have been available in abundance, corn continues to enter into the rations of the family circle in a large way. From corn we get cornmeal, cornstarch, corn oils for frying and shortening and corn syrup for sweetening. Of the enormous corn crop annually harvested on this continent about three

per cent is used as human food. Barley, the source of all the malts, finds

> grains for manufac-tured foods. The barley beverages among which malted milk must not be overlooked, absorb very large quantities of the annual barley crop. Medicinal preparations containing malted products are numerous, and much employed in nourishing young children, delicate people and convalescents. Perhaps before they are aware of it Canadian people will be using barley coffee, which is now being turned out in large quantities from barley that has been [Continued on page 38]



Manufacturers in Canada have been quick to follow the teachings of the dietitian and the tastes of consumers in the breakfast foods. A wide choice of cereal foods for this important meal awaits every housewife.

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# Own it with even more pride... Buy it with even less money

OWNERS of the new Chevrolet Six enjoy a double satisfaction from their investment. They are proud of the greater size and beauty of the new car... and gratified that it costs less to own than any previous Chevrolet.

Distinctive new beauty has been added to the smooth, economical six-cylinder

performance which has already won more than 2,000,000 owners to the Chevrolet Six. Due to the lengthened, 109-inch wheelbase, the Fisher Bodies have a new sweep and gracefulness of lines. Deluxe wire wheels, with large chrome-plated hub caps, are now standard equipment at no extra cost. The radiator is deeper and

narrower, presenting an unusually pleasing front view. Bright metal parts are neatly designed and heavily plated with nickel and chrome. The interiors are roomier, more beautifully upholstered and completely appointed than ever before.

With its new beauty, impressive size and many improvements . . . the new Chevrolet Six is offered at even lower prices. You can own it with even more pride . . . buy it with even less money.

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CHEVROLET SIX

THERE IS A CHEVROLET DEALER NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

# Dr. Allen Rogers

Ph. D., University of Pennsylvania

# "As a Cleansing Dentifrice Colgate's has no equal."



Dr. Rogers is head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute. His tests on toothpastes and their action are of the highest interest, not only to the public, but to scientific circles as well.

#### Dr. Rogers says:

"My tests reveal that Colgate's Toothpaste produces the lowest sur-face tension. Since surface tension determines detergent or cleansing action, it follows, therefore, that as a cleansing dentifrice, Colgate's has no equal."

"The sole purpose of a dentifrice is to give the teeth and gums a com-plete cleansing. It must, therefore, have the ability to get into the crevices between the teeth and remove the decaying foods. A tooth-paste that has a low surface tension is the one that gives the best results. My tests indicate that Colgate's gives these desired results."

allen Rogers

WHEN a distinguished scientist announces that one dentifrice is vastly superior to all others, the world wants to know his reasons. And Dr. Allen Rogers gives them. Conclusive, scientific reasons. Backed by painstaking, impartial laboratory research.

Colgate's has no equal. Very well, hy? It is a matter of low surface why? It is a matter of low surface tension, as Dr. Rogers explains. "The sole purpose of a dentifrice is to give the teeth and gums a complete cleansing. It must, therefore, have the ability to get into the crevices between the teeth and remove decaying foods."

"A toothpaste that has a low surface tension is the one that gives the

best results. My tests indicate that Colgate's gives these desired results."

Nothing need be added to that convincing statement from one of the country's recognized authorities.

But if one should ask further scientific proof of these facts, there are such noted scientists as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Dr. Henry Leffman, noted lecturer at leading universities, author of many books on scientific subjects, and scores of others equally well known, whose individual researches agree entirely with those of Dr. Rogers.





#### FOR THE BUSY FORTIES

by ANNABELLE LEE

THE question of a satisfactory method of beauty culture is a far more difficult problem for the woman verging on middle age than for the younger woman. In the majority of cases, her days are so fully occupied with the care of a house and family that she has neither time nor energy to devote to the care of her personal appearance, yet she requires that care much more urgently than her younger sister.

This article is not intended for the woman who has unlimited time and money at her disposal. She can receive every necessary treatment at a beauty parlor, but the woman who must rely upon home treatments will, I hope, find much here that will both interest and help her.

Let us take the average woman, of from forty to fifty years of age, and analyze her

ppearance.

Probably we find that her hair is commencing to turn a little grey at the temples and is neither as thick nor as glossy as it was. Her skin has lost the freshness of girlhood -there are little lines about the eyes and mouth, and sometimes also on the forehead. There is a falling of the facial muscles, resulting in an ugly furrow at the lower part of the cheeks, from the nose downward, and the chin itself may be either too fleshy or show signs of scraggine

Perhaps nothing produces that "middleaged" appearance more quickly than those weakened chin and cheek muscles. When these muscles are firm and taut, and the skin properly nourished, the face has an appearance of youth, even though the hair

may be quite grey.

In addition to the changes in the face, the figure is also changing. Those who have been careful with their diet, will not have to suffer the added misery of embonpoint, but at this period of life the step begins to lose the elasticity of youth and the figure be-

comes "set" or without flexibility.

Let us see what can be done to remedy these defects and to carry the appearance of youth even into old age.

Before we speak of physical treatments, I should like to stress the importance of the mental attitude, both in acquiring and in retaining beauty. A peevish, whining, disagreeable disposition will very certainly be reflected in the expression of the face and will spoil the appearance of the most beautiful features. A cheerful, happy disposition, and kind, loving thoughts are wonderful beautifiers. Stand before a mirror and notice the difference in the expression of the mouth when it is curved upward into a smile, or drawn down into a look of disgust. If we remember that every time we permit an unpleasant thought to register itself upon our faces, we are actually helping to impress a permanent expression upon it, we will be more careful, not only with our faces, but with our thoughts.

I shall not dwell upon the question of diet, as I believe that is too widely studied at the present time to need any further discussion, but will merely emphasize the fact that plenty of fresh fruits, salads and vegetables are required, and that it would probably be well to eliminate some of the starchy food I find that the majority of people take far more starch than they require, especially if they consume the usual quantity of white bread, potatoes, pie and cake. This over-abundance of starch produces either excessive fat or a waste of energy while the system is endeavoring to get rid of it. Of course, the hygienic rules as to fresh air, bathing, and a sufficient amount of sleep, must be followed.

Having briefly stated the general treatment necessary in all beauty culture work. we can now study the specific treatments.

Let us commence with the hair. Probably the most urgent matter to decide, will be as to whether it should be dyed or allowed to go grey naturally.

I do not think that anyone who knows nothing of present-day beauty culture work, can realize what an enormous number of women are now using artificial means to keep their hair its original color. This has its advantages and also its disadvantages, and every woman should decide the matter for herself. As conditions vary so greatly in each individual case, I do not feel competent to advise anyone "to dye or not to dye." I can only show both sides of the question, as I know them

The modern dyes are totally different from those of a generation ago and, undoubtedly, have a very natural appearance. The hair retains its sheen and has not that dull 'dyed" look of former years.

For those women who are in business and thus have to compete with those younger than themselves, it is necessary to use every available means to retain a youthful appearance, and certainly hair that is properly tinted does make a woman look many years younger. That is the principal thing in favor of dyeing.

On the other side of the question, we find many disadvantages. First of all, there is the expense. The roots will need to be to be kept in good condition. This will require to be done every six weeks to two months, according to the rapidity of the growth of the hair. If this is done by an expert the charge will be anywhere from six

Continued on page 43

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d in d, turn. Ch 3, d in d. Repeat till you have sufficient length for lower edge of frame. Then make a shorter piece for the

Slip wool cover over silk covered frame letting the joining come over one of the upright wires. Allow the chain loops around the top to come above the frame and tack to top wire, and sew the braid just below

chain loops.

Allow 2 or 3 1 d stitches as well as the border to come below edge of frame and tack firmly to lower wire. Then sew braid so that the centre comes over lower wire. The wool scallops may be pulled down a little to prevent too much fulness.

Any color scheme which harmonizes with the room may be used.

Wool Tea Cosy

Two balls (4 ounces) of double knitting yarn, one ounce of wool floss or fine fingering yarn, and an Afghan hook will be ing yarn, and an arguan noon required for this tea cosy. An Afghan hook is long and the same size for entire length the a bone or wooden knitting needle. If like a bone or wooden knitting needle. If no bone or wooden hook of this kind is available cut a hook on one end of a medium sized wooden knitting needle. My own hook was once a bone knitting needle and by means of a small file was converted into an Afghan hook.

This tea cosy was made of bright orange wool with white trim. It is worked in Afghan stitch on a chain of 50 sts. To make this stitch, using the long hook pull the wool through the 2nd st of ch and keeping the two loops on hook draw wool through the next st, and continue till you have reached the end of the chain and have 50 loops on your hook. Then work these sts off by drawing the wool through the 1st loop on hook, making the same number of loops on hook, making the same number of loops on hook as before. Pick up the wool again and work off 2 loops each time till but 1 loop is left on hook. Insert hook in vertical loop and draw thread through making 2 loops on hook. Take up each of the 50 loops in this way then work off as hofors. Picking this way then work off as before. Picking up the loops and working them off is counted as but one row, as both are necessary to make a complete Afghan stitch. Work 22 rows in this way, then in working off the 23rd row work off 2 loops together at beginning of row, also the last 3 loops left on hook are worked off together to decrease 1st at each end of row. In taking the sts up again in next row the loop left on hook stands for the two sts at beginning of row, and at the end the two loops are taken together as one. The 24th row is worked without decreasing, then for the next 10 rows decrease 1 st at end of each row.

35th row—SI st into 2 sts at beginning of row, take up 24 sts and work off 3 sts together at each end of row, making 18 sts

between decreasings on this row.

36th row—Sl. st into each loop of 35th row and also into 2 last sts of 34th row. Break wool and make another piece in same way, then sew or crochet the two pieces together on wrong side, leaving a 4½ inch

opening on both sides about 11/2 inches from the lower edge, for spout and handle of teapot. Then work 1 row of d c all around lower edge followed by 1 row of tr c worked in row d c. This is turned up like a hem and sewed to inside.

The border award side experience is reader.

The border around side openings is made in this way—\*Ch 3, tr in next st, miss 1 st, d in next st. Repeat from \* around.

To make the rose and leaves. Take the

finer wool and work a ch of 6 sts and join to form a ring.

1st row-(d c in ring, ch 3) 6 times, fasten last ch to 1st d c.

2nd row-(1 d, 5 tr, 1 d) in each loop

making 6 petals.

3rd row—(Ch 4, d into d of 1st row) 6 times, putting hook into d from the back so that the ch will lie behind petals.

4th row-(1 d, 2 tr, 3 d tr, 2 tr, 1 d) under each 4 ch.

5th row-Ch 7, d into d of 3rd row behind petals as before.

6th row—Ch 11, miss 1 st and work back on ch 1 d, 1 tr, 5 d tr, 1 tr, 1 d, 1 sl st to make a leaf. Sl st into 1st st of 7 ch; ch 15, make leaf on 11 sts as before, then sl st into the 4 remaining sts of ch, and in next st of 7 ch; Ch 12 make leaf on 11 sts, sl st in 12th st of ch, and in next 2 sts of 7 ch. (Ch 7, d in 4th st of next 7 ch, ch 4, fasten back in d for picot) twice. Ch 12, make leaf as before sl st into 12th stand into 5th st of same 7 ch; ch 15, work leaf on 11 sts, sl st on remaining 4 sts and 6th st of 7 ch; ch 11, make leaf and sl st to last st of 7 ch. Ch 4 fasten back of leaves in same st with last picot. Then work (7 ch, d in 4th st in next ch loop, p fastened in d) 3 times. Ch 7 fasten to st from which 1st ch of row

7 fasten to st from which 1st cn of row started and make p.

7th row—\*(Ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p fastened back in d) twice, ch 7, d in next d of 6th row. Repeat from\* twice more.

8th row—\*(Ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) twice, ch 7, d in next d of last row. Repeat from\* 3 times.

9th row—\*(Ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) 2 times ch 7, d in next d. Repeat from\*

gth row—\*(Ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) 3 times, ch 7, d in next d. Repeat from\* 3 times, ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p. 10th row—(Ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) 5 times, ch 7, d in next d; (ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) 3 times, ch 7, d in next d; (ch 7 d in 4th st of next loop, p) 33 times. Turn. Ch 7, d in 4th st of lext loop, p) (ch 7, d in 4th st of lext loop, p) loop, p, (ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) 14 times. Turn. Ch 7, d in 4th st of last loop, p, (ch 7, d in 4th st of next loop, p) 3 times. Break wool.

Starting with the rose make another piece in same way but after last p instead of breaking wool work \*3 ch and sl st to 4th st of corresponding loop of first piece, 4th st of corresponding loop of first piece, ch 3, d in 4th st of next loop of 2nd piece, piect, repeat from\* 6 times, ch 3, sl st in st next picot on opposite side. Slip over tea cosy and tack along edges. Also tack leaves to position.

Orange and white or black makes a very pretty tea cosy but other combinations of color may be used as desired.



An attractive design for a tea-cosy in bright orange and white.



# Millions brush their teeth without removing film effectively

Only Pepsodent is compounded solely to remove it . . . thus better to safeguard health and beauty

YOU who read this already brush your teeth. But that does not mean your teeth are film-free. Tooth pastes vary widely in effectiveness, as laboratory tests have shown. Many whose taste is pleasing or whose price is low fail in the chief task a dentifrice should perform. You must remove a dangerous film from teeth. ous film from teeth.

#### What film does

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking ... how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness. . . .

Amos 'n' Andy The premier radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

# Pepsodent

DO THESE THREE THINGS to have strong, healthy teeth



Follow this diet daily: one to three eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables. ad lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon ith orange juice. One quart of milk, id other food to suit the appetite.



2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.



3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos'n' Andy radio program



"My Housekeeping Money seemed to Melt...but now...this clever economy actually improves the meat dishes I serve!"

"Well, I've been wondering how you manage—you seem to be able to afford little helps and luxuries that are beyond me.'

"Not a bit; but I spend it differently. At first, I was so anxious to have nice meals and plenty of variety for Tom, that I bought too much expensive food. My money seemed to melt! When I had paid the butcher's bill each week, and for the fancy fish and fowl to give variety, I had very little left.

"Then I read an article on using the less expensive meat cuts; I learned that careful cooking, along with clever seasoning, would produce the most tempting meat dishes at small cost.

"I knew just how to do the flavouring — Lea & Perrins was an old friend; in fact, it was partly the serving of this wonder-ful sauce with our expensive steaks and chops and prime roasts that had made us enjoy them so much. I knew that Lea & Perrins would give me that "clever seasoning" alright.

"So I started right in to build up a group of recipes for de-licious ragoûts, stews, meat pies, boiled dinners (how men love them!) and no end of ways of using left-over meats and vegetables in dishes 'as good as new.' I cut my bills down marvellously. My budget now fits all my house keeping needs quite comfortably and I serve a reasonable number of expensive meats with a free conscience and the same old Lea & Perrins to make them taste good!"

"Thanks, my dear. I see just what I must do. I'll get Lea & Perrins on my way home—and start right in correcting my menus tomorrow. I know the table you set is fine enough for anyone-even my Billy!"



An old favorite which has gained new popularity.

# Novelties in Wool Crochet

Wool is one of the most effective mediums for many Crochet ideas by ELSIE GALLOWAY

Some very happy hours may be spent on cold winter evenings working with soft bright wools the articles shown this month. They are inexpensive and easy to make, but add greatly to the comfort and coziness of the home. The wool lampshade is decidedly new and novel, and was made of dark green wool over deep rose colored silk, which gives a soft subdued light very

restful to weary eyes and brain.

The wool tea cosy has returned to favor and will prove very useful in providing the piping hot cup of tea so refreshing on coming in from the stinging cold of January

For the lampshade on a frame measuring four and a half inches deep and five inches in diameter at the lower edge, one quarter of a yard of thin silk eighteen inches wide to cover frame, one ounce of wool floss, a small ball of variegated wool for trimming, and a medium sized bone hook will be required. A card of bias binding to wind the wires may be bought, or one may cut bias strips of the lining silk about one inch wide and turn one edge under about quarter of an inch, and wind tightly around all wires of the frame. If this is done about three-eighths of a yard of silk will be needed.

After winding the wires very tightly, cover frame, stretching the silk tightly to prevent wrinkles. The lining should be pinned to the covered wires and fitted well before sewing to position. Sew around wires at top and bottom and up one wire where the ends meet. Then the raw edges are cut close before covering with the crocheted shade. To make shade begin a chain of twenty-one stitches or enough to come about one inch below frame

1st row—Work long d c in 3rd st from hook thus—insert hook in st, draw wool through, pick wool up again and draw

through first loop, again, and draw through 2 loops. Repeat for length of ch, making

sts somewhat shorter near the top. Turn.
2nd row-3 d c in 1st 3 sts, then long d (I.d.) again, making first two or three a little tighter to make top of shade smaller. Take up only the front loop of st. Do not work into last st but make 2 l d in st next

to the last. Turn.

3rd row—Ch 2 and work 1 d in each st of last row, taking up the back loop of st only, in order to always have loop of the st showing on the right side of work, and remember to work about five or six stitches at top a little tighter. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows till work is long enough to fit the frame. One row down and one up makes a scallop on lower edge, and the shade shown has 20 of these small scallops. The number of rows will depend on the worker, but the work should be firm and even, neither loose nor tight, and the number of stitches in ch and the number of rows may be increased or decreased according to size of your frame. When large enough crochet the two ends together on the wrong side with s c taking up back loop of stitch.

For border at lower edge work 3 loops of 3ch fastened with d around each scallop. Then a 2nd row as follows—\*d in 1st loop, ch 3, d in 2nd loop, ch 3, d in same loop, ch 3, d in 3rd loop. Repeat from \* around. Fasten and break wool.

At top fasten wool at joining, ch 3, miss 1 row, d in end of next row. Repeat all around making 20 loops.

To make braid for trimming use any color which will harmonize with the shade. In this case the braid was made of wool shading from pink to crimson harmonizing with the rose colored lining, and brightening up the dark green shade

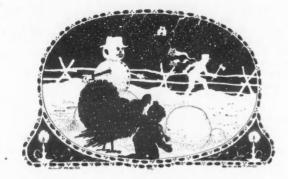
Ch 4, d in 4th st from hook. Turn. Ch 3,



#### Beef Loaf with Hidden Eggs

ith remaining m Meat may be me and cooked in t

# LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



#### During the No Man's Land of Childhood

Continued from page 21

avoiding any likelihood of contamination. During this period, children themselves should begin to understand that eating and

should begin to understand that eating and sleeping regularly help to keep us well, and to give our bodies and stomachs a chance to rest and to get ready to do their work properly next day.

The maxim that "Education and health go hand in hand," should be constantly in front of the eyes of parents and nurses, lest they forget that children need to be taught on the reasons why of health habits— reasons which naturally they know nothing

We may think that the child of from two to six years of age will not grasp much concerning the comfort and attractiveness of cleanliness and refinement in connection with the details of everyday living, but we will find speedily that we are much mistaken. He will be interested in watching the cat wash up after eating her breakfast; and the bird taking a bath so as to be clean and neat; and to see the mother pussy wash her babies vigorously, occasionally giving them a little cuff when they do not keep still. All these afford an opportunity to impress a timely lesson in sugar-coated form. Everything in relation to the child's bath

should be made agreeable—the temperature of the water and of the room. Getting soap into the eyes and ears of a child may make it dread its bath and fuss, making the daily tubbing an ordeal for everyone, in place of a

pleasure.

The wee tot should love its bath and enjoy the splashing and fun, partly because of the freedom and the amusement of the situation, and partly because it (the child) is the centre of the mother's or nurse's attention.

But a little later, the bath is all too often taken under protest. Try giving the small boy or girl a leg or an arm to wash on its own account, later increasing such assignments. The wise parent should praise good work, and not be too critical at first of corners which are skipped, for these can be quickly attended to.

Sometimes a story can be told to the child in its bath—a continued story, each chapter of which is kept for bathing time. chapter of which is kept for bathing time. Suitable subjects for such stories are those telling of the "Adventures of the Little Green Frog," "The Gold Fish in the Fountain Basin," "The Little Boy Who Learned to Swim," "What the Pussy Willow Saw in the Pool on the Bank," "The Adventures of Davy Duck," and so on and so on

Table manners will come in for attention at this time. As the younger child does not eat of all the foods which the grown-ups have, it may be considered advisable for those within these age limits to have a table by themselves, perhaps in the nursery or in the kitchen. Such a plan adds as a general thing, to the comfort and serenity of the grown-ups' meal, but unless the younger children can be supervised at their meals by a proper person, and unless they can eat their meal under cheerful, orderly, and pleasant surroundings, it is better to let them come to the grown-up table for part of their meals at least, for children soon

fall into careless habits of eating, and they

should have a correct example to follow.

In some homes where there is a breakfast the children eat part of their meals, or all of them there.

One resourceful mother plans to have a simple motto printed or written on a wall roll, and hung near the table where the children eat. She uses the back, plain pages of a picture calendar which has a separate page for each month. The younger children cannot read but the aldeer cannot read, but the older ones can pick out the letters and begin to put the words together, and such simple reminders as the following help to teach table manners which

following help to teach table manners which the children ought to know:

"I will remember to say 'Please' and 'Thank you'."

"A careful child does not drop crumbs nor soil the linen."

"To make a noise when eating or drinking, is rude."

"Avoid the sound of knives, forks, and spoons striking against the dishes."

"If I wish to leave the table, I will ask to be excused and wait for permission."

"I will never drink out of a cup which has a spoon in it."

"I will try to learn to eat without dropping

"I will try to learn to eat without dropping

my food."
"I will not speak of anything unpleasant at the table."

'If I do not care for food put before me, I can take a few tastes of it at least, and not talk about it."

IT IS during this pre-school age when children are likely to be spoiled. They learn to demand what they want, and if indulged, become of the teasing, whining, or

To show off a child by getting it to exhibit its cute tricks or special talents, is to teach the youngster the enjoyment of excessive attention, and in a little while, we have a vain, conceited, or offensive small

we nave a vain, conceited, or offensive small person who is a sort of "smart Alec."

An expert in child training, has declared with a good deal of truth, that "A spoiled child generally means he has selfish, neurotic, or thoughtless parents." And again, "Most selfish, disagreeable, conceited or unreliable parents, were once spoiled children."

To give a child of the conceined o

To give a child of this age everything it wants as a matter of course, is to establish false expectations of what life will give. Let even the juvenile member of the family learn to pay the price in some form.

The parent who never praises for real merit, misses an opportunity; so does the parent who does not trouble to offer constructive criticism and to give definite help in the doing of a small duty or task nicely.

Little John liked to wipe the tumblers but he was apt to leave them linty and cloudy, and sometimes they were not very dry. After a few efforts of this kind, John's interest in wiping the tumblers began to wane. So his mother knew it was time to require a little more efficient work.

She wiped and polished a tumbler properly, and then held John's tumbler and hers side by side to the light.

"Which one would you rather drink

# Spinach for "balance" ~of course!

But just as important-Del Monte Spinach -for all the springtime freshness and flavor you want in this healthful green!



Here's spinach with all the essential health elements which Nature crowds into leafy foods -spinach at its best. Tender green leavesbrought crisp and fresh from dew-drenched fields - sorted and re-sorted to remove all coarse stems and withered leaves.

Then washed in a rushing, swirling deluge of water, a mountain torrent behind cannery doors -re-washed - and washed again, until not the slightest bit of sand or grit remains. And after that, sealed and cooked at once - with all its natural springtime flavor and goodness.

Why not order a supply of DEL MONTE Spinach today, and learn how delicious spinach can really be? And let us send you our Spinach recipe collection, too - with many easy, tempting ways to serve it. Simply write to Dept. 36-S, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif. sizes of cans

In the large No. 2½ can of DEL MONTE Spinach (shown, greatly reduced, above), you get the equivalent of over 2 lbs. of washed fresh spinach, with all roots, coarse stems and withered leaves removed. An economical size for larger families. The smaller No. 2 can (20 oz.), No. 1 Tall can (16 oz.), and Buffet size can contain slightly smaller quantities to suit varying needs.



# Want to be COMPLIMENTED

#### On Your Desserts?



TRY making delicious coconut dishes with Baker's Coconut. Everyone loves coconut, but Baker's makes such delicacies so much tastier.

Baker's goodness is guarded in many ways. Only finest nuts from selected groves are rushed directly to our modern plant. Here they are shredded, processed and packed by the Baker special

You are assured in Baker's always of the most temptingly-flavoured, lusciouslyfresh coconut.

Baker's Coconut is made in Canada and sold in three styles—Baker's Southern Style, in tins—Baker's Premium Shred, in stayfresh cartons - and by the

#### COCONUT KISSES

2 cups sugar

4 egg whites stiffly beaten

1 teaspoon vanilla

3/4 cup Baker's Coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE

Fold sugar gradually into egg whites. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Coconut kisses should be a delicate brown and rather crisp and dry. Makes 30 kisses.

(All measurements are level.)



## THE HOME BUREAU

A department to solve our readers' interior decoration problems

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

HAVE been diligently reading your page in The Chatelaine, but apparently no one in Canada has just such a "home" as I, so I must go to the "high court of appeal" for

help.

I have a one-room apartment which serves as bed-sitting-dining room, as I get all my own meals. It is a bright room with a west own meals. It is a bright room with a west and a southwest window. The paper, which I cannot change, is a greyish bedroomy flower type. There is a day bed of fumed oak, upholstered in greens and brown tapestry, and side curtains of chintz, the ordinary rose-pattern with red and green predominating on a very pale cream background. I have chairs and table to having a light or leaver. What color and table to paint or lacquer. What color should I use? And should I paint a magazine rack to match chairs and table? I have a screen and bedroom box which are now covered to match the paper, but they look too cheap and like a bedroom. What should I do with these? What could I have in cushions and floor lamp to make the room look more like a "home?"

AN you change the Curtains? If you Can, I believe you can very easily get away from the bedroomy effect that now

To begin with, let us start with the day bed. It will, I presume take a loose cover or throw. Considering the paper, I would prescribe a dove grey velveteen, bound with metallic braid. Then get one or two robin's egg or peacock blue cushions of art silk and one lacquer red or rose. You will have to experiment with the red against the wall paper. If there is much pink in it, of course it cannot be used, but if there is any possibility of adding a touch of red in the room, it would enliven it.

Curtains of the same shade as the cushions, in the same material would be

The furniture would be effective in glossy black enamel, with touches of the same bright blue as you have in the curtains. Then make the hanging bookshelf all blue,

for a spot of color.

You ought to be able to find a fairly strong art silk in stripes which could be used on the screen and box—perhaps shadow cloth, or something of that texture. might contain the grey of the bedcover, the blue, rose and some metallic. If, as I have said, the wallpaper will stand it, the rose might be lacquer red.

#### Painting an Old Bedroom Set

WOULD you suggest a color scheme for an old-fashioned wooden bedroom set originally painted a hideous yellow? There are black walnut butterflies appliqued in the middle of the headboard, and on the chest-ofdrawers to form handles?

WHAT would be most original and charming for this old set would be a deep ivory for the body of the pieces, with the butterflies picked out in black, green ivory and rose.

You do not mention walls, but they would be effective in a very light apple green, I think. I can picture against such walls, curtains of pastel green, rose and ivory

Hooked rugs with the general colors of the room and a liberal measure of black for character, would be effective, I think.

#### Matching a Wall Paper

I HAVE just had my living room re-papered with a printed or storal pattern and now find that my slowered hangings will not match the paper. I am sending you a sample of the paper. There are two ordinary sized windows on one side and one on the end of the room, but even with three windows the room is rather dark. I had thought of using orange colored hangings.



BELIEVE your own suggestion that you use orange in the room would be best. The blue would be charming too—just the shade that appears in the paper—but I believe with the dark atmosphere which you describe in the room, orange might be best. Use mercerized poplin.

I had a room with almost the identical

design in paper, and a dark room at that, in which I used light blue taken from the design, and it was awfully attractive. Before you really decide, experiment with both colors and see which gives you the best effect. It sounds like most unorthodox advice to prescribe blue for a dark room, but it is amazing how fresh a light, living blue sometimes is in not too great quantity.

#### Living Room Walls

MY PROBLEM is a living room, facing west. The woodwork is cream with buff walls and there is a fireplace of brick in the centre of one wall. I have a chesterfield suite upholstered in steel grey, a small Oriental rug in mixtures of blue, red, fawn and old gold, a very comfortable reed chair painted in grey and upholstered in chintz with the same colors as the rug, and a chesterfield table and floor lamp. There are blue hangings at the windows.

I don't like the buff walls and would like omething to bring out the colors in the chesterfield suite. I do not like wallpaper so would want something in painted walls. I intend having loose covers made for the chesterfield suite but would not use them diving the winter mouths. during the winter months.

OU can make use of panelling, using a French grey wall and old ivory molding.

This sounds like a most unusual combination, but it is very effective, and the scheme can be reversed, but you tell me you are tired of buff for the walls. Unfortunately, there are no very definite colors that can be

successfully used for painted backgroundsthey have to be more or less neutral and indefinite because of their solidity.

However, one very effective way of intro-ducing color, is by dropping a painted medallion in strategic points in the room, symmetrically planned. These are stencil designs and are understood and used by all up-to-date painters. A very, very narrow border carries them around the room—so narrow that it usually consists only of a stem motif and occasional leaf motifs. In these medallions you can introduce your color, and still retain the plain painted background.

#### Two Bureau Scarves

I HAVE two friends who have just done over their bedrooms. One has gay cretonne hangings with rose the principal color and rose silk puff and spread on the bed. The other has plain rose silk draperies with rose and white on the bed. Each has walnut furniture. I wish to make scarves for their bureaus and dressing tables. I had thought of two shades of rose linen, but did not know if they were in use. Would you suggest what I might use?

AGREE with you that two shades of rose linen would be excellent for either of

these rooms.

Possibly you mean that you will make one set in light rose, and the other darker. that case, this suggestion may be of use to

Pull threads for very wide hemstitching in contrasting color. I have made this one-half inch wide and more for the effect I have in mind. Hemstitch fairly loosely. Blue for one and lavender hemstitching for the other would be very pretty, and would individualize each one.

#### Living Room Harmony

WE ARE having our living room papered W this week with a plain creamy paper in plaster effect. Is it "safe" to have the wall paper run up to the ceiling or should there be a drop? The woodwork is a reddish walnut finish, the floor hardwood, rather light oak.

Yesterday we brought home a rug in a Persian design in red, two shades of blue and a creamy tan. It is really very rich but is it suitable? My furniture is mostly walnut with the inevitable chesterfield suite in brown taupe with reversible cushions of black, sand, a little rose and blue. I thought that if I kept the rug I would have chintz curtains with a black or dark blue ground in autumn colorings. Up to the present I have had two Persian rugs on the floor, but I thought I would like one large rug instead.

THINK you are very fortunate to be in a position to afford beautiful rugs, and should certainly not condemn a figured rug on general principles. You see, the Orientals are peculiarly notable for their soft "off" colors and shades, the dyes are chiefly vegetable, and the secret of blending and indefinite beautiful scrollery is part of their magic. The softer the colorings, the more

adaptable the rug.

If I were you I should select something buffs and indefinite, not with rich hennas, buffs and indefinite, not predominating blue. Then I should slipcover all the furniture with the autumn-colored blue-background chintz, and have the curtains plain. A rich henna in heavy silk whipcord would be most effective in the

room you describe and that I visualize.

About the molding, it is now customary to take the wall right up to the ceiling the drop is now unnecessary. Pictures are for the most part hung on staples nowadays, doing away with unsightly wiring. These can be purchased to hold even heavy frames, and two can be used at either

#### The Chatelaine leads a busy life

How many of you share *The Chatelaine?* Here is a typical illustration of the strenuous programme each issue faces in one family.

"I want you to know that I will be very glad to have The Chatelaine as I enjoyed it immensely last year, or rather this year, and if you but knew where it goes to, you would certainly be surprised—First I bring it down to the office and one of the girls takes it home and her family read it—then I come into possession of it and send it to Harriette and she reads it and takes down the menus, etc. Then she turns it over to Mrs. A. a friend of hers, and after Mrs. A reads it she sends it out to Los Angeles to her mother. So you see to what an extent it travels!" The Flower-Garden Quilt

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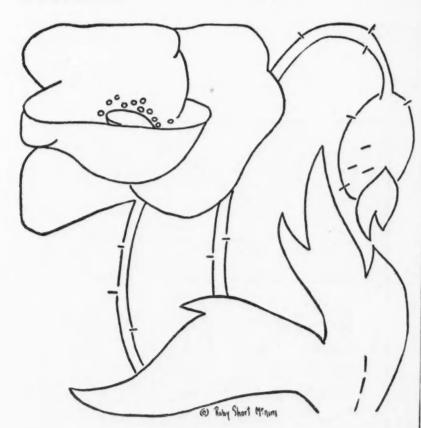
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@ Ruby. Stort McKing

THE LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

If you are using ivory or other dainty tint background for the Quilt blocks, the lilies-of-the-valley may be embroidered in white with the green of the stem embroider-ting the few small buds at the ends. Leaves are darker green.



#### THE POPPY

Crimson poppies are among the most gorgeous of all growing flowers. A turkey red cup and bottom petals with the upstanding one in crimson, green centre with black dots around it and green stems, bud and leaves makes a brilliant addition to your blocks.

These blocks are exact size to transfer through carbon paper to seven inch squares of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple, well-known stitches such as outline, lazy-daisy, buttonhole and French knot. An

ivory tone material, slightly darker than unbleached muslin is even more effective than white for background as some of the flowers are to be embroidered in white. For those readers who have not had the opportunity of saving the blocks published in the October, November, December and January october, November, December and January issues, there is a limited supply of reprints available, which we will be glad to send on receipt of ten cents for the seven blocks. Write for them to Editorial Department, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.



# Take no Chances in sanitary protection Be sure to specify Kotex

Kotex stays soft; it is cut to fit inconspicuously; it deodo-rizes; and it is marvelously absorbent.

YOUR health, your comfort, your ease of mind demand the best sanitary protection. That is why you should be sure to specify Kotex.

Kotex is the original manufactured sanitary pad. There is nothing like it. Nothing like its softness, its absorbency, its truly remarkable comfort.

#### Lasting softness

Kotex is guaranteed to last longer, to stay soft longer than any other sanitary pad. Such a guarantee is possible because of the material of which Kotex is made, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is a delicately soft substance laid in many air-cooled layers, each layer a quick, complete absorbent in itself. You can remove these layers, to adjust the pad to your individual needs—a most important advantage and one that particular women are always quick to appreciate.

Kotex absorbs five times more than surgical cotton. Five times more! Think of that! And it absorbs scientifically—over a large area, not just in one concentrated spot. Canada's leading hospitals use Kotex for their women patients.

#### Truly inconspicuous protection

Kotex is rounded and gently tapered, to make the pad fit better. And though this

#### IN HOSPITALS

- 1. Canada's leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
- Kotex is soft...Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chaing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy soft-ness that lasts for hours.
- 3. Safe, secure . . . keeps your mind at ease.
- 4. Deodorizes . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5. Disposable, instantly, completely.

improvement was introduced primarily for comfort, it offered a second advantage: Kotex is inconspicuous, even under snug, smooth-fitting gowns. Buy a box of Kotex today. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

TRV KOTEX—Free . . . 3 Kotex pads will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper, as soon as this coupon is received. Also, a very interesting and valuable booklet, "Preparing for Womanhood." It answers many questions that are in every woman's mind. The sample and the booklets are yours, at no cost.

MADE IN CANADA

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



#### For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send coupon to: Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 6-2-1, Room 908, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Prov..... ....1477



## The Skin Needs Special Care in Winter

Keep Yours Fresh and Summer-soft this Simple Way

Keen drying winds tend to make the skin fade and shrivel unless it is supplied with the right nourishment. Three essential Harriet Hubbard Ayer creams used faithfully for a few minutes each day will keep your skin awake and lovely all through the trying months of winter and early spring.

> LUXURIA which cleanses in a way that soap and water can never do. Its rich softness dissolves the invisible flakes of dust and grime which lie buried in the pores, while its delicately blended oils heal and lubricate the skin.

> SKIN AND TISSUE BUILDER which nourishes the tissues and tones up tired muscles so that the contours regain their firm outline. So closely does it resemble the natural fat of the body that the skin absorbs it at once and responds to its invigorating powers.

BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM which melts into the skin at the lightest touch, leaving it clear, young and radiant. No cream whitens so quickly as this, no cream gives such a soft bloom to the skin. It is the ideal base for

Harriet Hubbard Ayer Preparations are obtainable everywhere.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LONDON

**NEW YORK** 

PARIS

from?" she asked, and John promptly pointed to the clear, sparkling glas

"Then see, dearie, if you can't make your tumbler look as nice as mine, and I'll give it to Daddy to drink out of tonight. He'll be so pleased to know you can wipe a tumbler just right."

And John was given a soft, clean towel, and promptly his interest came back, and not until his glass was as well wiped as the sample, was he satisfied. Rarely after that

did his glasses ever have to be re-polished. Constructive criticism, showing just how, and giving a real incentive had turned the trick

Occasionally a suitable punishment is necessary to make a lesson effective.

Little Sally had the bad habit of putting

things off.

"Pick up your toys, Sally," her mother directed cheerfully one day.

The little four-year-old pouted and went

"I'll do it in a minute, Muvver," she said. But in the interest of the play, she

"Sally, your minute is more than up," her mother reminded. "Five minutes have passed.

Sulkily and slowly, Sally began to pick up her toys. Part of them were left on the floor, and those she did not collect were tossed helter-skelter into the box of the window seat. By this time, Sally's mother

window seat. By this time, Sally's mother was putting on her hat.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly, "that you will not be able to go for a walk with me. You must stay with Nora and pick up your toys and put them in order. I cannot have the living room left like this, and it wouldn't be fair to ask Nora to do it!"—and in spite of Sally's wails, her mother went right along and left the little girl behind.

Sally was quite bright enough to think the matter out for berself, and the next time she was not so slow and not so careless, and her mother was equally far-sighted to have the stage set to point the moral, by means of merited appreciation of Sally's

Failure to discipline children is no sign of affection. It is a sign of laziness, or ignorance on the part of parents. Discipline should be wise, of course

During the pre-school years, the young child should get plenty of regular sleep so as to build up a strong physical body and nervous system for the demands of later life. The child who has a poor appetite at breakfast, is likely to have been the one that was out late at night.

Health authorities tell us that children from three to six years of age, require from twelve to thirteen hours of sleep, and should be in bed at approximately 6.30 o'clock in the evening. When children do not get sleep enough, they are irritable, finicky

about their food, pale and often pinched in nce. The eyes may be dull and underlined with dark circles. appearance. Because they get over-fatigued, they do not sleep well at night, and that in turn may cause them to awaken in a peevish state of mind early in the morning. It is a sort of vicious circle.

When a child becomes over-fatigued, its emotional resistance is lowered, and it cries easily, is not inclined to cheerful obedience, and often is described as "Cross as a bear!" Such children need a regular programme of more sleep, rather than punishment. They may resist at first, the earlier bed hour, but fortunately good habits can be established by wise management. Better though to establish the right habits in the first place.

The food of the child of pre-school age

needs careful attention in order to avoid malnutrition.

A well-known nutritionist advises the following foods to meet the requirements of the pre-school age child:

1. Milk. One quart a day for each child. This need not be all served in the cup. There are various ways of serving milk, in soups, on cereals, in custards, and in cream sauces.

2. Vegetables. Spinach, carrots, string beans, peas are the favorites. As the child grows older, we add to the list. Baked potatoes are always good. We must potatoes are always good. We must remember that vegetables need to be mashed or grated before serving the child until he is five years old, because he lacks the molar teeth to chew them properly

Fruits. Twice every day. Orange juice or tomato juice in the morning, and some milder fruit at some other time in the day, as baked apples, stewed prunes, or

4. Cereals. Oatmeal, wheatena, farina, and other cooked cereals are preferred to those purchased already prepared.

5. Eggs should be introduced first to the child in very small amounts, and if they agree, may rapidly be incorporated into the

When you are confronted with the problem of failing appetite in your child, and your doctor has assured you that your child is quite normal and not in need of medical attention, do not let the child's poor appetite worry you. To combat such an

appetite, we offer these suggestions:

1. Prepare foods attractively and serve attractively.

2. Serve small helpings.

3. Be sure the child has no foods of any

kind between regular meal hours.
4. Praise a child when he eats as you think he should, but pay no attention to those practices you do not wish to encour-

We have a duty to our own children and to all children. Let's not forget that!



#### The Chatelaine's EXERCISE A MONTH

The eighth in a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered one by one each month.

Posed for The Chatelaine by the Margaret Eaton School.

Shoulder Blade and Arch

This exercise should be performed with a companion. Sit, back to back, in cross sitting position with oblique hand grasp, arms extended, heads touching and supporting each other. Push with the head, contract the back muscles and lift the chest until there is a space between the backs. Limit the movement to the upper

of women working for the development of their communities



Mrs. I. C. Houston

Mrs. H. E. Tompkins

THE town of Haileybury, Ontario, broke local convention last year when it elected to the town council Mrs. J. C. Houston. She is the first woman to sit on a municipal body in that section of the north country.

Mrs. Houston has for years taken an active part in all public and social activities in Haileybury. She was active in organizing the Haileybury Chapter of the I.O.D.E. of which she was regent for five years.

A few years ago she originated and carried through a movement to have a public health nurse engaged to look after the children in the public and separate schools, for which she has been generally commended by the community.

FOR two years Mrs. H. E. Tompkins has occupied the post of vice-chairman of the Board of Education in the city of Welland, Ontario. She was the first woman to be elected to the Board in Welland-a distinction which she owes to a keen understanding and sincerity of purpose as well as an intense interest in children and the life of the community.

Previous to her appointment, Mrs. Tompkins was for four years president of the Home and School Council; for the past two years she has been honorary president of the Ross Home and School Association, and from 1921 for five years held the office of secretary of the Queen Street Home and School Association.





Mrs. A. E. M. Hewlett

A WRITER of some distinction, and with a keen interest in all social prob-lems, Mrs. A. E. M. Hewlett of Cannington Manor, Sask., has contributed greatly to the welfare of her community and her province by her whole-hearted enthusiasm and devotion to the ideals of the Homemakers' Club. Under her presidency the Cannington Manor Homemakers' Club has grown and flourished, and at the annual conventions of the Homemakers at Saskatoon she has aroused the enthusiasm of the members of different clubs for such broad and humanitarian interests, for instance, as the welcoming of immigrants, the welfare of children, care for the sick, the League of Nations, and the promotion of a community feeling.

She is intensely interested in the "Old-Timers" of the district, and under her capable organization, a picnic is held each year for them, at which there have been pioneers present of '77, '79 and even '59. Some day she hopes to compile a record of old Cannington.





"Grandma" McKitrick

GRANDMA" McKitrick, is one of the most noted pioneers of the West. She is ninety-nine years old. Half a century ago, with her husband William, and their little family, she travelled over the Boundary Commission Trail in an uncovered wagon, through sloughs, creeks, and rivers -whereever the rutted track led them. Early in the spring of 1880, the little group arrived on their homestead in Township I, Range II, in the newly surveyed district of Rock Lake. This was a hundred miles west of Emerson, the end of the railway pointing northward through the United States. For fifty years Mrs. McKitrick has played an important part in the development of the community in which she lives.

Before Bytown became Ottawa the capital city of Canada, Mrs. McKitrick, who was Miss Catherine Dewar, attended a ladies' school there. Later when she married, she moved to a location in Ontario where someone had found oil, and a space in the bush was being cleared so that wells could be drilled and a town built called Petrolia.

# Women and Their Work Month by month, The Chatelaine will mirror activities Work by month, The Chatelaine will mirror activities Work

THERE WERE A BETTER WAY

THAN SCRUbbing LINOLEUM?

## There is

- Follow it just once this method-and you're through forever with hard labor on floors!
- · This special blended wax-Johnson's Liquid Wax-isn't only a beautiful polish-it's a laborsaving method! Easier for you-better for linoleum. It must be-or all linoleum manufacturers wouldn't urge you to follow it. Here's how you handle spots without scrubbing or strong cleansers:
- · A little of the golden wax on a clean rag . . .

go over the spot . . . that's all. The soil comes up instantly. The scientific "cleaner" contained in the wax loosens the dirt and then evaporates. A fresh protective film of wax is deposited. So that actually whenever you clean a spot, you renew the wax finish at the same time.

But there's better news yet! Instead of scrubbing or mopping the whole floor once a week-a general maintenance measure - here you wax it only once a month. By machine if you want to! You can rent a Johnson polisher from

your dealer, who will deliver and call for it-for a nominal charge. • Treated this way-your linoleum will last practically forever. Not simply be serviceable - but fresh, serene, and "new." And the real joy is-you won't have to do half as much work on it.

FURNITURE, TOO - and woodwork -Dusting furniture and cleaning woodwork are both cut way down when you use this special blended wax for maintenance. Saves its cost many, many times in preventing unnecessary wear and depreciation.

JOHNSON'S WAX FOR HOMES AND AUTOMOBILES . IN PASTE AND LIQUID FORM

-Send 10c for 25c trial bottle-

S. C. Johnson & Son, 170, Dept. C2, Brantford, Canada. Gentlemen: Please send a 25 cent bottle of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Enclosed is 10 cents to defray part of cost and postage.

\_ Address. PLEASE PRINT

# Quilts and Spreads for Nursery Folk

The Chatelaine's Handicraft Service supplies them in transfer form or ready stamped on material

## by RUBY SHORT McKIM

FOR children only! The quilts that we are offering on this page will make bedtime seem just a little less tiresome. For who could be lonely when there are Bible pictures to look at, or animals to play with, or a Jack-Be-Nimble to



"Jack-Be-Nimble" is splendid company on the road to Dreamland. The wax transfer of this spread is number 547 at 32 cents.

keep you company? They are rather fun to make, too, for they are not too ambitious to making working them a labor.

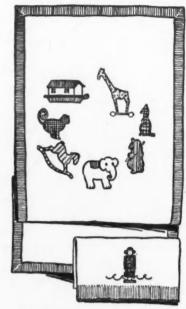
The Jack-Be-Nimble spread is applique on linen or material of suitable weight, all pieces whipped down and as easily laundered as a sheet. The original is Delft blue with three deep rose panels, ivory casement and handle, orange flame and hair, pink flesh, white nightie and a jade-green

can dlestick. The wax transfer of this with complete instructions is number  $547\ {\rm at}\ 32\ {\rm cents}.$ 

THE Bible History quilt is a great favorite with the youngsters. Both it and its mate the Roly Poly Animal pattern; have about as many possibilities as one pattern can boast. For in addition to their use as quilts, they may be used singly to decorate other things, too—a bib and tray cloth, for instance, or a scarf; curtains with animal polka dot, pillow slips, bean bags, furniture in paint or enamel; in French knots on a bath towel or for home-made cloth books on which the designs may be crayoned and made permanent by pressing with a hot iron. The Bible History quilt pattern is number 400 and the Roly Poly Animal quilt pattern is number 499. Both cost 62 cents.

THE last pattern is a Noah's Ark design. The bedspread is gay with toy animals travelling toward the ark. Mr. Noah himself decorates the matching pillow case. The spread comes stamped on heavy unbleached muslin 40 by 60 inches, with the figures on swatches of fast-color gingham and percale in dots, strips and solid red and blue. The running-stitch which sews them on is black, as are the animals' eyes. Black floss and white for eyeballs is also included in number 603 at \$1.80 postpaid. If you prefer the pattern alone, to use on your own material, write for number 603B and enclose only 25 cents.

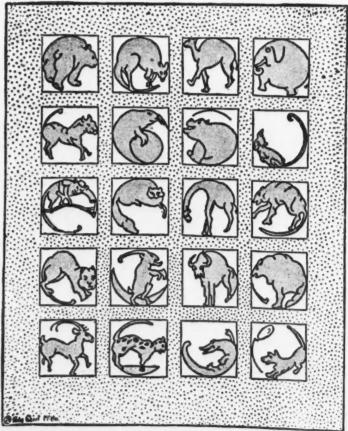
Order handicrafts from Handicraft Department, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



A Noah's Ark spread which comes complete with materials. It is number 603 at \$ 1.80.



With its scenes and characters from the Old Testament, the Bible History quilt is a never ending source of delight to the youngsters. The transfer pattern is number 400 at 62 cents.



The Roly Poly quilt is mate to the Bible History quilt. Its blocks may be used for every variety of purpose. The transfer pattern is number 499 at 62 cents.

## The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

The Forcing System—by XAVIER BAILET

7ITH this article, we are entering the domain of real Contract, and those of you who have mastered the Approach System will be surprised at the simplicity of the Forcing System.

#### The Original Bidder

An original bid of one in a suit means at least

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Two-and-a-half high-card tricks and a biddable suit of four or more cards

and we have seen that, in the Approach System, the bidding is kept open automatic-ally because Dummy raises when he has normal trump support and at least four tricks made up of high cards, trumps, ruffs and side quite, or denies when he leaks and side suits, or denies when he lacks normal trump support but he has at least one-and-a-half high-card tricks. When Dummy's hand falls below these two minimums there is no advantage in keeping the bidding open as there is evidently no same in aight. game in sight.

So far, so good. The best declaration for the combined hands is the one that is reached by mutual consent, except in the rare cases when one of the partners is so overwhelmingly strong that he requires little or no help from the Dummy.

But even then, there are two situations to consider.

When the strength of the hand is due to the presence of an abnormally long suit, in other words, when the hand is a freak, the

best procedure is generally to preempt to the limit, as we shall see later.

But, when the strength is due to a generous supply of high cards, partner should be encouraged to speak, as game is certain, and a slam is probably within

An example will make this clear:

The first hand must obviously be played at Spades. Although it is practically certain that your partner will lack normal trump support, there is no reason why he should not have his share of the high cards and the best thing you can do is to bid four Spades right away. Your hand contains seven right away. Your hand contains a tricks and, with a little luck, you will find three in Dummy.

The second hand is also worth seven tricks and you should have no difficulty in making game with it, but you need the co-operation of your partner to arrive at the best declaration for the combined hands. Suppose you bid one Spade and your partner lacks trump support. Your own hand is so strong in high cards that he will probably have less than the one-and-a-half high-card tricks necessary to deny and yet, there is game in the hand if you can find the right

#### The Original Bid of Two in a Suit

When the original bidder has five highcard tricks or more, he makes a Forcing Bid of Two in a suit, provided of course that he has a biddable suit, and his partner must keep the bidding open.

In fact, once a Forcing Bid has been made, the bidding must be kept open by

both partners until a game declaration has been reached. When one of the partners goes beyond game, it is a slam invitation.

#### Responses to an Original Bid of Two in a Suit

Before attempting to respond to an original bid of two, we must understand two things very clearly.

1. An original Forcing Bid of Two means at least five high-card tricks in

three suits, a hand, consequently, worth between seven and eight tricks at the

best declaration.

2. As five-and-a-half high-card tricks between the two hands will generally produce game, partner can raise with very little high-card strength, but he should have at least one to one-and-a-half high-card tricks, because, when the strength is concentrated in the band. strength is concentrated in one hand, that hand has to lead all the time and the play is handicapped by the lack of re-entries in the other hand.

Now that this is understood, let us sup-ose that you are the partner of the original bidder who has made a Forcing Bid of Two

Remember that you must answer, and you have four choices.

Raise your Partner's Bid

Requirements: Full trump support and at least one to one-and-a-half high-card tricks.

(a) ♠ 9764 ♥ A542 ♠ Q97 ♣ 64 One trump trick, one high-card trick, half for side suit and one for the doubleton. Total three and a half tricks. The original bidder has between seven and eight tricks. You are safe in raising him to four Spades.

(b) A 764 A Q 85 A 74 A 64

Two trump tricks two-and-a-half in high cards, half for side suit and one for the doubleton. Total six tricks. The original bidder has at least seven. Moreover, he must have the Ace and King of Clubs in addition to all the missing Kings and Queens. No chance that the opponents will cash in a trick before he takes the lead. You bid seven Spades.

2. Take-out in Another Suit

Requirements: Lack of trump support and at least one to one-and-a-half high-card tricks, and a biddable suit.

(a) \$\infty\$ 642 \$\vert A9853 \$\infty\$ K92 \$\infty\$ 76

Three Hearts, but you will support the Spades the second time if he is strong enough to rebid them.

(b) ♠ 64 ♥ KQJ974 ♦ 93 ♣ 1096

Three Hearts and you will rebid them at least twice if he does not support you the first time, as game is more likely in Hearts than in anything else.

(c) ♠ 64 ♥ 952 ♦ 764 ♣ K J 1075

Three Clubs. Just strong enough to give him a rebid and to show that your hand is not entirely worthless.

3. Three or more No Trumps

Requirements: Lack of trump support and no biddable suit, but at least oneand-a-half high-card tricks which, added to his five, make game certain and may lead to a slam.

(a) \$\ldag\$ 643 \$\ldag\$ A76 \$\ldag\$ K73 \$\ldag\$ J985

Three No Trumps.

(b) ♠ 642 ♥ AQ5 ♦ KJ4 ♣ QJ86

Five No Trumps, to give him a chance to bid six Spades or six of another suit if he had a two-suiter. Otherwise, he is sure to bid six No Trumps, possibly

4. Two No Trumps to Indicate a Worthless

This means that your hand contains less Continued on page 41



## COMPARE ITS RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

DON'T be satisfied with the average cocoa. Drink Baker's because it's richer in Chocolate flavour. This test will prove it. Make a cup of ordinary cocoa. Then make a cup of Baker's Cocoa from the famous recipe right on the tin. Smell the richer chocolate fragrance of Baker's Cocoa. Taste its richer chocolate flavour. Enjoy smoothness... richness...easy digestibility: cocoa at its best. As a family drink, Baker's Cocoa is supreme. Children prefer it. Give it to them often as well as to the whole family.

When you buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa at your grocer's note the recipe. It tells how to make the most delicious cup of cocoa you ever tasted. Made in Canada.





USE BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE FOR COOKING



## Let Us Learn About Cereals

Continued from page 26

scorched and flavored with chicory. Hundreds of thousands of bushels, it is claimed, are being made into malt coffee. Bread breakfast foods, biscuits, condiments, and food preservatives are among the many manufactured products made from barley. The barley products industry has become well established in some European countries, and there is now in operation in the city of Toronto a large factory devoted to the making and putting up of malt products.

This industry is having a favorable reaction on agriculture as it is creating a revival of interest in the production of a class of barley possessing special qualifications for this new trade. Pearl barley and pot barley are well-known in Canadian households. These consist of the grain from which the outer skin has been worn off by machinery, pearl barley being the finer of the two having been worn more deeply in the milling process. There is also available to the grocery store shopper a cereal product known as Cream of Barley, which has been prepared for cookery purposes by a milling process which reduced it to a floury consistency.

Of all the grains oats carry the highest calorific value, that is, after the hull has been removed. In energy production oats exceed potatoes four times, eggs twice, and wheat bread one and one-half times. The richness of oatmeal is derived from its fat content which is higher than in any of the other grains. This grain is also high in mineral elements that are needed to maintain body balance. Oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cakes continue to be popular foods and from a nourishing standpoint they deserve their popularity.

deserve their popularity.

One province of Canada, Quebec, is famous for its pea soup, an article of diet both highly nutritious and highly palatable. This grain, rich in calories, finds favor principally in the split form, but it is also available in a finely ground condition, both for the making of soup and for baking with other flours into biscuit form. It is in the canned form that peas are mostly used on the Canadian table and each year the output of peas from Canadian canneries is increasing.

Beans are recognized as the strong man's food, and when visitors to Canada are treated to a real Canadian meal they are usually served with baked beans. Shanty men and river drivers have found baked beans a suitable food, and no dish is more welcomed by a skiing or snow-shoeing party at the end of an evening hike. Beans, like peas, are high in protein and serve well as a partial substitute for meat. It is not unusual for beans to be served like potatoes in the meat course, or baked with a little bacon as a supper dish. Like peas again, beans find their greatest place in the human diet in the green form, and from the well-known labelled can.

The rationing that was imposed on the populations of many countries during the war taught the lesson that fine, highly palatable foods are not essentially necessary to health. Indeed it was claimed that the health of the British people was never better than toward the end of the war following a considerable period of enforced using of coarse brown bread. The war breads combined a minimum amount of wheat flour with other materials for bread making.

In the process of manufacturing fine flour about three-quarters of the mineral salt is lost. It may be that the additional mineral matter used in the war foods accounted to some extent for the improved health.

Some of the materials used as substitutes for wheat flour in the war breads were barley flour, buckwheat flour, corn flour, cornmeal, oatflour, rolled oats, rye flour and rye meal. These were all tried in experimental work carried on by the Cereal Division, Experimental Farm, during the war years, when it was found that up to about 10 per cent of almost any of these substitutes can be added to flour without spoiling the bread made from it. In some cases, especially with oats, the bread was found to have a very agreeable character. Higher proportions of the substitute materials than 10 per cent soon commenced to reduce the lightness and quality of the loaf.

#### Breakfast Foods

Manufacturing concerns have not been slow to profit by the teachings of the dietitian, and the tastes of consumers, particularly of growing girls and boys, in their breakfast dishes. By the various systems of processing, packaging and advertising many kinds and brands of breakfast cereals as well as breakfast foods with special dietetic possibilities have become staple articles of diet in the average Canadian home.

These foods for the most part containing as they do considerable proportions of the coarser parts of the grains from which they are made satisfy the consumers that they possess a salutary influence. Although in the manufacture of some of these cereals lower grades of grain may be used than are usually marketed in other forms they may be regarded as wholesome and easy of digestion.

These foods vary in their nutrition value according to the proportions of the different parts of the grain they contain. The bran, for instance, which is chiefly mineral matter and cellulose, endosperm which is chiefly starch, and the germ which has a large amount of protein and fat, naturally exert an influence on the value of the food according to the proportions of these parts used in the making of the food.

In the making of breakfast cereals the process in some cases consists merely in breaking up the wheat grain into small pieces. In other cases different parts of the grain are discarded. Steaming is a common practice in the making of cereal foods. Steam partially cooks the starch and in this way decreases the time necessary for home cooking. Others are treated with dry heat which tends to convert the starch into sugar or dextrine. Foods that come under the head of biscuits, triscuits and flakes are treated in this way. The puffed cereals are moistened and heated suddenly, causing the grains to expand and explode as they do in the popping of corn. The composition of the various breakfast cereals does not differ greatly in nutrition.

Readers of *The Chatelaine* who have followed the series of articles on foods that have appeared in the magazine in this series, will have gained some appreciation of the richness of Canada's food supplies. Whether it be cereals, meats, fish, fowl, dairy products, fruits, vegetables, or the sweets that are produced from the sugar beet, the maple tree and the apiary, there is no lack of abundance available at all seasons of the year. Whether in the competitive realm of the international contest or of commerce, the food products of no country enjoy a better reputation for excellence. A bounteous Nature, a virile people, and a fine sense of honor in commerce have provided for the housewives of Canada a wide choice of home-grown foods for the nourishment of their households.



## The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

Continued from page 39

than one high-card trick, but it does not deny game possibilities.

(a) **♠** 642 **♥** 7532 **♦** 9864 **♣** 64

Two No Trumps to show that you have less than one high-card trick, and to discourage your partner from carrying the bidding to a slam. But, if he rebids the Spades you can raise him to four as your hand is worth about two tricks in Spades. On the other hand, if he bids three Hearts, you can raise him to four again.

(b) ♠ 64 ♥ K98753 ♦ 7543 ♣ 7

After the conventional bid of Two No Trumps to deny high-card strength, you should mention the Hearts of course and your partner might raise you to four.

The Two No Trump response is the most important of the four and the least understood. The majority of people who think they are using the Forcing System or what they call the "Two Demand Bid" fail to realize that a suit take-out is a sign of

strength and that the original bidder is likely to bid the slam without further delay. The two No Trump response, on the contrary, acts as a brake without preventing further exchange of information.

Original Bids of Two No Trumbs

With four-and-a-half to five high-card tricks and no biddable suit, bid two No Trumps provided the high cards are distributed among the four suits. An original bid of Two No Trumps is not a Forcing Bid and partner is not obliged to bid unless he has something.

Responses

 With a five-card suit containing at least one high-card trick, bid three of your suit.

With no biddable suit and about one high-card trick, or even a little less, bid three No Trumps.

Note—With a four-card suit, biddable of course, you can either bid your suit or three No Trumps. Personally, with a good partner, I prefer three No Trumps.



## Flowers that Bloom in the Home---tra-la

Continued from page 22

should be pruned and turned in the windows fairly often to produce a shapely plant, for even a lovely flower does not atone for a misshapen plant. Too much water will produce a rank growth of foliage at the expense of flowers. At the same time they must have plenty of water, only apply it judiciously—don't keep the soil soaked all the time.

Oxalis, usually called Shamrock by the amateur, are bulbous plants generally, and three or four tiny bulbs set in a four-inch pot soon develop into a lovely little display. There are some four hundred different kinds of Oxalis, and they come in rose, pink, yellow, reddish purple, rosy crimson, and lavender, with various others streaked, veined, and some with yellow bases. After they have bloomed for some time they will die down for a rest. Let them rest without water, or very little, for some few weeks. Then they can be re-potted, when you will find you will have a surplus of bulblets, and neighbors or friends will be delighted to have them.

Ivy, Wandering Jew in variety, Impatience (sometimes called Patience and Sultanas, although they are really the Sultani variety of Impatience), ferns in variety, Jerusalem Cherry, and many others can be easily grown from seed, roots or cuttings, according to the kind, and make interesting house plants.

Seeds of oranges, lemons, grapefruit, dates, and many other fruits, can be put in pots and are interesting to watch. They will not mature into fruit-producing trees, but as plants they are worth while watching. It is possible to buy potted plants from nurseries that will grow some lemons, oranges, and even dates indoors, but the fruits are not very plentiful, and are hardly worth the trouble, save for the novelty of the thing. It is just as interesting and less expensive to watch the plant grow from seeds. It does require a number of plantings, sometimes to produce a plant.

No one who really loves growing plants, need be without them for long. Every seed catalogue lists varieties of seeds which will produce nice house plants, and they can be purchased for a few cents. The surplus can be exchanged with others who will be glad to have them. A method recently adopted by a number of housewives in one locality was for each one to buy and grow the plants of one packet of seed. She potted her kind, and each had the privilege of exchanging her surplus with the others. The result was very satisfactory, I am told, for each had a number of new plants that were very worth while, and as seedlings in the same packet so often develop differently, they had diversity of colors and forms of the same plants.

# Here's the new Wax that cuts work in half



"It's surprisingly easy to use!"

"Yes, and its finish lasts longer."

A NEW and secret way of emulsifying and blending wax has been found that will save you a great deal of work and worry—not to mention expense.

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For this remarkable new process—called the Koric Process—removes the objectionable features of ordinary wax and makes a super-fine compound that is creamy-smooth, supple and exceedingly durable. Neither heavy, slow-drying nor sticky.

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Now wax your painted, shellaced, varnished, waxed, or linoleumed floors—keep them gleaming like new and at the same time save yourself a lot of work... Use this new-process wax.

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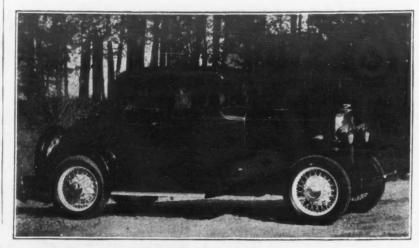
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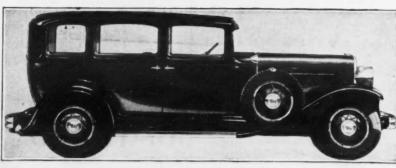
The 1931 Pontiac Coupe





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RAY haired people need no longer worry about the embarrassment and handicaps gray hair causes. Now a handicaps gray hair causes. Now a liquid has been discovered—a liquid as colorless as water itself—that actually imparts color to Gray Hair whether it is snow white or merely streaked. It is called Kolor-Bak and you simply comb it into the hair and watch the gray disappear, never changing the beautiful sheen. Another thing shout Kolor-Bak that is almost as smaring about Kolor-Bak that is almost as amazing as its wonderful results, is the peculiar fact that the very same bottle of this clean, colorless liquid does for either Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. It must be unusual, for hundreds of thousands of people have al-ready used it. Don't let Gray Hair handicap you any longer! Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded at

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## For the Busy Forties

Continued from page 28

dollars to ten dollars, again depending upon the quantity of hair. If it is done at home—and this is a process which, owing to the necessary shampoos, will take several hours—it will probably cost about a couple of dollars. Then there is the tendency of the hair to become much darker than the natural tint. It is almost impossible for an amateur to apply the dye to the undyed portion of the hair only, and each further application to the already dyed hair produces a darker shade, and is apt to result in a multiplicity of shades if not very carefully done. If this does happen, it is well to go to a professional to have as much as possible of the dye removed before making another application.

Then there is the question of the health of the hair. Most of the best dyes are now guaranteed to be harmless, both to the general health and to the hair, but I have found that the hair does become dry and brittle after the treatments have been continued for some time. An application of brilliantine will restore the glossy appearance, when that has been lost, and it is advisable to have occasional hot oil shampoos when any dye is being used upon the hair.

According to my own observation, I believe that dyed hair is quite satisfactory, as far as appearance is concerned, as long as the face also retains the appearance of youth, but with a wrinkled and discolored skin, the reverse is the case. It produces a certain "hard" look which is far from pleasing. Such a face requires the softening effect of grey or white hair to frame it.

In any case, whether the hair is dyed or not, it must have a certain amount of care if it is to be kept in good condition. A daily massage of the scalp with the palms and finger tips is a necessity, and need not take more than five minutes. It can be done while reading or chatting at any time during the day. The scalp itself should be moved; do not merely allow the hands to pass over it. The idea is to nourish the roots by stimulating the circulation. Anything that will do that is beneficial, such as pulling the hair, scratching the scalp lightly, or using one of the circular combs that are sold.

If the hair is inclined to be dry, a very small amount of oil should be well rubbed into the scalp every two or three days. Castor oil is particularly good for this purpose. Dry hair will soon fall, and it is quite necessary that the roots receive some lubrication.

THE care of the complexion will not require more than a few minutes daily, if a little extra time is spent upon it once a week.

One of the essential things to remember, is the nightly cleansing at bedtime. The use of cleansing creams is largely recommended and doubtless suit some people, but I have found many others who very quickly developed blackheads under such treatment. The dirt was simply pressed into the pores and could not be properly removed afterwards. A far better plan, in my estimation, is a thorough washing with warm water and a pure, unscented soap, taking particular care to rinse the face thoroughly afterward. This is followed by the application of a good skin food, to supply the necessary nourishment, which should be gently massaged into the skin with a circular movement of the finger-tips, and the excess cream wiped, not washed, away after a few minutes.

In the morning the face and neck should be thoroughly bathed in cold water. This will stimulate and improve the circulation and help to prevent lines. This may be followed, if desired, by the application of a mild astringent lotion. An excellent one is made quite economically as follows:—

To one pint of rose water add, drop by drop, stirring all the time, one-half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin and ten drops of glycerine. Be sure to ask for the simple tincture, as the compound tincture is quite a different preparation. If it is desired to

make this particularly refreshing, one-quarter ounce of good lily of the valley perfume may be added, still drop by drop.

This preparation may be dabbed upon the skin at any time during the day, and may be applied without previously washing the face. This makes it particularly useful for use during travelling. Allow it to remain on the skin for several minutes before wiping it off. A particularly nice way in which to apply it, is by the use of an atomizer.

is by the use of an atomizer.

A good vanishing cream should always be used as a basis for powder. It not only has a better appearance, but protects the skin from sun, wind and changes of temperature.

The application of a little rouge will, in most cases, improve the appearance of the mature woman, but it is unnecessary, I am sure, to stress the fact that it must really match the natural color, and must be carefully and artistically applied. It is quite a good plan to indulge in some form of exercise or massage which will bring the blood to the surface, and then notice just how the color is applied by the master hand of nature. Individuals vary so much, and while some will have color high on the cheek bones, others will have it lower, or in the form of a triangle or a crescent. If you would look natural, then copy Nature's work.

While on the subject of "make up," a lip salve should also be used. The salve will soften and heal the lips, and may be gently rubbed in, to give some touch of color. The eyebrows should be slightly darkened by an eyebrow pencil, especially if the hair is grey or white; otherwise the face will have a faded, washed out, appearance. A slight smear of vaseline or cold cream will remove any trace of powder from the brows, while giving them a becoming gloss.

To strengthen the relaxed and sagging

To strengthen the relaxed and sagging facial and throat muscles, a few simple exercises are required. Bend the head backward and forward, then from side to side, making your own resistance. Follow this, by looking over each shoulder alternately. Then rotate the head upon the shoulders, first in one, and then in the opposite, direction. Do this only a few times, until tired. It will strengthen the whole throat, fill up hollows in the neck, develop the upper part of the chest, and improve the carriage; but it must be done regularly.

it must be done regularly.

Now I will explain the most important exercise of all, although it is so simple. It is one that will tone up all the muscles of the throat and chin.

Throw the head backward, raising the chin. Now open and close the mouth, at the same time stretching the chin outward, thus putting as much strain upon the muscles under the chin as possible. Do this until tired, and at frequent intervals during the day. You will feel how this movement not only exercises the chin muscles, but those of the cheeks also, right up to the temples. These are the particular muscles whose falling, downward droop, produces that aged appearance. Therefore, too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of doing this exercise frequently and regularly. The result, in a few weeks, will be nothing less than marvelous.

This comprises the entire daily treatment

This comprises the entire daily treatment necessary for the hair and face, and although it has taken some time to describe, the whole thing can be done in a very few minutes, and can be accomplished by even the most busy woman.

In addition to this daily treatment, it is advisable to spend a little extra time on facial treatment, say once a week. The skin requires a thorough cleansing occasionally, otherwise we are apt to have little greyish shadows about the nostrils and chin. This can best be accomplished by the use of fine oatmeal.

A special preparation of toilet oatmeal is sold for this purpose, but ordinary fine groats, such as is used for making gruel, will answer the purpose admirably, and is much less expensive.

First wash the face with pure soap and



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CHEESE

NOW, everyone can enjoy the rare flavor of "cave-cured" cheese ... For Kraft master cheese makers have recreated, right here in Canada, the ideal conditions that have made cheeses, ripened in the deep, cool caves of Southern France, famous the world over.

You'll want this new, finer cheese for your cooking, for salads, for a dozen different uses. It adds new enjoyment to every dish.

And because Kraft "Cave-Cured" is fully ripened, it is one of the most digestible of foods.



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# I'm leaving

I won't let him give me a cough"

HOW often you have thought that very same thing when someone carelessly coughed his way through a bridge game - or dinner. Yet, convention says you must put up with it for the sake of courtesy and politeness, even though it does endanger your health.

If every cougher would realize the menace of infecting others with his cold, he would at least have the decency to protect their health, even if he doesn't consider his own comfort.

And it is so easy, with Luden's always ready to give Quick Relief.

In ten seconds, Luden's relieves the irritation that causes the cough. The exclusive Menthol Action in Luden's quiets the troubled nerves-cools the throat and nose-clears the head and gently soothes the tender tissues. The safe way - for yourself and for others - is to keep a package of

> Everywhere—in the familiar yellow package - 10é.

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## Home Discoveries

## One dollar will be paid for each discovery published

On Bake Day

When the light cake you have made has stuck and you want to turn it out on to a plate, here is a plan that works splendidly, especially if the cake is a round layer one. Wring a cloth out of some warm water, leaving it quite wet. Sit your cake pan on it for a minute or two and your cake will leave the pan without the tiniest bit sticking to spoil your layer.—Mrs. R. Alderson, North Bay, Ont.

Save Orange Skins

Save orange skins and put them aside to get bone dry. Set a basketful beside the hearth when there is an open fire party, and let those enjoying the blaze toss in a handful of the dry orange chips now and then. They will burst into flame and throw off a delightful odor.—Mrs. Thomas J. McAuliffe, Port Arthur, Ont.

When Rugs Curl

Nothing is more unsightly than a rug curled up at the corners. Such rugs should be given a coat of shellac on the wrong side, applied to a width of four inches all around the edge. When the shellac dries you will find the rug will lie quite flat.—Hattie Smyth, Iroquois, Ont.

Taking Disagreeable Medicines

Disagreeable medicines are easily taken in a little cold coffee. The coffee is first put into the cup, then the medicine put into the centre of the coffee to be swallowed quickly without stirring. This may be followed by a little more coffee if desired. It does not cause any nausea, nor does it repeat when taken this way.—Miss A repeat when taken this way.—Miss A. Topp, Welland, Ont.

To Prevent Burning Cakes

When baking a fruit cake which requires to be in the oven a long time, sprinkle a

layer of corn meal in your pan before lining it with buttered paper. If your oven should be too hot, the cornmeal will take the scorch and the cake will be safe.-M. M., Port Elgin, Ont.

"Tearless" Onions

If you pour hard boiling water over onions, pouring it off and replacing with cold at the end of about ten minutes, you will have no difficulty with your eyes while preparing them.—R. T., Hillier W. I., Ont.

Handy Cutlery Holder

I have tacked on the wall near the table where I work when cooking or preparing meals, a leather strap about two feet long. The tacks are driven in about two inches apart, and in the spaces I slip my knives, forks, spoons, etc., which I use when paring, mixing or measuring. They are always handy, and one can see at a glance what is required, without rummaging in a drawer. F. B. M., Woodstock, N.B.

To Keep Buttons Fast

When sewing buttons on children's clothes, if a small piece of old kid glove is cut round and placed on the under side of the material, the button will be much more securely fastened and there is little chance of the cloth of the garment being torn if the button is pulled off.-Mrs. C. Mc-Taggart, Vancouver, B.C.

Clever Pot Holders

Holders that protect the backs of hands as well as the palms from the heat, can be made by sewing three or four thicknesses of cloth together on three sides, leaving the fourth side open. The hand can be slipped inside of the holder, affording protection from the heat of the oven, top of the stove, and steam when draining vegetables.—Mrs. R. McMillan, Markdale, Ont.



## NEW LIFE for that TIRED MACHINE

NY sewing machine grows "old" faster in idle hours. Dirt, dust and lint "gum-up" the oil; perhaps rust develops. All this soon makes your machine hard to run.

But 3-in-One Oil will give it new life! Oil thoroughly — then run it for a short time until 3-in-One works out the gummy, rusty oil. Wipe it off, put in fresh 3-in-One for lubrication, and you're ready to sew again on a machine that runs like new!

On any home device, 3-in-One Oil cleans; On any home device, 3-in-One Oil cleans; lubricates; prevents rust and tarnish. And because it is blended from animal, mineral and vegetable oils, it does each job better than ordinary oils can. Handy cans and bottles; all good stores. Write for free sample and "Dictionary of Uses."

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## SHORT STORY WRITING



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# THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

FLOOR WAX



ELECTRIC UTENSILS



### Your Sewing Machine

Is it newly oiled and ready to dig into that pile of fall and winter sewing? It pays to have it regu-larly overhauled, just as you do your car. The Chatelaine Pattern Service has a specially selected showing of fall and early winter styles on

Pages 63, 65, 67, 69

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into work-ing order.

For Other Household Appliances and Supplies see the following:

Hourd Tables	58
Johnston's Floor Wax	37
Kirsch Drapery Hdwe	64
Laco Lamps	59
Moffat's Stoves	
Old English Floor Wax	41
Royal Vacuum Cleaner	49
Singer Sewing Machine	62
Sani Flush	54
Three-in-one Oil	42
Western Clock	50

PERFECT HEMSTITCHER 1.00 FEMBROIDERY GUIDE SAND HOSE MENDER ALL FOR .... Hemstitching as beautiful as \$275. machine will do. Guide embroiders 50 times faster than by hand. Hose Mender mends perfectly and quickly. All for one dollar with full instructions, or C.O.D. 41.15. Money back in 5 days if not pleased. Hemstitcher Co., 5 days if not pleased. A Department Which Seeks Out and Investigates What is New and Good in Housekeeping Helps Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

THE electric ironer is growing up. It is no longer regarded as a species of domestic pet, but in many, many homes throughout the country it has become a household necessity. Its youthful crudities and drawbacks have been smoothed and remedied. So that possessity remedied. So that now when you buy an electric ironer, you know that you are getting something that will really do your ironing with the minimum of effort and the

maximum of good result.

Manufacturers lately have been turning their attention to the important feature of compactness. This they have achieved in two ways, first by the combined washer and irroper, and second by the tople turner. ironer, and second by the table type of ironer. One of these last, the Apex Cabinet



When not in operation this ironer may be converted into a moisture-proof convenience table.

Ironer, is shown on this page. When not in operation this machine may be converted into a moisture-proof convenience table.

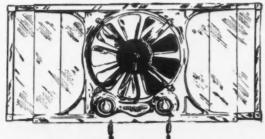
This is an appreciable advantage in houses where kitchen space is precious. The value of correct weight has been carefully considered in the manufacture of The Apex ironer. It is equipped with a particularly heavy cast iron ironing shoe which holds uniform heat and irons beautifully.

 $S_{\mathrm{when}}^{\mathrm{TRANGELY}}$  enough, even in these days of a workshop, builders and architects still make mistakes in the matter of ventilating. A great many women spend hours each day surrounded by the steam and odors arising from the stove—and then wonder why they feel habitually "out-of-sorts." Fresh air is a rather slighted commodity in Canada's winter time, and even in summer there are countless town kitchens known to me which seem to set themselves up in direct opposi-tion to any appreciable coolness.

on top is required, the selector may be adjusted to concentrate all the heat on the one element. Or, if the oven is in use, all the heat can be transferred to the oven.

tion.

A dial at the front of the range also controls the heat to the degree of intensity desired. There is a good-sized oven, 15½ x 12 x 12 inches, which has a bottom element for baking or roasting. The rangette is admirably adapted for use in the small apartment kitchen or the summer cottage. It has a grey enamelled front and top, with a white back strip and door panel.



The electric ventilator circulates continual fresh air throughout the room, driving steam and cooking odors out of the kitchen.

People who own kitchens like these ought to make the acquaintance of one of the electric ventilators now made to counteract just this condition. The Electrovent shown here, for instance, is made in the form of an aluminum and plate glass window screen which, being adjustable, can be inserted in any window. It is light in weight, so that it may be moved from room to room if desired, and it is easily installed in either upper or lower windows. It is equipped with sash-pulls which lower or raise the upper sash as desired, without the necessity of opening the lower sash. There are two speeds forward and two speeds reverse, and the manufacturers have paid particular heed to absolute quietness of operation.

The electric ventilator circulates continual fresh air through the room, driving steam and cooking odors out of the kitchen, but preventing them from entering the rest of

THE little Utility rangette shown on this page is one of the newest models on the market. It has been made with a view to giving the small plug-in range the greatest possible heating power. All the elements do not operate at once, but the limited electrical output of the wall connection is controlled by an element selector at the front of the range. Thus, if the left larger open element









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YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS' CLUB

## FIFT DOLLAR GOLDEN BOOK



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The Young Canada Boosters' Club

Golden Book for \$50.00 in Gold

More than 50 ar Boosters More than 50
Star Boosters
have been given
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During the last sixty days more than \$1,000.00 in cash has been awarded to star Boosters in all parts of Canada.

## Are Boosters Successful?

Paul Rioux, of Ontario, started to sell The Chatelaine with last July issue. He now has approximately 50 steady customers, not one of which has discontinued since Paul started to give efficient delivery service. By December issue Paul's record sale has become 225 copies for one issue. Paul is a member of the Honor Class and is about to qualify for the General Manager's Class.

Stanley Bennett, of Ontario, has for many months never sold below 200 copies per issue. His mother helps him. Every day his magazines are ready in the Booster bag waiting for him; also a nice lunch; and quick as a flash, when school is over and his home work finished, Stanley is on his way. Stanley has good competition in his town too and the Booster organization in that city is proud of its star member.

The Club is accepting applications for memberships in districts not now covered and if you are a Canadian boy between the ages of 10-16, living in any village, town or city in Canada, and desire to join the club and learn about the special awards of from five to fifty dollars in addition to profit, which are now being offered—use the

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I would like to become a Member of The Young Canada Boosters' Club for Canadian boys.

Please send me a free start in business through which you will provide me with the capital necessary, and full particulars about the Club. Also tell me about The Young Canada Boosters' Club Golden Book for \$50.00 and the other special awards of from five dollars upward which are offered to all Members of the Club.

City .....

about a heaping teaspoonful of the oatmeal in the palm of the left hand. With the right fingertips, take a little of the warm water from the basin and mix the oatmeal quickly into a paste, in your palm. This should be thin enough to spread easily, but not to run.
Apply this to the entire face and throat, with the exception of the eyelids, then rub it in with a circular movement, using the fingers of both hands. The chief thing is to keep up this rubbing in of the oatmeal until it becomes so dry that it falls off in powdery This will remove every vestige of flakes. dirt. The residue may then be bathed off with clear, very hot, water. Follow this with a thorough sluicing in water as cold as possible, and a dabbing with the astringent lotion. The skin will be greatly stimulated and benefited by this treatment. It may be given more frequently, if desired.

If the skin is inclined to be relaxed and

hot water, rinse, but do not dry. Place

wrinkled, an additional weekly treatment may also be given, not necessarily upon the same day as the previous one. After washing and drying the face, smear over it the white of an egg, which has been very slightly beaten. Allow this to dry upon the skin and

remain there for fifteen or twenty minutes, then bathe off with cool water. This will cause a contraction of the skin. This egg method is used by some of the most exclusive beauty specialists, and is a really valuable treatment.

To retain a youthful figure, three simple exercises should be performed daily. Of course any system of physical culture exercises may be followed with advantage, but for the woman who has not the time to spare for this, these simple exercises will suffice to keep her in good trim.

Stand erect, extend the arms together in front, raise them straight above the head. at the same time taking a deep breath. Separate them and bring them down to the sides, whilst exhaling.

2. Stand erect, rise on the toes, at the same time inhaling deeply. Exhale, while lowering the heels to the floor.

3. Stand erect, with arms extended over the head. Bend backward as far as possible then forward, and without bending the knees, touch the floor in front with the hands. Rise to original position.

Repeat each of these exercises from twelve to twenty times.

Canada's Most Envied Hostess

Continued from page 7

she had entered in a regal gown of pale blue and silver, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor appeared in a gown of exactly the same fabric and sat down beside her.

It was a situation to test any woman! But the premier's Lady just looked at the governor's Lady, with one of her merriest twinkles, and both smiled together and the

assembly drew its breath again.
On those rare occasions when you can get Mrs. Ferguson to talk about herself, she confesses that she is really a shy person.

With a smile she will tell you she was terrified the first time she had to make a speech.

"It was at a ward meeting in Toronto," said Mrs. Ferguson, "to which I had gone with a guest who was to address the meeting, but when he had finished, the chairman presented me with a bouquet, and said the meeting would be broken-hearted if I did So tremblingly I struggled not speak. through it.

"But my second ordeal was worse, for it was at a big dinner at which the Hon. Arthur Meighen and Mrs. Meighen and my husband and myself, were guests of honor. They had included Mrs. Meighen and myself in the toasts to our husbands, and when mine rose to respond, he said:

"They say my wife is the real leader of the

party so I'm going to let her reply."

Those who heard Mrs. Ferguson that night, or at huge banquets at which she has spoken, would not have believed that public speaking had such terrors for her. She has an appealing simplicity that seems to come from the heart of a woman who has both felt and thought.

Guests still remember her reply at the 1929 banquet when the Ontario women of her party presented her with the Province's coat-of-arms in jewels For when her sacrifices in making such a great contribution to her husband's achievements had been stressed, Mrs. Ferguson modestly replied:

"He is unselfish in his work, I am not, because I love to work."

FEW women occupy a more interesting position in London now than does the wife of the man who represents Canada in the centre of the Empire. Her very court duties echo our country's growing importance. For whereas feminine Canadians used to be presented to Their Majesties by the wife of the Secretary for the Dominions, now it is the wife of the High Commissioner who sponsors them.

To have watched the welcome London gave the Fergusons during their six weeks visit last autumn, was almost to have witnessed what is before them this month as they begin their new life. Few Canadian women have been hostesses to so many distinguished Old Land visitors as Mrs. Ferguson, and she was very much at home

With her husband, Mrs. Ferguson received the British premier and the Hon. J. H. Thomas at the opening of Ontario House, when they were greeted by hundreds of old friends. While at the interesting reception of the Empire Marketing Board, at which the Prince of Wales received, H.R.H. singled his former hostess for a chat.

But still more honor awaited Mrs. Ferason as a guest, with her husband at the brilliant afternoon party, at Buckingham Palace, the week of the opening of Parliament. For it is whispered that King George had been informed of the coming appointment, for as Hon. Mr. Ferguson was to His Majesty for a chat, Queen Mary received his wife.

It is interesting to recall that it was at the opening of Canada House, in 1925, that the wife of the new High Commissioner was first presented to Queen Mary, and her presentation at Buckingham Palace took place that same month.

Though no official announcement of the appointment was made until their return to anada, the reception given by Premier Bennett and Miss Bennett, on Nov. 13th, might well have been a formal presentation of Canada's new envoy and his wife to London society and officialdom.

With her husband, Mrs. Ferguson attended most of the brilliant functions of the Imperial Conference and witnessed the Opening of Parliament, from the Royal Gallery.

But the cables had barely told the new High Commissioner's name, when Mrs. Ferguson was reminded that the work of his wife is growing beyond social duties. For a request to go on a committee to arrange the visit to Canada this year, of a party of Old Land school mistresses, was cabled her.

When chatting with Mrs. Ferguson, be-

fore her departure, the High Commissioner's wife declared they would likely occupy an apartment in London, until their new home was chosen.

But a full-partnership wife who, in her last year in Canada went through two elections and built a house in her husband's odd moments, was not perturbed by a busy programme before a London season.

Some people's idea of a successful High Commissionership has been a super-Social Bureau in London for visiting Canadians, in search of entertainments from Buckingham

But Mrs. Ferguson seems to be preparing to serve even a stay-at-home Canada by the fullest revelation of its treasures to an Old Land's people who cross the world to build new homes.

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## Poor Feet

Continued from page 11

if he had a girl attached to him. Besides, Marianne owed me something for my plain speaking on several occasions. I need expect no mercy from her!

But there must be a queer streak of obstinacy in my nature, for I suddenly decided I would not be frightened away by Marianne or anyone else. And if Mark really did fall in love with her, then he wasn't the man I fell in love with, and, well, I would just as soon find that out first, as

Of course, Mark heard all about Marianne from our friends, and you may be sure they rubbed in how every man she met fell

desperately in love with her.

"Then I'll be the exception that proves the rule," laughed Mark, as he gave my hand a reassuring squeeze under the table.

"Of course you will, old man!" agreed Len Turpin, but I saw him wink at Jim Daintree when he thought I wasn't looking.

"And what do you think of the wonderful."

Daintree when he thought I wasn't looking.

"And what do you think of the wonderful Marianne, Sally?" asked Mark, when we were alone together.

"I think someone ought to give her the spanking she didn't have when she was a kid!" I said; and I went on to tell him about the mean way she had treated Ruth Lee and Hilde Crown and the others.

Lee and Hilda Crowe and the others.
"But all the same," I said, "I believe there must be a lot of good hidden away under all her silliness, or why should a good sort like Stanley Horton stick to her all this while?"

Someone interrupted us just then; and that was the last time Mark and I ever discussed Marianne before he actually saw

MARK and I had the most glorious honeymoon, right down in a lovely little spot in the Maritimes. For the first two or three weeks after we came back we were busy putting Sunset Lodge in order. We were not very rich, but it was all the more fun, we decided, doing things for our-

Then, three weeks after we got back, we gave a little housewarming party, and what should Marianne do but choose that very day to return from England.

She danced in, after everyone else had arrived, looking even lovelier than when she went away. The sun had tanned her skin a delicate golden brown, her eyes were shining with good health and she had on a mar-vellous frock of gold tissue that simply shrieked "Paris!" at you.

Mark was out in the kitchen, making the coffee when she arrived, so he missed her

"Sally!" she cried, throwing her arms round me. "Dear funny little Sally—married! And where's the thrice lucky

"Out in the kitchen, making coffee, Marianne," I said composedly. "Won't you sit down?"

'Oh, I'm far too excited!" protested

She rushed round the room, kissing all the girls (it was wonderful the fuss she made of her own sex, when there were any men about to see her) and telling us how glad she was to be back

Certainly we had never seen her in such riotous spirits, and she ended up by kicking off her shoes and stockings and doing a new dance, barefoot, for our benefit.

I ought to have told you that Marianze went barefoot on every possible occasion She said it was the Irish blood in her veins that made her act that way; but we all well knew it was because she was so proud of her exquisitely tiny white feet.

She danced as one inspired that night; the men clapped like mad, and even the ranks of Tuscany (meaning us girls!) could scarce forbear to cheer.

At last she flung herself down, flushed and breathless on the couch, with her small white feet cocked up on the cushions, and at that exact moment the door opened and Mark stood there, a tray of coffee cups in

his hands, looking down at her. As she looked up at him Marianne's gay expression vanished and into her eyes came the look we knew so well. A shy, wistful, little-girl sort of look it was, that "got" men right away. She smiled bravely up at Mark and we knew she was trying to say to him as she had said to countless men before: "Oh, if only we'd known—Why didn't you wait for me?"

No man on earth could resist that look! We all saw Mark gazing gravely down at Marianne, with his head cocked on one side, just as he always looks when he wants to set

to work on a picture.

Then he suddenly dumped down the coffee to look after itself and came over to the sofa.

"So this is Marianne?" he said, in his deep grave voice. "And no one even began to tell me how pretty you were!"

I had to remember my duties as hostess then, and carry round the coffee Mark had formatten so I beard no merchants.

forgotten; so I heard no more. But presently, no one was surprised when Marianne slipped on her shoes again and wandered out with Mark through the long French window into the garden beyond. Marianne was on the

of course, I wasn't going to show I cared!

I just called after them: "Don't go on the grass, Mark dear, there's a heavy dew and you catch cold so quickly," and then turned to Len and asked him to have some more coffee, as though it was the most natural thing in the world for my newly married husband to be strolling about the garden at eleven o'clock at night with the Vamp of Rippingale!

But outside there was a velvety black night, with a powdering of stars and a little Marianne looking up at Mark with that famous look of hers and murmuring: "Sally's a dear—a real dear—but to talk of colds, on a night like this!"

Inside the party flagged somewhat, in spite of my efforts, until Mark and Marianne

returned, three-quarters of an hour later.
Marianne was positively radiant.
"Girls!" she cried. "What do you think?
Mark wants me as the model in his next

There was a little murmur of congratulation, then Marianne marched straight up to

"You don't mind, do you, Sally darling?"
"Mind?" I said, opening my eyes very
wide. "Why, of course not!"
"That's sweet of you! Mark said he'd
like the sittings over at my place, didn't

you, Mark?"
"It would suit me very well," said Mark

"Then I'll expect you tomorrow at ten-

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of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet:

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GUARDS THE DANGER LINE



BOVRIL MAKES ONE

## The Women of Canada



have acclaimed The Chatelaine as Canada's national magazine for women. Feminine Canada has taken The Chatelaine to its heart and over 120,000 Canadian housewives are reading it each issue. The Chatelaine is just a little over two years old and its popularity is proven by the phenomenal increase in circulation.

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To avoid mistakes, additions and changes, perhaps to make sure of no evasions the words that must be used between the contracting parties is set out as follows:
"I do solemnly declare that I do not know

of any lawful impediment why I, A. B., may

"I call upon these persons here present to witness that I, A. B., do take thee, C. D., to

tion also, the marriage commissioner gives them a certificate. This is the guarantee to the minister, clergyman, rabbi, teacher, theological student, Salvation officer, or

## A New Marriage Law

Continued from page 6

of them were well meaning, but we all know how fatal that can be on occasion!

A marriage not properly registered may cause endless embarrassment and loss. The sins of omission may be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, for upon the successful proving of a marriage may rest the inheritance of children and grandchildren. A woman well-known in Toronto died in needless poverty a few years ago for lack of proof of her great-grandmother's marriage.

The Publishing of Banns

As in all our other provincial marriage laws the British Columbia Act retains provision for publishing banns. There must be two "callings" at week intervals, and the announcements must be in an "audible voice"—which might be the one time some clergy are heard.

Banns must be called by ministers who are to solemnize the wedding in church or chapel to which they belong. If the ceremony is to be performed by a minister who did not himself call the banns, he must be furnished with a certificate they have been properly published and that the person publishing them was duly qualified to do so.
British Columbia does not limit the time

of day during which the wedding ceremony may be performed. Other provinces prohibit such celebrations after certain hours, but usually with a proviso allowing the clergy-man to relax the regulation at his discretion. The customary Canadian limit is from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Among a group of clergy recently dis-cussing the omission of hours in the British Columbia Act, several ministers told of being called upon to marry unknown couples at twelve and one o'clock at night. While it was agreed that such requests are suspicious, it was argued that if a couple arrive with a license and there are no prohibited hours, it is difficult to delay or refuse.

All marriages in British Columbia must All marriages in British Columbia must be solemnized with "open doors" and there must be two or more credible witnesses beside the minister officiating, and the celebration be in a "public manner."

The British Columbia Marriage commissioners are empowered to demand the indentification of the contracting parties. This precaution is more necessary than appears on the face for it has happened that when the bride was obviously under age, an obliging older sister or relative of the groom accompanied him to get the license. another occasion a man up for trial for bigamy (his daughter was in the juvenile court) was found to have used his brother's name in the second marriage license

#### The Civil Marriage

THE special provision for civil marriage, and the civil marriage which is to be followed by religious ceremonies is retained in the new Act, but subject to the new eight day requirements and the notice is valid for only three months. There are fixed hours, however, for civil marriages. This must be celebrated during office hours, that is between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. Besides the commissioner, there again must be at least two credible witnesses and the "door must be open."

be not joined in matrimony to C. D."

Then each of the parties says to the other

be my lawful wedded wife (or husband)."

If the couple wish a religious solemniza-

Ouaker, that the religious rites may now be legally performed.

Despite the popular belief to the contrary. twenty-one remains the age at which young people marry without the consent of fathers and mothers or guardians in British Columbia. Up to that age they must obtain either parental agreement or an order from a supreme or county court judge before a license may be issued. Twenty-one is the legal age for marriage in most of the provinces though in others, youths and maidens of eighteen may dispense with the formal permission of parents or guardians.

Below the age of sixteen no marriage may

take place in British Columbia without a court order, even though parents and guardians are willing. This was not always so. Before 1919 girls and boys of twelve and fourteen could marry with the consent of the father alone, or the guardian appointed by him. The law definitely stated the consent of the mother was not necessary. Women's societies and welfare workers urged the raising of the age to sixteen for both sexes and finally secured the amendment under which orders from a county or supreme court judge must be obtained for the marriage of those under sixteen.

British Columbia being blessed with an Equal Guardianship Law, the consent of the mother equally with that of the father is necessary, provided of course, that the under-age bride or groom is not a widow or widower, in which case, naturally, the permission of the parents is unnecessary. But obdurate parents who withold consent unreasonably may find their obstinacy unavailing, as the would-be-bride or groom may apply to the court authorities as before mentioned.

Parties applying for licenses in British Columbia have to do a good deal of preliminary swearing. They must swear they do not know of any legal bar to their marriage. If under twenty-one they must swear they have the formal consent of the parents or guardians or produce a court order. On top of all this the person applying may be asked for identification.

For issuing licenses to, or solemnizing marriages of idiots, insane, or intoxicated persons, a fine of five hundred dollars may be imposed in British Columbia, but no imprisonment is authorized. Some provinces add imprisonment to the fine, and others have no penalty in the case of intoxicated

A distinctive feature of the British Columbia Marriage Law is the "caveat." Quebec has a long list of those of the family who may file an "opposition" as it is styled under their code. But the caveat or formal verying is Pritish Columbia's court the varning is British Columbia's own-the only province having this particular regula-tion. It costs the objector \$2.50 to lodge with the issuer of marriage licenses or the marriage commissioner such formal protest against marriage. The opponent must file his objection, give his name and address and the ground of his opposition. issuer decides against the objector he may appeal to the registrar, stating his ground and giving notice of his intention to appeal within two clear days of the adverse decision. But the registrar's pronouncement is final and binding upon the issuer or the commissioner. The caveat not only affords parents or guardians opportunity to file an objection before it is too late but may also be a pre-

caution against bigamy.

In brief then, the new regulations of our latest marriage law are-

1. Registration with the Government of clergy, ministers and heads of rengious bodies desiring to solemnize marriage. 2. Requirement of eight days residence in

the province of at least one of the contracting parties and

3. Application for license eight days before it may be issued, being a delay of sixteen

Next month Mrs. McGill will discuss the new angles of the revised Ontario Marriage Act.

thirty. I won't forget you like your coffee black with lots of sugar. Oh, I am so excited! All right, Stan, if you're very good you may see me home. Au 'voir, everyone!

No one stayed long after Marianne had gone, and soon Mark and I were alone.

I started clearing up, while Mark, instead of helping, as he usually did, stood by the window, gazing out into the night. I knew from his attitude he was thinking of his new picture, and I tried terribly not to mind. If only, oh, if only it had been anyone but Marianne!

I longed to ask Mark what he thought of Marianne, but I determined that I should never open that subject with him. I wasn't going to be like poor Ruth Lee, when her man was in love with Marianne, always moaning and crying and questioning him.

On the other hand I wasn't going to be like Hilda Crowe, in the same situation, proudly aloof and distant. I made up my mind right there and then that I'd never change toward Mark: I'd show him I trusted him. whatever happened.

At last he spoke. "Your Marianne is a

gorgeous beauty, Sally!"
"Yes, isn't she!" I said, trying to make my voice cordial.

"I'm sure my picture of her is going to be

a great success—"
"I'm so glad, Marko," I said, and left it at that. If my Mark was going the way of all the other men .

CAN'T pretend that the next few weeks I CAN'T pretend that the next term of my life were exactly happy! Mark grew absolutely absorbed in his picture, and except at meal times, I hardly saw him.

Of course, that was what I had expected when I married an artist. Mark had warned me that when he was in the mood, he worked for weeks on end, and then took a fortnight off to recuperate. And in the ordinary way, I should have been perfectly content to wait till Mark was free to devote himself to me again. But under the circumstances it was galling, to say the least of it, to think that Marianne had more of my

husband's time than I did!

Mark never talked much about his work and I don't think I should have known anything about the picture if it hadn't been for Marianne herself, who was so bucked at posing for a real artist that she talked about it to anybody and everybody who

would listen.

"He won't let even poor me have a glimpse of it till it's finished," she told a crowd of us one afternoon. "Isn't that like a true artist?"

"How is he posing you, Marianne?" I asked, trying to sound careless.

"Do you mean to say he's not told you, Sally? Aren't men funny? Why, he's drawing me just exactly as I was when he first saw me; he said he wanted to sit down right there and then and start drawing me wasn't it darling of him? I'm lying on a couch, barefoot, with my head against a pillow, and all the sorrows of the world are

"Did Mark say that bit about all the sorrows of the world?" asked Madge incredulously.

"Well, n-no," acknowledged Marianne, "but that's what he meant."

"What is he going to do with the picture when it's finished?" asked Kitty.

"He won't tell me that, either. He says he wants to keep it as a wonderful surprise for me, and, of course, I've given him permission to send it anywhere he likes. He says we'll all see it, the very day it comes so I expect it's for a magazine cover.

We thought Marianne was probably right; and we knew that when her face with "all the sorrows of the world" looked down upon us from a magazine cover, there would be no holding her. And I had thought my Mark was so different from other men!

Mark was so different from other men!

Of course, there was a lot of gossip when
Marianne started sitting for Mark; and
people all sighed and shrugged their
shoulders and said: "Well, Sally would
settle down in Rippingale, she has only
herself to thank." "Of course, Marianne
will have him at her feet in no time."

"Anyway, I wonder what he ever saw in Sally Davis?

You may be sure that people lost no time in repeating these kind remarks to me. Worst of all, Madge told me that Daphne Lane had asked Marianne what Mark talked about while he was drawing her, and Marianne had said: "Please don't ask me, Daphne, it wouldn't be fair to Sally to

In the face of all this, it was a bit difficult to go on behaving to Mark as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening. But I set my teeth and went on with it. Mark was an artist, I told myself, and my life was going to be a perpetual misery if I were going to be jealous of every model he employed. But if only it hadn't been Marianne!

The girls soon grew thoroughly bored with Marianne's perpetual talk about her wonderful picture, and a great sigh of relief went up when it was finished at last.

Mark was able to relax, too, now, and he did find a little time to notice his wife. But I must confess I was still feeling all prickly inside about Marianne, for Mark absolutely dried up whenever her name was mentioned. and he refused to show the portrait to anyone. All he would say, when the girls pestered him with questions, was that it was

pestered him with questions, was that it was one of the best pictures he had ever done, as he was sure we'd all agree when we saw it.
"I can't help feeling excited," Marianne would simper. "And I've a feeling it may lead to bigger things. Models have become famous before now, and I've always longed to be a film star."

And then, at last, a few weeks after her last sitting, with Mark, the "portrait" appeared!

MARK had gone up to town on business the day before and was spending the night with friends, so I was alone in the Our daily paper, the Rippingale News arrives at eight o'clock and at eightfifteen I sat down to my grape-fruit and toast with the paper neatly folded by my side, instead of being scattered all over the table, as it is when Mark gets it first.

I picked it up carelessly, and was just going to turn to The Woman's page, when my eye was caught by a big advertisement, spread out over the whole of a page, and I stared at it incredulously.

The advertisement showed a girl reclining on a couch, with her bare feet stretched out on a cushion. And on one of those tiny delicate feet was a small, round excrescence that looked suspiciously like a corn.

In the girl's eves were all the sorrows of the world, and underneath the picture was written: "Oh, my poor feet!" and under that again: "Why doesn't she use Cartwright's Corn Cure?

The picture was signed with a flourish "Mark Andrews," and, yes, I looked again to make quite sure, the girl was none other than our Marianne!

The telephone bell rang at that moment,

The telephone bell rang at that moment, and I pushed aside the paper and went to answer it. It was Madge.
"Is that you, Sally?" she gurgled. "Have you seen the *News?* Marianne, yes, of course it's Marianne, as plain as life! Corns, my dear, Marianne with corns! Oh, we must ask her how her poor feet are! It's the biggest joke in the world."

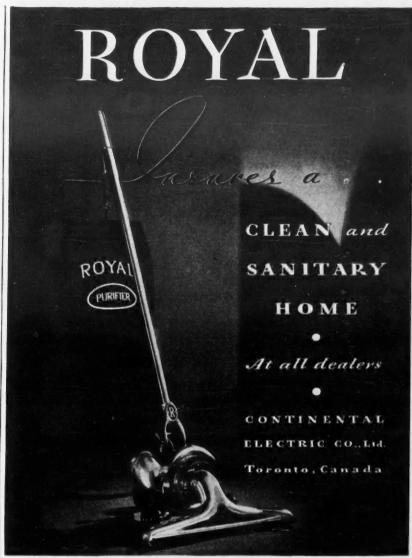
She had hardly rung off, when the bell.

She had hardly rung off, when the bell went again. It was Kitty this time, also wanting to know if I had seen the *News*. "And Marianne's so proud of her feet, too, my dear! I've just rung up to ask her if I can lend her a corn plaster, and she nearly Mark for me, Sally my dear!"

I went back to my breakfast, but before

I had finished three more people had rung up about the same subject. Quite obviously Marianne was going to be the laughingstock of Rippingale!

I was just clearing up the dishes, my mind still full of this surprising new development, when there was a ring at the bell, and there was Stanley Horton, carrying a copy of the News in his hand.





## ATTENTION GIRLS!

Do You Need a New Evening Gown, Party Frock, or Coat?

No doubt there are lots of new clothes you would like to buy, but, no doubt, you, like many other girls, have not the extra money to spare.

However, we have a plan whereby we can help you get the things you desire! You can buy that new hat, that dainty blue frock you saw in the store window, that pair of new shoes which took your fancy, in fact, anything you wish!

Hundreds of girls throughout Canada are today earning their own weekly income by pleasant and dig-nified spare time work. You can, too!

THE CHATELAINE CLUB FOR GIRLS CAN HELP YOU DO THIS!

This is a friendly organization of girls from all parts of Canada who have joined together in one large friendly organization working for the betterment of womanhood and Canada. Members of the Girls' Club are introducing The Chatelaine, the magazine for Canadian women, and thus bringing entertainment, interesting articles, splendid fiction, vital topics written by women for women to the women of Canada.

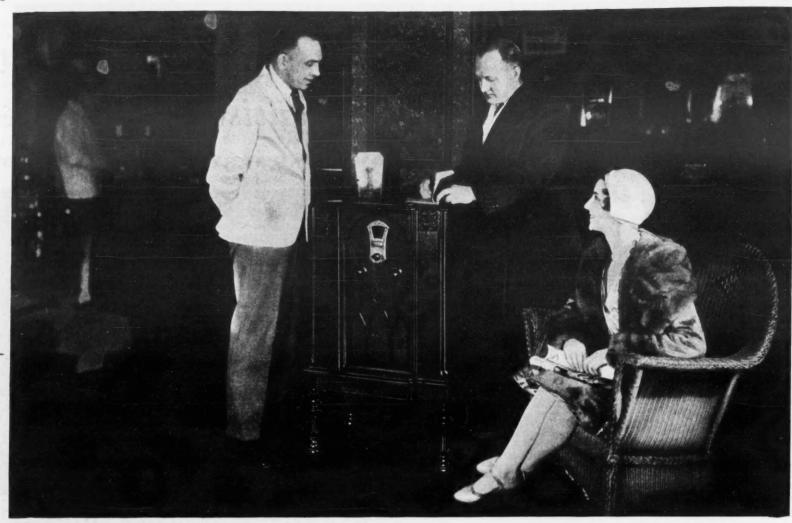
THE CHATELAINE CLUB FOR GIRLS, Room 317, The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, 153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please consider myself as an applicant for membership to The Chatelaine Club for Girls, as I wish to hear about your great offer to girls for spare time work,

My Name .....

My Address .....

City ...... Prov. ......



# BUY NOW!

# Act on the advertising that urges you to buy "Produced-in-Canada" goods ...

## Do your part to speed the return of prosperous times!

IN a recent radio broadcast from London, England, Sir Josiah Stamp, one of the world's leading economists, said: "At the moment, it is perhaps more important that people should spend money freely on the consumption of goods, than that they should save."

Roger W. Babson, another noted economist, in a review of the maladies affecting Business says he believes that "There's nothing wrong with the patient (Business) but poor circulation. Money is being held instead of circulated. When money is back at work again, all our present troubles will disappear as though by magic. Unemployment, overproduction, and so on will be automatically eliminated."

At present, the Federal Government, through the Department of Trade and Commerce, is using advertis-

ing on a large scale to promote the buying of "Produced-in-Canada" goods and thus create jobs for thousands and thousands of Canadians who need work.

Hundreds of Canadian manufacturers and retail merchants are co-operating with the government by advertising "Produced-in-Canada" goods — goods that are equal (and frequently superior) in quality and value to imported merchandise. Moreover, the prices of many of these Canadian-made articles are from 15% to 25% less than they were a year ago.

Money is the life-blood of industry and trade. Don't check its circulation now by hoarding up your dollars. The advertisements in Canada's leading magazines and newspapers will guide you to the best values. Act on them. Buy reasonably—buy wisely—and BUY NOW.

This Advertisement was written by NORRIS-PATTERSON LIMITED Authorized Advertising Agency Toronto - Montreal - Edmonton

-One of a series prepared by Advertising Agencies upon invitation of MacLean's Magazine and The Chatelaine, to promote a better understanding of the protection which advertised products provide to the public.

and arrows, and red and white mints complete the harmony of a well-planned supper.

The hour at which the supper is served will make some differences in the choice of foods, late suppers being somewhat lighter than those served at the supper hour. in every case, that centre of service, the buffet table—should be made as attractive and interesting as the ingenuity and

resources of the hostess will permit.

To complete the valentine evening, the prize-winning guests are presented with a heart-shaped box of candy, a pair of fancy red candles, a heart-shaped tray, or other suitable prizes found in the stores at the time. And the guests responding to the graciousness of their hostess will "heart"-ily thank her for a delightful evening!

The amounts given will serve sixteen people—four tables.

#### Potato Croquettes

- 8 Cupfuls of hot riced potatoes
- ½ Cupful of butter 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Teaspoonful of celery salt 1/2 to 1 Tablespoonful of finely
- chopped onion (if desired) 2 Eggs
- 112 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley

Mix all the ingredients together and beat well. Shape as croquettes or as rolls, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dip in egg, and roll in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat at 375 to 390 degrees F., for one to two minutes. (To test the temperature of the fat when no thermometer is at hand, drop a cube of bread in the fat and it should brown in forty to forty-five seconds.) Remove croquettes and drain on brown paper. Serve very hot.

#### Tomato Jelly Salad

- 2 Quarts of canned tomatoes 3 or 4 stalks of celery
- 1 Medium onion
- Small piece of bay leaf 11/3 Tablespoonfuls of salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 1/4 Cupful of lemon juice
- 12 Cupful of cold water

Chop the celery and onion and add, with the bay leaf to the tomatoes. Simmer for fifteen to twenty minutes and press through a strainer. Add water to make two quarts of liquid, season and bring to boiling point, add the sugar and lemon juice and pour over the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water for five minutes. Pour into wet heart-shaped molds and allow to set. Serve on curly leaves of lettuce and garnish with arrows cut from green pepper.

#### Jellied Chicken with Pimento Hearts

- 4 to 5-pound Fowl (2)
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt 1 Large bay leaf
- Teaspoonful of pepper
- 4 Pimentos 1 Cupful of diced celery
- Salt and pepper

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- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine 12 Cupful of cold water

Dress and clean the fowl, cut in pieces and cover with water. Add the salt, bay leaf and pepper and cook until the meat is tender and falls from the bones. Remove the fowl from the liquid and take the meat from the bones. Return the bones to the liquid and boil for twenty minutes. Strain and remove as much fat as possible-(a crushed paper table napkin skimmed over the surface will take up fat). Cut chicken in small pieces and mix with the diced celery and some of the pimento. Season to taste. Cut hearts from the pimento and place one in the bottom of each mold, cover with the chicken mixture and pour over each the hot

broth, (there should be five cupfuls) to which has been added the soaked gelatine. Allow to set, unmold and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise

#### Strawberry Sauce

- 3 Cupfuls of strawberry juice
- (from canned strawberries)

  1½ Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch 3 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
  - Sugar if necessary Chopped fruit if desired

Heat the fruit juice. Mix the cornstarch with the cold water and add slowly to the hot juice. Cook until thickened and there is no taste of raw starch. Add sugar if neces-sary. Remove from the heat and add chopped fruit if any is desired.

#### Angel Cake

- 6 Egg whites 3/4 Cupful of fruit sugar
- Teaspoonful of vanilla
- Teaspoonful of almond extract
- Cupful of flour
- Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
- Teaspoonful of salt

Beat the egg whites until foamy. Add the sifted sugar gradually and continue the beating. Add the flavorings and beat again. Sift the flour, cream of tartar and salt together four or five times and fold lightly into the first mixture. Turn into an un-buttered angel cake tin and bake at 300 degrees F., for one hour. Invert the pan on a cake rack and let stand until cold.

#### Creamed Lobster

- 5 Cupfuls of lobster meat
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter 2½ Tablespoonfuls of cream or rich milk
  - 6 Egg yolks (hard-cooked) 1/3 Cupful of butter
  - Salt and pepper Dash of Cayenne

Heat the lobster in the two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add the cream or milk and cook over hot water until thoroughly heated. Blend the egg yolks with the melted butter and add to the lobster mixture. Season to taste and serve in heated patty cases.

(Note—The egg yolks should be separated from the whites before cooking, and the whites used for the angel cake.)

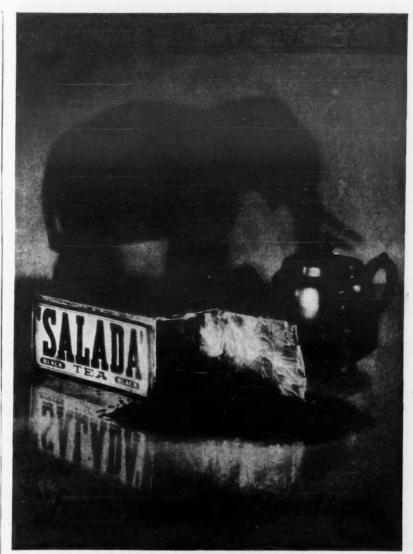
#### Red Apple and Nut Salad

- 6 or 8 large red apples
- Cupful of chopped walnuts Dozen maraschino cherries
- Salad dressing
- Lettuce

Wash and core the apples but do not peel. Cut into 34-inch slices, having one slice for each person. With a heart-shaped cutter, fashion a heart from each slice and chop the cuttings. Mix the chopped apple with the nuts and the cherries which have been cut in eighths and moisten with salad decision. Arrange the apple hearts on beds dressing. Arrange the apple hearts on beds of lettuce and fill the centres with the nut mixture. To keep the apple hearts from darkening, they may be lightly spread with dressing

#### Valentine Sundae

Serve vanilla ice cream in tall glasses and garnish with cubes cut from red jelly. Sweetened pineapple juice may be used as a sauce and cubes of pineapple used for addi-tional garnish. Or chopped maraschino cherries and chopped blanched almonds may be used as garnish, and the juice from the cherries poured over the ice cream will make an attractive color scheme and serve





## DON'T LET WINTER HARM YOUR SKIN

Chapped hands, cracked lips and wind-roughened cheeks are painful, unsightly—and unnecessary. Campana's Italian Balm heals them overnight. Makes the skin soft and velvety smooth. Greaseless, quick drying, easy to apply. Canada's largest selling skin protector. Sold by drug and departmental stores everywhere. Get a bottle today. Results guaranteed or money a bottle today. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

Send 2c. for FREE SAMPLE to Campana Corporation Limited, 468 King St. West, Toronto, Dept. C-4

PREVENTS AND HEALS CHAPPED SKIN

## an Event of Unusual Interest



EDWARD MOLYNEUX

broadcasts his Spring Fashion Opening direct from PARIS on Feb. 6th

NO STYLE CONSCIOUS woman will dare miss it—the first time a famous Parisian stylist has ever spoken to Canadian women direct from Paris! Mark the date on your calendar now—Feb. 6th at 10 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, over CFRB—

TORONTO, CKAC-MONTREAL and other stations in a tremendous coast-to-coast network over the Columbia Broadcasting System. On this memorable occasion, Molyneux will stand in his beautiful Paris salon and describe the glorious creations in his Spring Fashion Opening. . . . And on every Thursday morning at 11.45 from Feb. 12th to May 7th, tune in on the same station as you heard Molyneux and you will receive fifteen minutes of style counsel by internationally-known style authorities.

Famous Parisian Designer

SPONSORED BY

Peter Pan Fabrics, styled in Paris, are sold by the yard and in smart dresses for women and children, in leading stores everywhere. Look for the Peter Pan label, on yard goods and in dresses, to get the genuine which carries this guarantee: "We will replace any garment made of genuine Peter Pan if it fades." If unable to get genuine Peter Pan, write to:

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED, 34 West Wellington St., Toronto



## The Choice of the World's Early Risers

On time all the time-dependable as the sun-Big Ben's friendly ring is the chosen morning greeting of the men and women who make a point of punctuality. Big Ben has won household acceptance on merit and performance. And every Big Ben carries with it a TWO-YEAR GUARANTEE.

Westelox . . . (Made in Canada) Alarms - Pocket Ben Watches . Auto Clocks

"Good morning, Sally," he said. "Mark

"No; he went to town for the night," I explained, "but I'm expecting him back any moment.

'Then I'll come in and wait, if you don't

Of course, I was too polite to tell him how busy I was, so I led the way to our little den and sat down with my mending basket to keep him company.

I guessed Stanley had come about that advertisement in the *News*; but before I could think how best to open the subject, there was a loud rat-tat at the door, and without waiting for me to open it, Marianne herself burst in like a young cyclone, and

"Sally!" she gasped. "Where's Mark? He's just got to withdraw that preposterous advertisement. Everyone in the whole place is laughing at me, and I just can't stand it. Oh, if only I'd known-

She broke off suddenly, as Stanley Horton stood up and took her firmly by the shoulders

"It serves you right, you know, Marianne," he declared, giving her a little shake to emphasize his words. "You deserved a lesson. But look here, haven't you done this vamping stunt long enough and isn't it about time you settled down? I'll see people don't laugh at you any more, if you promise to behave yourself in future. Won't you marry me?"

Marianne gave something between a laugh and a sob, and said: "Oh, all right, Stan, have it your own way." And I had to bundle myself and my mending out of the room as quickly as possible before they

started kissing before my very eyes!

I made for the kitchen, where there was a I made for the kitchen, where there was a pile of washing-up to be tackled, and walked straight into Mark's arms as he came in through the back door.

"Marko!" I cried.

"Hullo, Sally! Just this moment got back. Are you pleased to see me again?"

"Yes, but Mark, that advertisement—is in today's News, and, oh, however could you?"

"Why, Sally," he said meekly, "you told me yourself Marianne would be all the better for the spanking her father ought to have given her when she was young, so I thought I'd give it to her." "But why didn't you tell me?"

Mark twinkled down at me.
"Because, Sally, m'dear, in spite of all the things you've said about our Marianne, I know what a kind, warm-hearted little person you are, and I was afraid if I did tell you, you might warn her and spoil it all. Besides, of course, I knew you trusted your old husband. And wasn't I glad I'd not pestered Mark with complaints and questions all these weeks!

"Didn't anyone know, then, Mark?

"Yes, one person, Stanley Horton. I told him the very first evening the idea popped into my head, and he agreed it would do Marianne good to have a lesson. Gosh, Sally, but I'm sorry for that poor man! How Marianne has bored me all this time! But of course you've quite spoilt me for other girls, old lady."

It really is rather fun being married to Mark!



## The Valentine Party

Continued from page 19

paper run to the corners of the table. Shining silver is arranged in orderly rows, conveniently placed near the stacked plates. Salt and pepper are within easy reach or a small set may be placed on each card-table. The platters and bowls containing the

refreshments are brought in and placed near the edge of the table just before supper begins, and with suitable servers the guests help themselves to the delicacies provided. Dessert may be passed on individual

dishes, to each guest, and plates of cakes or cookies arranged for four, set on each table.

If the dining-room table is sufficiently large, the coffee-service may occupy one end, and the hostess pours as her guests come for coffee.

The refreshments for the buffet supper

should carry out the valentine scheme and in addition should be easy for the guests to serve. Cold sliced meats or individual heart-shaped molds of jellied meat answer these requirements and form a substantial basis for the bridge supper. Scalloped potatoes in a casserole, and garnished with pimento hearts will give the needed hot dish. A molded salad, stuffed celery, olives, or a tart red jelly will provide the tang, and trays of sandwiches, buttered bread or rolls, or hot biscuits are indispensable accompani-

ments.

The dessert is an ice or a gelatine dish, heart-shaped tart shells with suitable filling and garnishes, or a colorful fruit mixture. Cakes and cookies are heart-shaped and decorated with cherries, or candied hearts



### Hot Water

Continued from page 9

Hartley Rivers, trying to look hard as if he wasn't waiting for her. "Hello!" he said. "Going to lunch?"

This was her chance to eat lunch, and thereby save on dinner. But a reckless mood had resulted from Helen's vision of geysers of hot water, and bath salts in jars

large enough to hide the Forty Thieves.
"No," said Helen. "I'm going flathunting."

"You girls thinking of moving?"
"No. I'm going in all by myself."

That sounded daring enough in her own ears. But he wasn't surprised, only interested. "Why don't you take a look at my building? I've another chap in with me, but the apartments are nicer for one person. A dandy kitchenette, and walking distance

There was no harm in looking; and, of course, he went along to show her the way. Helen had a nice contented feeling, as she swung along beside him and once or twice she caught other girls looking at him. If he'd been a millionaire, now! But accountants' wives live in little flats with tin bath tubs painted to look like enamel.

At Hartley's building they found the renting agent, an amiable young man, though not so attractive as Hartley. He had exactly what Helen wanted, he said. All furnished, maid service if desired, and a wood-burning fireplace. Helen found herself in an elevator as she listened.

On her first glance her interest in the apartment cooled. It was handsome, it was comfortable, it suggested a delicious privacy. But even if she got all her own meals in the kitchenette, it would be far beyond her

She had opened her mouth to say she'd look farther, when the agent opened the bathroom door—white tiled walls, with their gleaming expanse broken at shoulder height by a single row of yellow tulips cun-ningly caught in profile; white tiled floor, with more tulips in the centre; tub and

"What's the rent?" asked Helen.
"A hundred. And we ask only a year

A hundred dollars a month! And she was getting twenty-five a week, and had a hundred and thirty in the savings bank to tide her over all emergencies from dentists' bills to her funeral. Even if Mr. Birnbaum gave her a raise, it wouldn't be to dizzy heights

like these.
"I don't want to take a lease," said Helen. How many apartments were vacant in that building was the agent's private business. What he said was that in the case of a desirable tenant, they were willing to make concessions. Hartley stood smiling anxiously at her. He'd be an awfully nice neighbor. And the bathroom had both a tub and a

"If you can let me have it from month to month," said Helen, "I'll take it."

Hartley insisted on giving her sandwiches and ice cream at a drug store. But already her mind had leaped ahead to Mr. Birn-baum. Everything hung on that now, and all the better if it did. She couldn't afford to lose, so she wasn't going to. At three o'clock Mr. Birnbaum sent for

her. Helen took a deep breath, and prepared to go on from where she left off last night. It was a bad beginning when he called her Miss Cantrovitz, and asked what it was she

wanted to see him about anyhow. But faint heart never won a private bath.

"About the reception room," said Helen crisply. "It looks like a morgue. It needs to have all that church furniture thrown out, and some chairs bought that a person can and some chairs bought that a person can sit in. It needs low lamps that you can see

by, and ash-trays and a few new magazines."
"We don't want to make it too nice. There's a lot of people comes in here that we don't want to see.

"They shouldn't be allowed to hang around at all," said Helen. "Those who do have to wait should be made comfortable. And making them comfortable should be a

separate job. You need an office hostess."
"They have 'em some places," he agreed.
"But I got a good secretary. She can get rid of the nuisances. And this hostess job would add to overhead."

"It wouldn't add much," argued Helen.
"Let me try it. Let me try it for a month. Then if it doesn't work, you won't be much

"Willing to try it for what you're getting now?" he asked.

She wasn't. She couldn't. But now that she had actually seen inside her paradise she would have crawled there on her hands and knees.

"For a month, yes," she said

SHE worked overtime the rest of the week, rearranging the reception room. Saturday afternoon saw the job finished to her satisfaction. And when she walked out at dusk, she turned uptown toward her new apartment.

Her trunk was waiting for her there. She unpacked and hung up her few clothes. Then she opened a large package she had brought in with her. It contained a bath towel of the largest size, a bath mat, a bar of soap of the kind that had made Hollywood beautiful, a package of soap powder, and a jar of violet bath salts.

She washed underwear and stockings, and hung them on lines in the big bathroom. She sudsed her hair and rinsed it three times. With it hanging wet about her shoulders, she filled the tub to the brim, and dumped in bath salts with a reckless hand. She lay luxuriating in hot water. For an hour she lay there, turning in more and more hot water from an inexhaustible supply.

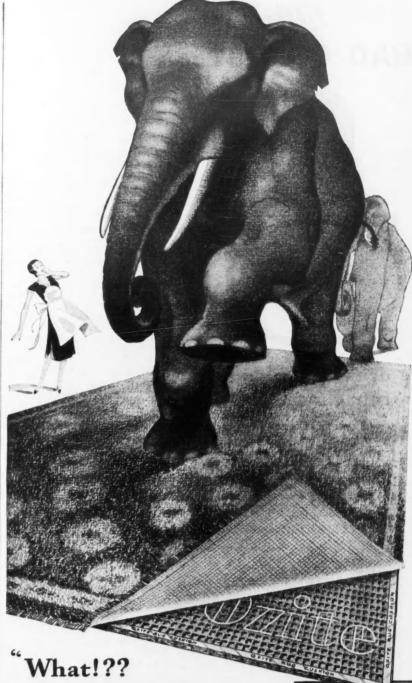
Then she towelled herself at great length,

and rubbed her hair dry, and lay down in her dressing-gown with a magazine. It was the same old magazine with the philandering yachtsman in it, and she had read it all before. But she didn't read much tonight

anyhow. For once life needed no gilding.

The doorbell rang as she lay there. It was Hartley, perhaps. No one else knew where to find her. She half rose from the davenport. Then she lay down again, and kept very quiet. After a second ring, whoever it was went away.

Toward ten o'clock she remembered that she had had no dinner. To dress and go out now would break her content. She opened a can of soup, and after she had eaten it she



**ELEPHANTS** 

tramping across my rugs?

NO, not actual elephants—but if they did tramp through your house, you could see how their crushing weight would destroy your rugs. Yet you and your family pound-pound-pound across your floor coverings, each footstep a hammer blow with the weight of the body behind it-grinding the fabric against the floor!

Science has perfected Ozite Rug Cushion-a shock absorber for rugs that defies even the tramp of elephants. Ozite cushions the fabric . . . eliminates wear . . . doubles the life of your rugs. At the same time, Ozite gives any rug the rich softness of an "oriental."

Lay your present rugs over Ozite. Enjoy today the luxury and economy that Ozite brings to your home.

Ozite is a cushion of felted hair, like a thin hair mattress. Never wears out . . . always stays soft. Mothproof. OZONIZED. Made in all sizes. Requires no fastening. Buy it wherever rugs are sold.



GENUINE Ozite Rug Cushion now bears the name impressed on the face of the fabric! For your own protection, be sure you look for the name.

GUARANTEE

Ozite Rug Cushion is sold under an ironclad guarantee of satis-faction. It will give you a lifetime of satisfactory service.

## Chatelaine Patterns

#### may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighbourhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.



#### List of Stores

ONTARIO Amherstburg Walker's Stores, Limited Arnprier Walker's Stores, Limited Aylmer Walker's Stores, Limited Barrie .Walker's Stores, Limited

Belleville Canadian Department Stores Limited

Bowmanville Walker's Stores, Limited

Collingwood Walker's Stores, Limited Cornwall Walker's Stores, Limited

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Canadian Department Stores,
Limited Napance Canadian Department Stores. Limited Niagara Faits
Canadian Department Stores
Limited

North Bay Canadian Department Stores Limited Walker's Stores, Limited

Orillia Walker's Stores, Limited W. A. Dewland, Limited

Ottawa L. W. Bell, 763-767 Bank Street Murphy-Gamble, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited

Owen Sound Bunt's Limited Parkhill White & May Co. Palmersten F. A. Ashmore

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Limited

eterborough Richard Hall, Limited Canadian Department Stores

Picton
Canadian Department Stores
Limited Renfrew Walker's Stores, Limited

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Canadian Department Stores
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Canadian Department Stores.
Limited St. Themas J. H. Gould, Limited

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Sudbury Canadian Department Stores, Limited Tillsonburg Walker's Stores, Limited

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The Whitewood Trading Co.,
Ltd. Lloydminster H. C. Messi ALBERTA

Calgary West of England Dress Goods BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Westminster W. S. Collister, Ltd. Vernon
Jerry Eatin Store
Salmen Arm
G. De Scott



## My Adventure with the "V.O.N."

Continued from page 18

she's just too trifling and lazy to ring the doctor up, or us. Every time I get out of the house without shaking her I add two more inches to my wings."

Our next call was on a Mrs. Bianca, whose

small son Anthony was wailing from the effects of a "leetle banan'" in his diet.

Our following three child welfare visits were in well kept homes, where we found intelligently cared for infants, but even here the nurse's advent was much appreciated, and several little matters were smoothed out to the future benefit of the small citizens, and then we turned our attention to our pre-natal calls, and if I had been struck with the importance of the child welfare work, I was at least as much impressed with the value of this fellow branch of the Order's activities. It would be difficult indeed to overestimate the good accomplished by the instruction given on these visits, while the amount and kind of practical preparation required—desired—hoped for—by the nurses, was a salutary

shock to my preconceived ideas.

It was in this connection that I recognized the full value of one aspect of the post-graduate training, the teaching the Order's nurses to adapt to their own use the ordinary utensils found in the average home, and by so doing helping very materially to ensure their welcome into such homes. And as I presently learned, it took some doing. The hospital nurse has the resources of the institution at her disposal; the private duty nurse can ring up the nearest hardware or drug store and procure what she needs, but Victorian Order nurse will divert the family preserving kettle from its customary sphere of usefulness, and elevate it to the giddy plane of sterilizer for gloves and instruments; she will intercept a superannuated pudding bowl on its way out to the vard with chicken feed, and with much scrubbing and boiling turn it into a perfectly adequate surgical basin for hand-

Looking, listening and learning at every step, I completed a most useful afternoon, and returned to the flat at six, for supper, my day's work done. But not, as it proved, my night's work. As new obstetrical cases were liable to come in at any time, it was important that I should be instructed as early as possible in the Order's own particular way of receiving the new arrivals. Only obstetrical cases were attended after 10 p.m. One of the assistant nurses was ays in readiness for these calls, going off duty in the afternoon, and going on again from six until eight the following morning. In the event of a second maternity call coming in while the nurse on night duty was engaged, the nurse who had been longest without a case of the kind took it, being granted time off the next day for necessary rest. Jerry bade me consider myself the second call nurse, and advised me to go early to bed.

I was glad I had done so, when soon after three o'clock, she woke me with the news that I might have ten minutes in which to be ready to accompany her to a case, and in exactly the given time we were on our way through the sleeping city. We found the patient well prepared in all particulars on which the Order laid stress, and her home a pleasant and convenient one. The

doctor arrived simultaneously with ourselves, and in a little over an hour the birthday party was happily over, mother and babe were settled down in a darkened, airy room, and we had put everything in readiness according to the inviolate rule of the Order, that the nurse who came in the morning might be able to get to work without a minute's unnecessary delay. And then the phone rang, and the man of the house called Jerry, just putting her coat on. It was the one nurse remaining at the flat, just in time to catch us with word of a hurry-up call from an unbooked case down by the railway sidings.

"Someone we never heard of before. Jerry informed me, as we hastened out to the car. "I don't suppose she has made any preparation whatever, and we've no time to go back to the flat for emergency supplies. Something whispers to me that this is going to be wonderful education for you, woman."

So far from having made preparation for the expected arrival, Mrs. Livinsky—already the mother of three sons and four daughters—appeared to have thought that if she supplied the baby, a grateful community would furnish the trimmings. And so it proved. A mani-festation of providence in the form of a comparatively clean neighbor had bobbed out and phoned the doctor and the Victorian Order, and on our arrival, won herself an imperishable place in our regard by producing a much worn, but clean, bedspread, with permission to rip it down the middle and use for top and under sheets on the heap of rags on a sagging spring that passed for a bed. Such as it was, Jerry made it up at top speed, salvaging a corner of the spread to serve as an outfit for the baby until a nurse could get back with some clothes for the hapless infant, while I swept accumulation of rubbish and young Livinskys out of the room, and laid clean newspapers—supplied by priceless neighbor —on a two-legged bureau which was all there was in the way of a table. We had half a roll of absorbent cotton, a packet of sterilized towels, and the small surgical basin that always travelled in the big case bag, and with a soup tureen donated by the house of Livinsky, for a second basin, and hot water hurriedly brought in from next door, we were able to help the stork make a safe landing within ten minutes of our arrival. I could not have imagined a finer example of the usefulness of the V. O. along this particular line of endeavor.

The next morning I was given a list of

patients, enough carfare to see me through, and was sent out on my own. I was initiated, and for one happy, varied, strenuous month, I worked side by side with the regulars of the Order. And then the nurse whose place

I had taken returned on duty.
"Of course," Jerry regarded my down-cast expression with a slightly malicious gleam in her eye, as she handed me my cheque, "Granted the brains and ambition, you might qualify to 'wear the nifty blue uniform and drive round in a flivver' yourself." The quotation marks fairly shouted at me, but I did not mind; it was coming

"Qualify," I echoed, thoughtfully, "I—" but as Kipling says, "that is another story."

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In the bathroom door she stopped short. Above her own lingering sobs she heard another, a more sinister gurgling.

All she needed now was to have the plumbing leak. And sure enough, the plumbing was leaking. Just as it had in Centreville the day of her great aunt's funeral, and in the flat when all four of the girls were down with flu, the plumbing was leaking. Heart-break and lost jobs had to wait. Helen bathed her eyes and went to look for the superintendent.

In that brand new building, she spent the week-end entertaining the plumber. And Monday morning she started out to look for

She needed thirty-five dollars a week, so thirty-five dollars was what she asked for. By Wednesday she had come down to twenty-five, and by Friday she decided that she couldn't give her services away. There were too many secretaries out of a job, of course. It would be better to get into a new line of work. But you had to tie a new line so tight, or you found yourself slipping off the end.

The second week nothing kept her going except the realization that long as they were the days must end. All the anxious scanning of want ads, and weary plodding from office to office, was over at five. She was free to shut herself in to the blessed quiet, and soak in hot water until her strained nerves

Afterward she got herself something to eat in the kitchenette. She was glad to do her own cooking nowadays. At this rate she would soon have nothing left to cook; and the relentless approach of another rent day gave her a panic.

Hartley had vanished down the vista of her worries. He seemed like a man she had known on another planet. At first, to be sure, she had stopped eagerly at her mailbox at every homecoming. But he hadn't said anything about writing; and either the job or other interests must be keeping him busy.

Then one evening she didn't think of mail until she was upstairs; and she couldn't face a fresh disappointment. So it happened that a letter lay in her box all night; and she found it when she was on the point of sally-ing forth once more to see who didn't want a good stenographer.

The letter wasn't from Hartley. But below his illegible signature, Mr. Birnbaum's name was carefully typed. His letter asked her to call and see him "tomorrow morning."

That meant Thursday. It was today!

She sailed into his office like a movie star fresh from Hollywood. Mr. Birnbaum, leaning back in his chair, looked at her with twinklingeyes. "So! Everybody's been asking about you. Since you left, they can't get a clean ash tray in the reception room, and all the new magazines get stolen. We should never have started with an office hostess.

Now we got to keep it up."

Helen felt giddy with relief; but she ssumed her best hostess tone as she said,

"It will cost you fifty a week, too."
He made a face. "Anything else?"
"Back pay for all the time I've been out.

And you're lucky I don't charge you copyright for my idea," said Helen saucily.

THINGS come easily, when they come at all. In ten minutes more she was back at her job. She only regretted that she hadn't struck him for sixty dollars while she was

The day was house-cleaning and a birthday party rolled into one. She reached home tired, but victorious. She had a hot bath, and brushed her hair for ten minutes, and made herself a cup of tea. Then she stretched on the davenport, and simply luxuriated. This was all hers. All hers, and it was going on. Could a world that had been so black only yesterday be so sweet tonight? There was one thing lacking still, but she had had practice in keeping herself from thinking about that one thing.

The doorbell rang, and she swooped to answer it, with her hair still down about her shoulders. It was undoubtedly someone at the wrong bell, but she felt too good tonight to let anybody just ring and ring.

When she saw who it was, she flung her news at him. "Hartley, I've got my job back!" Then she laughed at her own absurdity. "But you didn't know I'd lost it, did you? Come in. Sit down while I get my hair up."

my hair up."
"Your job?" echoed Hartley blankly.
"Oh, yes! That was one thing I wanted to talk to you about. They've offered me a place in the branch office. Twice the salary I'm getting here."

Helen turned to look for hairpins as she murmured unsteadily, "That's fine."
"No, it isn't. It's off the main line. I'd do better in the end if I kept in here. But I've always felt a man shouldn't marry until he can support a wife.

"If you ask me, he shouldn't discuss the family budget until he's at least asked the girl," said Helen firmly. "Hartley, be careful! You almost got a hairpin in the eye just

"You're so little and sweet. I ought to be taking care of you," he whispered against her hair. "Do you really want to go on working, and make a home for me, too?
You're not just being kind to me? You really love me so much?"

She had such an earnest little face, and such a sweet soft voice, people always thought she was serious when she was joking. Contrariwise, Hartley chuckled and told her he had always adored her sense of humor, when Helen said, "I love you more than that. I love you so much, I wouldn't scold if you got there first and used up all the hot water."

## Will You Introduce Me?

small dinner or luncheon, four at a brdge table, and partners or players in any game.

At a large luncheon or tea, it is necessary only to introduce a particular guest to a few of the other guests. When Mrs. Jones arrives, Mrs. Brown, who is receiving, first sees if Mrs. Jones knows anyone in the room. If she doesn't, Mrs. Brown would turn to the lady nearest to her and say, "Mrs. Smith, have you met Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Smith would then introduce Mrs. Jones At a dinner. other guests at the luncheon. At a dinner, a gentleman should be introduced at once to the lady he is taking in, and if possible, to the lady he is taking in, and it possible, to the lady who is to sit on his other side. At a country house party, the incoming guest should be introduced as soon as possible to the various members of the family, as they partially assume the duties of the host and hostess.

At a tea or at any other function, a guest who is leaving should not be introduced to the guests who are just greeting the hostess. If the guests are scattered around the room,

never, never lead a newly arrived guest around the room to introduce her. Another rule for introductions is that no one should be introduced to two people who are talking together earnestly.

Letters of Introduction

A letter of introduction is a very delicate matter, and, as such, should be handled with care.

Of course it is understood that such a letter would only be sent to a personal friend, and only to some place where the welcome of the letter and bearer is assured. A letter of introduction should always be given to the bearer unsealed. He or she given to the bearer unsealed. He or she should then seal it in the writer's presence. In connection with presenting a letter of introduction to the addressee, a woman always sends the letter to its destination by mail. The letter should be placed in a separate envelope which also contains her card with her transient address. She must then wait for the other person to take the initiative in becoming acquainted. initiative in becoming acquainted.



Even your tea cosy must be "right"

Smart women who intend bringing their tea-table appointments up-to-date with handwork, are recommended to work with Clark's "Anchor" Pearl Cotton. This beautiful lustrous thread has been produced in Canada by the makers of Coats' & Clark's spool cotton. For all kinds of knitting, crochet and embroidery, Clark's " Anchor " Pearl Cotton is absolutely reliable both for color and wear. 40 fast shades, including all the loveliest and most artistic colors.

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f your child came screaming like this





... you'd jump to the rescue instantly. Chapping can torture children's hands as if they were pierced with pins. But Hinds Honey & Almond Cream brings swift and soothing relief.

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S Honey & Almond

# no more BAD COLDS!



drink water and rub chest with

## **MENTHOLATUM**

Experienced mothers know that drinking lots of water will flush out body poisons. Those same mothers know that nothing equals Mentholatum as a chest-rub and throat-rub for quick, direct action on the cold centers. After rubbing thoroughly with lots of Mentholatum, the chest is covered with warm flannel. Clean Mentholatum will not stain clothing or bed linen.

Also apply Mentholatum inside the nose, where it soothes irritation and clears up stuffiness.

Your druggist jars and tubes	
30¢ and 60¢	
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Send your name and address with 10 cents to Dept. C-4, Mentholatum Company, Bridgeburg, Ontario. You will receive a sample of Cough Drops and a trial box of Mentholatum free. "Feel it Heal."

Address

sat until two in the morning, simply too happy to go to bed.

The next morning when she was taking the soup can to the incinerator she found a note that must have lain under her door all night. She had no telephone; and Hartley Rivers, finding his ring unanswered, had scribbled that he'd like to take her out to dinner Sunday, if she cared to go.

So it happened that she started Hartley and the new job at the same time. He telephoned her at the office Tuesday, and again Thursday, and both evenings she went out to dinner with him.

She had liked him to begin with, but he improved on acquaintance. He was interested in her new job, and he had a great idea of taking care of her. He made her eat cream soups, because she was too thin. He walked her so many blocks every evening, because she was indoors all day. Helen, who was always tired enough at the beginning of an evening, found herself less tired, just sort of sleepy and contented, by the time Hartley said, "That makes twenty blocks. Had enough for one evening?"

There came a Sunday which was a clear gift from spring thrown forward into winter. Hartley called her before noon, and they went forth into the sparkling day.

They journeyed down to the lake shore and walked in the sand, though Helen had her best pumps on. They ate hot dogs, and then they strolled or the board walk. When darkness fell they came back to the city, and had dinner.

Hundreds of other couples were doing the same things. But Helen and Hartley were a very special couple. Never in her life had she felt such a warm sense of having come home at last. She belonged with Hartley.

She wished that this day need never end. When they got back to her apartment she asked him in. It was growing late, but Hartley came. He wouldn't sit down, and he wouldn't light a cigarette. He acted like a man with something on his mind.

Helen, who had been making conversation

Helen, who had been making conversation for strangers all the week, suddenly felt the need of making conversation for Hartley. "Have you heard from Adele lately?"

"Not in a long time."

"Then perhaps you don't know she's going to be married."

"Who's she going to marry? Anybody we

Already it was "we." Helen said hastily, "A young doctor. She's keeping her job, she tells me."

"She will keep it. It takes a doctor forever to get established."

"Well, so long as they don't mind . . ."
"I would," Hartley squared his shoulders.
"I'd never ask a girl to marry me until I could support her."

"A great big he-man, aren't you?" teased Helen. But she felt her heart sink. The warmth that had surrounded her all day passed off in a shiver.

When he suggested that it was late, she didn't argue. She watched his back retreating down the corridor, and the slam of her own door seemed to cut something short. She turned away with a little feeling of sickness.

She drew hot water for a bath, and opened a new jar of bath salts, rose this time. She was being nice to herself, as if she had had a great disappointment.

But as she lowered herself into the tub, her face cleared. By the time she reached down to turn in more hot water, she had relaxed all over.

"Marry him!" she thought scornfully.
"Marry him—and then spend the rest of my life waiting for him to get through shaving!"

There was once a man who had to choose between his girl and his cigarette. Take it for a parable.

HELEN continued to see Hartley. As a convenience indeed he ranked high, for on the evenings when she didn't dine with him, she opened cans in her kitchenette.

The job, at least, was going gloriously. In the inner office fortunes were dealt out, ranging from affluence down to bankruptcy. But it was Helen who shuffled the cards, in the rearranged reception room. She wore the same plain dark blue crêpe dress every day; but every day now she looked her best. Her hair was like spun silk from sedulous shampooing, her hands were lily-white, her flesh pink and almost transparent. A private bath is an investment, if your job is meeting people.

But Helen was financing her investment out of capital. She paid her rent on Paradise a second time, thanks to some desperate saving. But when a week of the second month had gone by, she sought Mr. Birnbaum and hinted that her raise was due.

"You got a lot of people talking to you in the reception room every day," said Mr. Birnbaum, "Especially men. But we ain't making any more money than we was two months ago."

"The work is harder than steno," said Helen firmly.

"Then you better go back to your desk. That is, if they ain't hired another girl in your place."

Helen gasped as if she had been slapped. But she had profited by her practice in meeting people. She looked him square in the eye as she said, "It doesn't make any difference whether they have hired another girl. I'm quitting."

He looked slightly apologetic. "You don't need to do that, just because you had a punk idea and it didn't work out."

"It did work out," snapped Helen, "And I'm quitting."

"Then make it this week," retorted Mr. Birnbaum. "This is Friday anyway, and we're in the red enough for all those mirrors and armchairs."

Helen finished the day in the centre of her court, like a queen about to abdicate. Smarting with indignation, she looked forward to the evening She was having dinner with Hartley Rivers, and though there had been a shade of misunderstanding between them on Sunday, he was still the good friend to whom you told your troubles.

But Hartley had news of his own. "The firm is sending me to our branch office tomorrow," he said over the soup.

Helen's heart sank. "For how long?"

"Can't tell. Until they get things straightened out in the office. There's been some trouble there."

"It will be a nice change for you," said Helen crisply. "Almost like a vacation."

Their dinner lasted longer than usual. Helen had been listening all afternoon, but she went on listening now. Hartley talked and talked, about his plans and prospects. Helen scarcely got a word in; and when she did, she never mentioned the subject uppermost in her mind. She couldn't go beefing about her lost job when he was on the verge of leaving. Especially not when he was so cheerful about leaving.

They walked up to Helen's apartment. She didn't want to ask him in, but she found herself asking him. He shook his head, explaining, "I've got to pack tonight."

"Just come in for some coffee?" pleaded Helen.

He ignored the plea. "I want to be there and settled before Monday morning. This is really an important job. I won't go into technicalities, but . . ."

But he went into them. For a solid half hour he kept her standing in the doorway while he enthusiastically explained a lot of things that she couldn't have understood even at her brightest and best, let alone at the end of a day when everything in her life had collapsed at once.

He was in the best of humors, and took his leave jauntily. When he turned away at last, Helen closed the door quickly for fear she might call to him and stop him.

He was off for an adventure, possibly for a promotion. A man's life consisted of such things. Her own attempt to get on in the world had been a melancholy failure. And the world was full of pretty girls.

She stumbled to the davenport and threw herself down. She cried in hard, strangled sobs like an angry child's. After five minutes crying she felt much worse. She must take herself in hand. She got up and went for a drink.



## how much

IS YOUR TIME WORTH?

You don't value it very highly if you spend precious minutes in scrubbing toilet bowls. For a few cents you can have that most unpleasant task done for you.

Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush, an antiseptic, cleansing powder, into the toilet. Follow the directions on the can, flush, and instantly the bowl becomes spotless. All odors are eliminated. All germs killed. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is purified and cleansed. And Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush — cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

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are out, but he is bound to see them sometime and think that I was holding out on him. From one plain girl to another, such a procedure is fatal.

Be a sport. Yes, and when you get to be a decent golfer, some day you are going to slip up and beat him. This causes a disease known as inflated ego. If you lose it's just as bad. Being plain, you can't look up at him appealingly, let a roseleaf lip tremble and cause him to think, "Poor pretty little thing, what does golf matter anyway. It takes a big strong man like me to teach you," and then let him proceed in a lordly Instead he thinks, "She's not only homely, but she can't even play a decent game of golf. Ambrose, my son, you're wasting your time. What about the pretty little trick on the switchboard?" and and hustles you home.

Now my legs are not bad. In fact they are really quite shapely, and when I cross them to advantage, they get me more breaks than anything else. But my forehead is too high and my chin too determined. If I try to wear bangs and look babyish, I merely succeed

in looking kittenish, and as a youthful brother puts it, "A coming candidate for the Old Maid's Convention," where, he informs me, I will have a ringside seat. If I half shut my eyes and try to look mysterious and romantic, I look as though I had a bad case of eye-strain. If I look the world straight in the face as is natural for me to do, I look like a rather plain, intellectual girl without any sex-appeal.

Now don't mistake me. There are girls, pretty ones, plain ones, fat ones, thin ones, but no matter what they look like, or how much brains they have or lack, if they have a little of that last mentioned quality about the premises, they don't need to depend upon anything else. But I am talking about the other 90 per cent of the world's feminine population—the girls who have to employ synthetic sex-appeal. Men, being blind, deaf, dumb and helpless when it comes to women, only believe what they see, and a pretty face makes a showing no set of brains in the world care consider the world care. in the world can emulate. That's why I'm telling you, "give me beauty, just an ordinary amount, and I don't need any brains.'



### The Caretakers

Continued from page 14

Calverley," said Gladys with enormous determination. "Mind you, Auntie dear, I don't say I'm going to marry Cecil; but I'm drawn to him," and she changed her position and put her hands on Mrs. Hibbert's knees with a caressing gesture. "Be our friend, and help us if it comes to a row with Uncle John. Why should Uncle John object to him? Simply because he has no money, I suppose."

"John could scarcely think that added to his attractions," said the old lady, smiling. Tell me all about him, dear. Remember, I

know nothing—except that he amuses me." Gladys got up, crossed the hall, and took an unobserved peep into the dining room. Cecil's snack seemed to be developing to a substantial repast. He was doing well, and making the butler laugh while he refreshed

himself.
"To begin with, Auntie dear, he's a

"Ah, I suppose that's what John meant when he said he was a ne'er-do-well."

With indignation and eloquence Gladys recited the good qualities of Cecil Grange. He was full of imagination and enterprise.

He was always doing things.
"And now that I have done things myself," said Gladys, alluding to her work during the war, "I can't go back to our dull, stupid old ways. Uncle John often talks pompously of the ferment of new ideas and the new world created by the war, but he the new world created by the war, but he is just as sticky and cut-and-dried as ever. He goes on as if everybody else was emancipated except poor me. And I can't stand it. Aunt Jane, you don't know what it is to be perpetually checked, told you mustn't

do this and you mustn't do that, warned to be cautious and not to run risks."

"Oh, don't I?" cried Mrs. Hibbert loudly. She got up from the grandfather's chair and walked about the hall in excitement. "You mustn't do this, you mustn't do that. It's what I hear all day long. Old as I am, I don't want to be put completely on the shelf; and that's what they all try to do. They mean well. It's what you call a tyranny of love, but I feel sometimes that they're driving me out of my mind. I feel ready to do something desperate, just to prove to them that I don't require all this ridiculous

"Oh, Aunt Jane." Gladys was alarmed by the old lady's violence and excitement. "I'd no idea you ever felt like that. But won't you sit down quietly-and let me read aloud to you."

"Now you're doing it too," cried Mrs. Hibbert, more excitedly than before. "'Be careful, Aunt Jane! Don't break a blood-

"Y(u—you frighten me, Aunt Jane."
"All right, dear." And the old lady becoming calm returned to her seat by the fire. "Yes, Gladys," and she laughed. "You shall read me the newspaper if you don't want to unpack."

"Oh, no, there's no hurry. Which paper? Here's the Times and the Morning Post.

"No dear. Open that top drawer," and Mrs. Hibbert pointed to a cabinet. "My paper is in there;" and she smiled. "It's not supposed to be good for my health, so I have to take it on the sly."

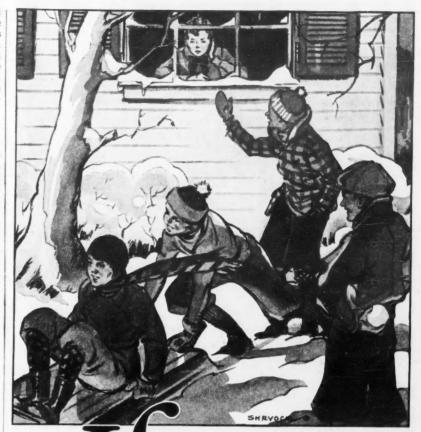
"Oh, Aunt Jane, what a lamb you are to like the *Telephone*." said Gladys, fetching out the newspaper as directed. "Cecil is on the extra staff of *The Telephone*."

 $S\,{\rm HE}$  came back to her low stool and began to read aloud. They formed a charming picture thus: the venerable old dame in the large chair, the graceful young girl leaning against her knees, with the firelight flickering on both their faces.

Gladys read the particulars of The Teletheir gigantic new airplane was to start on its epoch-making flight round the world. Ten days was all that *The Telephone* allowed it for the prodigious journey. do the twenty-five thousand miles in ten days, *The Telephone* would scrap it without an instant's remorse. But *The Telephone* instant's remorse. did not doubt that the feat would be accomplished successfully.
"What's that?" said the old lady, pointing

to a headline and reading the large print without spectacles. 'WHO WILL BE THE without spectacles. 'WHO WILL BE THE FIRST WOMAN?' What does that mean?"

Gladys read how one woman was to go in the 'plane, and that out of hundreds of applicants she had not yet been selected. She would be chosen on merit only. "Qualifications: vigor-power of endurance-



children could be raised "under glass"

... But children cannot be raised like hot house blooms. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. With this exposure to changing weather, some colds are bound to come-and of course, as every mother knows, they must be treated promptly, before complications set in.

"Dosing" is Risky

Yet, it is risky to "dose" these colds. Too much internal medicine upsets children's digestion, lowers their precious vitality and invites more colds and other ills. Millions of mothers now solve the problem with Vicks VapoRub—the modern external way of treating colds, coughs, and sore throat.

Just rubbed on throat and chest,

Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, drawing out the soreness and tightness; at the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the body heat, are breathed in direct to the irritated air-passages. Of course, being applied externally, Vicks cannot disturb the digestion and may be used freely and as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

#### **Equally Good for Adults**

Adults have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, too. This better method of treating colds is in keeping with the whole trend of medical practice, which is steadily getting away from needless "dosing."

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"I took Virol myself before baby was born. Since his birth Virol has been part of his daily diet."

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. E. Barnett, Mother of the child whose photograph is shown above.

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## I Would Rather Have Beauty Than Brains

Continued from page 3

tooth brush," pimples or a cantankerous mother-in-law. My brains never bring me anything but boring old men for dinner partners. I could gnash my teeth when my hostess says, "Oh, Colonel, I am putting you next to our dear Miss Brilliant; you will enjoy talking to her she is so clever." Gur-ur-ur, if anybody calls me clever again the story will get an eight-column streamer of red ink four inches high.

What if I can spell and can hold down my job without being told to do the same things over again every day? Give me a cute nose, and I won't need to know how to spell. Correct spelling will bring me in twenty-five dollars a week, perhaps, but a cute nose will give me a meal ticket to punch for the rest of

my life.

Take, for example, in our office. Miss Watson is a bright intelligent girl—but her legs are thick; at the ankles, you know. The way my kid brother expressed it the other day when he was up to see me and caught sight of her was, "I take a look at a girl's legs, then a look at her face, and decide whether to take her out or not." Of course, the return of the long skirts is going to fool a lot of them on that score, but I ask you, what can we do about our faces?

I LIVE with a couple of girls—the other sort. Mabel is slim with cute wide-set eyes, brown, curly hair, an adorable dimple, and a peaches and cream complexion. Right now the men who read this article are thinking, "Gee, I wish I had her 'phone number." They don't care what's inside her head—the dimple and the peaches and cream did the trick.

She can wear clothes, she can look unbelievably sweet, but she hasn't an idea in the world beyond, "I wonder if he'll 'phone tonight?" "He's the handsomest thing, girls, and you should have seen the look Margaret gave me when I took him away from her." But the way the male population trail into our suite after her—and the telephone! Her only worry is keeping her dates from getting mixed up, and having them find out about each other.

Beth, the girl she chums with makes a delightful background for her. She is so plain. She can cook, she is brainy and she admits quite frankly that she would rather be married and care for a home of her own than anything else in the world. Any boy lucky enough to get her would be getting one of the finest girls in the world. But they can't see her for Mabel. What chance has a star when the sun comes out? Beth skimps all year so that she may be able to take her young sister for a holiday during the summer and put some roses into her cheeks. Mabel spends all her money for glad rags, a nice present for His mother and sister, and then accepts one of a dozen invitations to spend the holidays at a summer home.

Can you blame her? Certainly not. Her face is her capital and believe me it's a gilt-edge stock. She can cash in on it every day of the week and the dividends only get higher.

Then the other girl I live with—she is one of those deep mysterious girls. She has long languid eyes of a queer shade of blue that have been compared to "Ma's blue granite preservin' kettle" by her rural Romeo, to "Smoldering pools of blue fire" by a defunct poet.

Which reminds me, while I am about it—when I get another go at this world I'm asking first for red hair. I don't know whether it was Titian or Clara Bow who popularized red hair, but whoever did, deserves a fat royalty from the fortunate legation who possess it. They have one corner of the market wrapped up and put in the safe where neither the bears, bulls nor travelling salesmen can get at it!

salesmen can get at it!

Well, to get back to Sonia. To begin with, her family took into consideration the fact that she had to face her fellowmen—especially the men, and live with her name the rest of her life, so they gave her a decent one. When I introduce her and say, "This is my friend, Sonia Donaldson," the masculine part of the party prick up their ears and say, "Sonia, what a delightful name." They look at her auburn hair, catch the "wanta learn" spark in the pools of blue fire and immediately enroll for instruction. The female section of the crowd hope that she may be cursed with halitosis, the only known cure for a pretty face.

Do you wonder that I say that an ounce of complexion is worth a pound of grey matter?

OF COURSE, there is the odd man who is attracted to a brainy girl, but "odd" is usually the word. They fall into one of two classes. The first is the man who is looking for a wife who can be depended upon to bring home the bread, butter and baloney when he quits, because the boss doesn't appreciate him, and then to keep him in spending money during these little vacations. The curious thing is that while these girls have the goods under the dome on everything else, they invariably show no sense at all along this line, but I put it down to their being women. I feel the same way.

to their being women. I feel the same way.

The other type that get them is the absent-minded, near-sighted, studious type, wracked with calculus, and stewed in learning. Whether it is instinct, or just blind groping for someone who will take care of his physical needs or not, I do not know, but somehow he manages to get a clever girl. She takes care of him and is usually so tender-hearted that she won't leave the poor boob even though he never really sees her well enough to tell whether her nose is straight or a pug.

Then take me as an instance. I don't get

Then take me as an instance. I don't get many breaks between my two room-mates. Of course, I can have their left-overs, but what self-respecting girl with a little pride wants to spend her evenings with a left-over who just sits and raves about the other girl's charms?

Dorothy Dix and some of these experts in affairs of this kind say —learn to cook—be a sport—do something better than any other girl can. Men will admire and respect you and then a real man will come along and want to marry you. Well how does it work

I learned to cook and can say that my pies will melt in your mouth. I ask over the charmer of my fancy. He sits up and eats the pie, gazes at Mabel and thinks it is her pretty face that gives him that glorified feeling of satisfaction. Next time he comes over it's Mabel's turn to cook. She says she can't and he says, "Never mind, girls, let's go down town and eat" and where am I? Of course I could have him over when the girls

quite all right, and if possible I will telegraph.

Then it would seem that up to the moment of departure she had preserved her memory. But the mystery deepened, their fear grew more harrowing. If not loss of memory, was it insanity?

Maud became hysterical, saying she had seen it coming on without recognizing it. Her mother's last words were not rational. She had said that she might disappear up the chimney; but Maud at the time had thought it was only a joke.

Gladys, in tears, declared that Aunt Jane had also spoken to her wildly-saying things she had never heard her say before.

It was a dreadful night. The family

camped at the house, but none of them slept. They kept going to the front door, opening it, and looking out.

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Next day, that long, long Sunday, was worse. No news. The police had heard nothing, and they gave advice that as yet the family hesitated to adopt. The doctor could get no tidings of her at hospitals or infirmaries

Throughout the interminable hours they had only one gleam of comfort. This was in a telephone message from "the man Grange," as John Hibbert called him. Mr. Cecil told Gladys not to be alarmed. He said that he was the last person who had talked to the old lady, and he could assure them that she was not only quite sensible but in the highest spirits; as she said herself,

"ready for any lark."
"A lark!" said Mr. Hibbert. "But that is not a sane expression-from a person of her

At a council held in the evening, it was decided that they must no longer shrink from publicity. The thing was desperate, and desperate measures must be taken. If no news came by tomorrow morning they would do what the police urged, and advertise her as missing.

To see her name in the public press would cause pain. Moreover, they naturally felt that the scandal of it would be a reflection on themselves. After taking care of her for thirty years and being known throughout their circle as most efficient caretakers, they must confess that they had simply mislaid

 $B^{\rm UT}$  on Monday morning all sense of reality seemed to them to be destroyed; they were carried from ordinary life into what was like the world of troubled dreams.
"Have you seen the Morning Telephone?"

shouted Mr. Ralston, running in just ahead of his wife.

They were re-assembled in the dining room after breakfast, and he spread the paper on the table. Clustering round, they stared at the headlines. Oh! "MRS. HIBBERT."

Her name was in the papers without their

"A START MADE"—Miss Maud read n, gaspingly. "Mrs. Hibbert, the lady on, gaspingly. "Mrs. Hibbert, the lady passenger, was asked to give the signal, and next moment they were climbing into space
... Crossed the coast of Ireland an hour Wireless reports flying steadily and at a great height above the Atlantic Ocean Mrs. Hibbert selected by committee as first

They looked at one another with super stitious dread making their faces pallid and drawn. It was somebody else, of course. It would be too fantastic a surmise to imagine that this Mrs. Hibbert could have any connection with them. Still, as Mr. John said heavily, it was a worrying coincidence that the name should be made prominent and notorious just when they wanted to advertise for their Mrs. Hibbert. They looked at one another. Mr. John's big face was twitching, and the hand that toyed with his beard shook perceptibly.

Then Gladys gave voice to the idea against which they were all struggling

envelope, and in her rather shaky handwriting, "Open this at once." Inside was a half sheet of paper.

"Don't fuss," said Mrs. Hibbert. "I am going for a little trip by myself. I shall be was all right, and if possible I will a little trip by myself. I shall be was all right, and if possible I will a little trip by myself. I shall be was all right, and if possible I will a little trip by myself. I shall be was all right, and if possible I will a little trip by myself. I shall be was all right, and if possible I will a little trip by myself. I shall be was a li was Aunt Jane and no one clse.
"How dare you say that?" murmured not fainted, but for a few moments he was speechless

Dr. Jennings, coming in opportunely, attended to him, and also gave first aid to Maud and Mrs. Clive, both of whom seemed in a bad way. And in the midst of the con-Jane had practically threatened to do it, vowing she intended some desperate deed; and how she Gladys had, alas, perhaps suggested to her the deed itself by reading aloud all about the circles edicates.

aloud all about the airplane flight.

And then, as if in a dream, Mr. Cecil Grange was there talking noisily, waving another copy of *The Telephone*, saying that

he had hastened "to congratulate them."

"Isn't it magnificent of her?" he cried enthusiastically. "Oh, how proud you must all feel! At her age! The grit, the pluck!"

And he went from one to another boisterously offering his felicitations, shaking Mr. John's nerveless hand, slapping Dr. Jennings on his averted back, holding Mrs. Ralston by both elbows and looking as if in his ardor he intended to kiss her on both cheeks.

Gladys told him to be quiet, asked him if he was mocking their distress; but for a moment or two he got Gladys alone, and either by the infection of his optimism or in some other way he managed to calm her so completely that henceforth she showed scarcely less confidence than he. Then he returned to the others, more and more taking charge of them and guiding their thought.

When one of them still expressed a doubt, he told them to ring up the newspaper office and make assurance doubly sure.

They did so. Mr. John, rallying, conducted the operation himself, but the others all followed him and stood round the instru-There was no mistake about the ment. name, said the newspaper office. It was Mrs. Hibbert.

"I should ask for her private address,"

suggested Cecil Grange.
And Mr. John did so. The others could not hear the answer, but they read it in his face as he staggered from the instrument. The private address of the lady now whizzing high above the waves at two or three hundred miles an hour was No. 403 Portland

Mr. John sat down again, with bowed head, and murmured one word. "Suicide."
"I am firmly of opinion," said Dr

Jennings, "that it's an impossibility that my patient-

"Impossibility." said Cecil, turning upon him sharply. "What do you mean by that? She has done it. She's more than half way across the Atlantic, and you say it's impossible!"

"Yes, I say she will never come back alive. 'Bosh! She'll come back safe and sound all the better for the change of air.'

Dr. Jennings made a gesture, and Mr. John dolefully shook his head.

"Now look here," cried Cecil, laying his hand cheerily on Mr. John's shoulder. "If you're anxious about her, I'll tell you the sporting thing to do."

"Sporting!"

"Yes, Charter an airplane yourself, and spin off to meet her. You can't overtake her of course, but if you go the eastward route instead of the westward there's no reason why you shouldn't hit her off anywhere the other side of the Malay Archipelago." And as if taking fire at the brilliancy of this notion, he offered Mr. John his services in arranging the whole thing. Money being no object, he vowed that he would have a tip-top, up-to-date, long-distance 'plane ready in twelve hours. "There. Rely on me. Be ready to push off by midnight."

"I cannot," said Mr. John, looking up at

face. "I am physically incapable of the effort." him with oxlike eyes and large quivering

"Nonsense. Think of her. Show yourself a chip of the old block."

"I have not sufficient force."

Cecil Grange turned away disappointed.
"Then you, Ralston?"







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## MAPLEINE



courage; and capacity to take care of her-

"Capacity to take care of herself!" Mrs. Hibbert sighed after repeating the words. They seemed like an echo of her own thought. "Put the paper down. Here comes Mr. Grange;" and she whispered. "Leave us alone, dear. I would like a little serious chat with Mr. Grange."

Gladys went upstairs and Mrs Hibbert

and the visitor sat talking very comfortably. You had but to see the young man to under-stand how entirely distasteful he must be to so solemn a personage as Mr. John Hibbert. He was gay, enthusiastic, on fire with the spirit of the age. But he made himself extraordinarily agreeable to the old lady. toning down his exuberance, cracking only his mildest jokes. Nevertheless he made Mrs. Hibbert laugh heartily.

"Upon my word," she said, "you always do me good. You are so buoyant and

optimistic. What was that you were say

"Why it is as old as the hills. But we have forgotten it. Men, and women too, of course, can do whatever they like. There is simply no limit to their powers if they call upon them. Spirit is everything. Matter is nothing. That's true, Mrs. Hibbert."
"I believe it is," said Mrs. Hibbert.

"At any rate it's better than Dr. Jenning's feeble tonics."

And then, without premeditation, she opened her heart to Mr. Cecil Grange and told him that the kindness of her family was killing her by inches.

"But they have no right to bully you, You are your own even in kindness. mistress.

"But I'm not my own mistress." And, as an instance of her tutelage, she spoke of the stalwart wench downstairs that she would engage to oblige Price, but did not dare.

They went on talking. He was quick of apprehension, sympathetic, understanding at once the whole situation.

"If I could prove I don't want all their

care!"
"Nothing simpler," said Cecil. "Assert ourself once for all. Go away by yourself. Refuse to take any of them with you. After that, they'll see you can do without 'em.'

Then idly he picked up the newspaper and began folding it. Suddenly he put the paper down again and burst into loud laughter.

"Mrs. Hibbert," he said, recovering from the explosion, "an absolutely priceless idea has come into my head. If you're up to it, if you're really game, I believe I can help you to give them such a lesson as they'll

never forget."

Then, like two conspirators, they talked

in low voices, eagerly and excitedly.
"There it is," he said at last. "Now, will

"Yes." said the old lady, with resolution. "I'll do it. Ring that bell, please." She had got up again and was walking about the hall. "Send me Price," she told the butler.

And when Price came she spoke firmly. "Price, pack immediately for both of us no more than I shall want for a fortnight. Be quick about it. Mr. Grange will help you down with the boxes and give you further instructions. Not a word to anybody."

GONE out?" said Mr. John Hibbert by gone out?"

The concert party had returned, and rapidly consternation and horror descended upon them as the astounding intelligence became clear. Mrs. Hibbert was not in the chair by the fire; she was not upstairs; she was not in the house. Miss Maud immediately became as one distraught; her sister and Mrs. Clive talked at the top of their voices. Mr. John sank into a low chair, breathing heavily.
Stephens could only report that his

mistress had caused a taxicab to be fetched and had gone. Stephens had not seen her go; he believed that Mr. Grange had let her out.

"Mr. Grange! Was he here? How dared you admit him?" And henceforth Mr. John

asked everybody how they dared. He was plainly crushed by the stupendous event,

quite unable to bear up against it. "Price may know more," said said Stephens shakily. Price had appeared in her hat and jacket, and the others clustered round her.
"How dared you let her out of your sight?"

said Mr. John, still sitting collapsed on his

Price, agitated but firm, defended herself from accusations of negligence. she was only a servant and had to obey orders. Her mistress had given orders and she had obeyed them. In her own mind she declared, she was convinced that Mrs. Hibbert had gone right away, "for a journey

"Impossible," said Mrs. Ralston. "With-

out luggage! All alone!"
"But she took things with her," said
Price. "Just a few necessaries. I packed
them myself."

"How dared you," said John
Price went toward the vestibule without
nswering. "Where are you going?" someanswering. "Where are you going?" some-body asked her.
"I am going to look for my mistress,"

said Price stoutly. "To follow her wherever she has gone.

In the midst of their confusion Gladys came downstairs. She was quite as surprised almost as much alarmed as any one.

"How dare you encourage Mr. Grange?" said her uncle. "Maud, I believe that man is at the bottom of it. He has lured her away, perhaps meaning to hold her to

What utter rubbish, Uncle John!"

And Stephens, joining in the conversation, said Mrs. Hibbert had not gone with Mr. Grange; because Mr. Grange had been standing by that table there twenty minutes after her departure, and Price and her cousin had come up from the basement to speak to him.

"Price's cousin! Who's she?

heard of her. How dared she?"
At this moment Dr. Jennings burst in upon them.

What is it? What has happened?"

He had been frantically summoned by Miss Maud, and she now clung to his arm incoherent and sobbing.

"Oh Doctor Jennings. Twenty years— never outside the door without me to take care of her-or one of us with her-or a maid at least."

Apprized of the actual facts, Dr. Jennings tapped his forehead and offered a ready explanation. "Loss of memory! You may depend upon it. With people of that advanced age it comes sometimes in a moment;" and he made an expressive gesture.
"The curtain descends. They are lost—everything gone, even to their own name."

And as he expounded his theory, fresh horror gripped them with a cold embrace. The doctor said that the old lady was probably wandering about the streets, perhaps close by, perhaps at the other end of the vast town. With some hazy notion of a journey, she had called for a taxi; but soon she would lose even that vague idea; she would dismiss the car, and begin to roam aimlessly hither and thither, not knowing who she was, or where she was. However, if any faint subconscious thought still existed, they might reasonably hope that it would guide her footsteps in the direction of home.

"And what are we to do?" So far of course they had done nothing.

"I can only suggest informing the police, and sending searchers out—in the hope of meeting her. I myself will advise the principal hospitals-in case of accident."

Poor Maud shrieked.

HEY all went out searching the neigh-THEY all went out searching the locality borhood for the wanderer. Happily the rain had stopped, but that horrible idea of accidents drove them and goaded them. Even heavy Mr. John moved fast this evening.

They were dead-beat when they gathered at the house again, and then the first discovery was made. She had left a note for themon the hall table. In the great agitation no one had seen it. Stephens found it-an

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and when presently Stephens brought her some tea they allowed her to pour it out for

"Well," she said, sipping her tea and looking up brightly, "it was all very enjoyable, but I am quite glad to be home again."

They could only stare at her with awe and admiration. In their new frame of mind and admiration. In their new frame of mind it seemed strange, abnormal, to see her sitting there so quietly. They expected her to be up and doing. All felt relief when Cecil Grange arrived; his boisterousness made conversation easier and gave them a lead.

"What are your plans for the evening?" asked John. "Do you think of dining at a restaurant and doing a play, or what?"

But she said she would dine at home

tonight, and she asked Cecil Grange to be of

"Of course, mother will be mobbed wher-ever she goes," said Mrs. Ralston, as though mobbing was quite natural and proper in the

circumstances.
"Of course," said Mrs. Clive. "She's the heroine of the hour."

"There'll be public dinners in your honor," said Mr. Ralston.

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It was quite mbaror do. coat;

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said Mr. Raiston.

"And they'll offer you untold sums for a lecturing tour," said Cecil.

The old lady shook her head and smiled modestly. "I don't want anything of that

modestly. "I don't want anything of that sort. No, nor newspaper interviewers either. Keep the reporters away from me."

"Just as well," said Cecil Grange. "I understand your feeling exactly."

At dinner she was stupendous; sitting there in her big chair, literally making nothing of the achievement, treating it as a matter of course. But for Cecil she might. matter of course. But for Cecil, she might have refused to speak of it at all. Cecil, however, rather in the manner of Boswell with Dr. Johnson, drew her out, and pressed for

"Did it pass off without a single accident?"
"Yes," said Mrs. Hibbert, "except for one annoying contretemps. I have lost my handbag."

"Did you let it fall into the sea?"

"Did you let it fall into the sea?"
"I cannot say. I only know that I looked for it on my arm, and it was gone."
"From that vast height," said John solemnly, "I suppose your views of the land-scape were of the vaguest?"
"The land," said Mrs. Hibbert, opening her mittened hands, "was just like a map."
"But without the lines and the names of places, of course," said Cecil, rather unnecessarily explaining.

necessarily explaining.
"And you were often in the clouds, I suppose?"

"Oh. frequently." "What were the clouds like up there, mother?

"Well, my dear, very like clouds anywhere else.

"And your letters and messages? How did you get them off?" "We dropped them in parasols." "Parachutes," corrected Cecil.

"Yes, small parachutes. Very pretty, it was." And Mrs. Hibbert glanced downward, as if in memory tracing the descent of a parachute with the mails. Stephens, following her eyes, picked up her hand-kerchief from the floor and laid it at her

"And the pace never slackened? You never stopped?"

"Well, we slowed down, if I remember right, for, for"—and she looked at Cecil Grange.

"For engine trouble," suggested Cecil.
"Yes, that was it. The engine was very troublesome. However, I mustn't complain. because it never kept me awake at night."

"Oh, mother darling, you slept, you

actually slept at night?"
"Very well, indeed, dear; and I dozed a good deal in the daytime, thereby missing some of the fun but enjoying the restful-ness." She beamed round at them with her kindly smile. "Well, what more can I tell

"Food!" said Mr. John. "How did they

manage to give you nourishment?"
"Well, they did their best. Though I must confess the cooking was but so-so. They were punctual. That is a great thing."

"And you really and truly knew no weari-

"Oh, no. I read my book, and played patience

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Ralston. "Didn't the cards blow right out of your

"Well, now you mention it, I think they must have—in the end. Yes, I have lost my cards too. And now, if you please, we will say no more about it."

They lowered their eyes to their plates, murmuring apologies for having bothered her by their questions. Her tone had been gentle as ever, but in it they read invincible

During the evening she quietly asserted her authority more than once. In a few confidential words with John she said that Mr. Calverley must be dismissed from his suit, for Gladys was to marry Mr. Grange.

"Of course, if you wish it, mother."
"I have just said that I wish it, John." "Then I must not presume to object."
"I hope not," said Mrs. Hibbert, and she

looked at him queerly.

looked at him queerly.

She further said that she would provide for the future of Gładys. "You know, I have not yet made my will, John."

"No, but my dear mother," said John, "there's no hurry about that. Indeed no."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Hibbert.

She was wonderful. They loved her; they were proud of her; but, because of what she had done they feared her now.

had done they feared her now.

Next afternoon she went for a little walk by herself up and down Portland Place, and Miss Maud watched her fondly from an upper window but did not dare to join her.

Before her walk was over a strange clergy-man forced himself into the house, explaining that he had brought back Mrs. Hibbert's little embroidered handbag. He courteously

gave it to John.
"A thousand thanks. But how on earth

was it recovered?"

The clergyman said he had found it on the sofa in the hotel drawing-room, close to where they used to sit playing patience of an evening after table d'hote. "So as I was coming up from Torquay today, I told the manageress I would bring it myself. The two packs of cards are safe in the bag. If I may say so, how lightly dear Mrs. Hibbert carries the weight of her years! But, forgive me, you seem agitated."

SHE was not the first woman. She had not flown an inch. Little by little they all understood the trick that she and the man Grange had played upon them. It was that stalwart young person Emily Baines who had gone round the world in Mrs. Hibbert's name, while Mrs. Hibbert herself stayed at a comfortable seaside hotel waited upon by Emily's cousin, Price the maid.

But although Mrs. Hibbert had gone no further than Torquay she had achieved her object. She had asserted herself, eman-cipated herself, and she would never again lose the freedom thus conquered. The care takers had had their lesson; and, as Cecil promised, they did not forget it.





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MONTREAL WINNIPEG NEW YORK CHICAGO



"I absolutely forbid him," said Mrs. Ral-

Miss Maud, listening, had begun to jerk her head and twitch her arms in nervous excitement.

'Mr. Grange," she said, "I'll go. Arrange it for me.

"Ah, there spoke the instinct of the race," said Cecil enthusiastically. "Bravo!"
But Dr. Jennings intervened. "I must

put my foot down there. In the condition of Miss Hibbert's health I cannot allow—"

"Oh, you," said Cecil; "you'd never allow anyone an hour's innocent relaxation or healthful amusement if you could help it. When I think of your treatment of Mrs. Hibbert!" And looking at the doctor with a lofty air, he worked himself into a great state of indignation and enthusiasm. "You kept her almost a prisoner within these walls. For her relatives, blinded by affection, there for her relatives, blinded by affection, there is an excuse; but for you—knowing her constitution, her reservoirs of power! Yet you ventured—you ventured to restrict the liberty of this glorious old lady! Upon my word, I marvel at your temerity."

'These remarks are quite uncalled for," said Dr. Jennings very feebly.

"But she," continued Cecil, in withering tones, "she, nothing daunted, on her own initiative, soars beyond your reach; goes forth to make a new record, to furnish history with another splendid page."

He turned his back to the doctor, and went to talk to Gladys.

Dr. Jennings, all warm and flustered, complained in a whisper to Mr. John. "Those remarks were quite uncalled for. I refuse to admit any mismanagement in my handling

But Mr. John disregarded the protest, seemed scarcely to hear it. "And she hasn't even executed her will," he groaned. "We shall have an intestacy on top of everything

ONG before this, of course, all the Leservants of the house were cognizant of the wonderful affair. Through the doors that led to the domestic offices came gusts of excited chatter; one heard footsteps, an occasional shout or snatch of song. If Stephens had not kept them in order they would have given cheers for their gallant old mistress. Stephens himself hovered in the hall on the skirts of the family group, unable to absent himself from the centre of excitement, eager as an ancient retainer to have confidences reposed in him. Presently he ventured to ask Mr. John for instructions. "Any orders that you would desire to

give me, sir?"
"Orders!" said John. "Orders!" said John. "Yes, have the blinds pulled down all over the house." And he let his head sink upon his breast, so that the beard fanned out round his ears and his voice came low and muffled. "Admit no one, on any pretense whatever.

"Except me, of course, Stephens," said cil gaily. "I'll run in and out as often as I Cecil gaily. can with the latest news.

Behind the drawn blinds hour after hour dragged itself away; Gladys was busy comforting and sustaining Maud, vowing she felt it in her bones that Aunt Jane would come back to them; and late that evening they received a message that seemed satisfactory, so far as it took them. It was a cablegram from Long Island.

> Delightful run. Enjoying trip immensely. Love to all. Jane Hibbert."

Once more the Morning Telephone was scoring a triumphant success. world was watching with breathless interest the progress of the great mechanical bird.

Day after day in the darkened house at Portland Place the relatives of the lady passenger moved like haggard, restless ghosts. In imagination they were with her. Safe in bed, Miss Maud had fits of dizziness; Mr. John, ponderously coming downstairs, had the illusion that he was swooping through clouds toward sunlit waves and experienced that unpleasant sensation about the pit of the stomach which had always made him avoid using elevators. Mrs. Ralston clung to her husband in doorways and said she felt "as if being blown away by a rushing wind." They went nowhere; they cut themselves off from communication with friends; they just waited and suffered.

They had another cablegram from the Pacific Slope, one from Yokohama, one from Bombay; and as she drew homeward toward them their hearts beat faster and faster. During these nine days of unspeakable dread, faint nope, and overpowering wonder. the man Grange tried hard to cheer and encourage them. They turned to him for the latest news, they sought the support of his sanguine temperament. He came to meals just as he pleased. He openly called Gladys by her Christian name, and no one reproved

Their universe had nose-dived and gone upside down; all its old rules and regulations

were wiped out forever.

And now the gigantic airplane was coming up the Red Sea; it swung across the eastern corner of the Mediterranean—it was, so to speak, at their very door. The stop-press of the last special editions said that it would be down before dawn.

They were all waiting for her in the hall when, at about four a taxi stopped outside the house. Stephens and the footman rushing forth found a lot of luggage outside the cab, and Mrs. Hibbert with her maid Price safely seated inside it. Next moment the old lady was in the bosom of her family.

'This faithful soul met me," she said benignly, as Price passed through the hall small baggage.

said John diffidently, "how "And now." are you, mother?"

"Oh, capital, John;" and she smiled at m playfully. "I always told you I was up him playfully.

HE was exactly the same as ever. It was they who had changed and become quite different. They stood about shy and embarrassed, not quite knowing what to say or do. No one pushed forward a chair: no one offered to relieve her of her hat and coat; 3 I

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# A MID-WINTER SELECTION OF FROCKS To Replenish Your Wardrobe

Cape Collars, Boleros and Vestees are Engagingly Feminine

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No. 862—A smooth hipline is gained by the flaring sections inserted in the skirt of this attractive frock. The bolero is separate. Flat crêpe, crêpe de chine or wool georgette would be suitable materials. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires 5½ yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of contrasting material.

Price 25 cents





No. 924—The deep U-shaped inset vestee is an unusual and becoming feature of this dress which is especially designed for the larger figure. Silk crêpe would be a suitable material. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 43/4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 25 cents.

No. 814—A charming style which is suitable for practically any occasion. The graceful cape collar is in perfect accord with the pleats that join the skirt yoke in scalloped outline. With or without sleeves the dress might be made up in flat crêpe or wool georgette. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires 43% yards of 39-inch material.

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### Cross Currents

Continued from page '

lifted. "I'm glad. He's rather a fine person said with an effort at lightness. "And you

"And mine. Well now I'm here for a bit so we'll meet often. What about lunch after tomorrow? Mae's got to be away and I want to repair my bad luck in not meeting you before.

'I'd love to. Where shall we lunch?"

"Anywhere. Here if you like. One-fifteen? Right. Funny isn't it that life plays su'l odd tricks."

"Has life done that to you?"
"Darned odd!" he said his blue eyes steel-blue and a little bloodshot from exposure to hardship, bitter winds and searching hers with a puzzled burning sunslook, "Some day perhaps I'll tell you—and perhaps not. You dance like an angel."
"I'm glad you approve," Tania said demurely, and they both laughed.

Sick at heart as she was, his irresponsibility of manner was refreshing; and although he was older in years than she had at first thought, he had the careless gaiety of youth.

"Blakiston a great friend of yours?" he asked after a minute, and Tania's smile

"No," she said briefly and he gave her

hand a little squeeze.
"Good for you. He's a queer fish. Cheek
of me criticising one of your party. I've
met him at Mae's."

"When are you and Mae going to be married?" Tania said hastily, wishful to change the conversation. "I was so surprised to hear she was engaged."

"In the spring I believe. I want to take her back to Canada. Think she'll come?'
"To Canada?"

"Yes. Plenty of sport. It's a fine country."

Tania glanced across the crowded floor to where Mae tanguidly and expertly charles-toned, incredibly slim, very fair with pouting heart-shaped scarlet lips, chin tilted, eyes half-closed-her usual pose. extravagantly dressed, extravagantly made up; Mae artificial with a doll's daintiness, and a figure that was all invitation. She thought of deep snows, of silent forests, of mountains lifting their majesty against the

sky; of a land not patient of artificiality.
"I don't know," she said at last. "I've
only been to Canada once but Mae likes town life. Does she know where you want to take her?"

"I've told her it's country—besides it's a fine place in Western Canada. I'd like you to see it-spend a winter there-

"How d'you know I should like it?" "I do know. You are different from Mae. If you were going to marry me I should never give the matter a thought. You'd love the sport and the outdoor life and the parties and the fun."

"You've known me less than an hour. Are you not rather reckless?"

He looked down into her eyes and smiled. "Of course, I'm reckless. Always was. But an hour—what nonsense! I've known you all my life. Both of us feel that. Own When I nearly knocked you down on the payement outside-and now-since we've danced, I've held you in my arms-Tania why didn't we meet before?

His voice was demanding, he had tightened his hold till she was pressed closely against his body. She was sophisticated, armed by pain against giving way to impulse or trusting a sudden emotion, yet a strange mist seemed to cloud brain and will, a weakness that was pleasure and peace and safety. As if she were in a dream she gazed back at him, into his eyes, returned the close grip of his hand .

What matter? . . .
"Larry—" she heard herself speak his name and the shock roused her to a sense of the truth and the danger that lay beneath the glamor of that strange moment did matter this was reality not dreaming.

'I think we are both quite crazy!" she

are certainly sentimental."
"Very likely. What's it matter? Don't pretend with me. There's no need."

"Pretend? What about?"

He looked at her for a minute, but did not speak. A second later the music stopped and Mae came up to them, her partner following her.

"Hullo Tania, how do you like Larry?" she enquired. "Think he'll do as a husband for me?

Tania laughed.

"I haven't thought about him particularly from that angle, but I certainly think he will do as a dancing partner.

"Just as important. Larry darling do get e some more punch. I'm hideously thirsty.'

UDY came slowly across the room, her quaint piquant little face lifted toward Rodney's which was bent over her with an air of intimacy that caused Tania to frown, and they all sat down dividing the party into two groups. Tania noticed that Rodney sat next to her little sister and paid her a great deal of attention. So much so in fact that Daphne's eyebrows went up meaningly and presently she remarked to

"Rodney's rather hit isn't he? Judy seems to be amusing him pretty successfully."

Talk, laughter, the irresponsible gaiety of people who refused to consider anything in life worth bothering about, prevented Tania from heeding much else. In her effort to hide any sign of her real feelings she was as gay as anyone in the party and such good company that Rodney covertly watching her from the other table, felt his sullen rage mounting and the idea of revenge which had begun as a mere suggestion of evil crystallizing into a definite decision.

Tania danced once more with Larry Cardross but he too had caught the heedless spirit of the evening and there was no further talk beyond frivolities. Somewhere about three o'clock in the morning Judy stumbled into the car beside Tania sleepy and laughing, and they drove through the empty streets.

R ODNEY is rather a pet isn't he?" Judy said watching the gleaming wet street ahead of her with sleepy eyes as the car sped homewards. "Why hasn't he been round more. I think I'm rather keen."

Tania, startled out of her own thoughts, drew her cloak around her with a little

"Keen on Rodney Blakiston? He's too

Reen on Rodney Blakiston? He's too old for you Judy. Besides he lives in England. He doesn't often come over."
"I'm tired of boys," Judy said with a world-weary air. "They are all alike. Rodney is different. When did you meet him first?"
"He's port your trees."

"He's not your type-five years ago when I was staying with granny—and anyway dear you oughtn't to have been at the party tonight. You know you are not even properly out."

Judy snuggling against the shell-pink velvet of Tania's shoulder, laughed.

"I know. All the more fun. And after all who's to tell? Daddy won't hear."

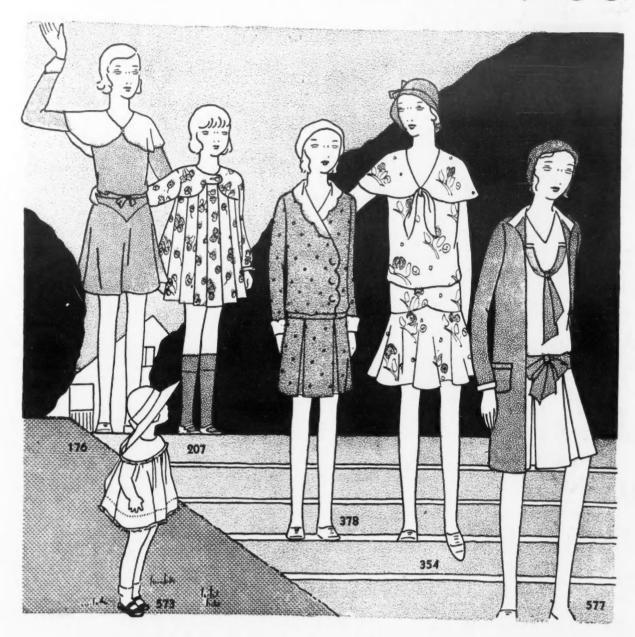
"He might. I wouldn't do it again.
Besides—mother's home. You'll have to consult her now."

consult her now. "Why should I?" Judy said rebelliously. "She hasn't bothered about me for two years. As for daddy, he's too full of his own concerns. If he's up, by any evil chance, I'll just sneak to my room and you can go in and do the camouflage act for me. I'm sleepy. How d'you like Captain Cardross?

He's much too nice for Mae!"
"I think he's charming. When are they to be married?"

'Two or three weeks. Mae says he's simply crazy about her-she's lucky. Tania. the

# IN-AND-OUT-OF-SCHOOL FROCKS



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## Are Simple to Make And Smart to Wear

No. 176—Simple, youthful, and smart is this frock with the deep, laced-edged cape collar, pointed cuffs and yoke. Georgette or crêpe de chine are both suitable materials. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 25 cents.

Price 25 cents

No. 207—A charming little workaday dress that is made very easily. The curved yoke buttons primly across the front and the skirt is pleated. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 13/4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 25 cents.

No. 573-A youthful yoke and shoulder posy adorn this dainty party frock which might be made of georgette, muslin, or one of the silk crêpes. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 25 cents.

No. 378—An ideal little tailored frock for school wear. Collar and cuffs are of contrasting material. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 23/8 yards of 40-inch material and 3/8 yard of con-

Price 25 cents

No. 354—The cape collar and flared skirt are very becoming to a young style. The frock might be made in either figured or plain silk crêpe. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 21/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Price 25 cents

No. 577—A smart and practical ensemble for the school girl, which would be very attractive carried out in navy blue with lining and bows of red. Interlining and, if desired, a fur collar, makes the coat entirely suitable for winter. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, 2% yards of 35-inch lining material, and 2% yards of 35-inch dress material.

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don't need to rub. Sloan's warms like sunshine when just patted on. Used in 13 million homes. Get a fresh bottle from your druggist today. Only 35¢.

**SLOAN'S Liniment** 

when are you going to get married your- Tania had learned in horror that the place

"Oh-sometime! When I meet a man I like well enough to say I'll spend the rest of my life with him. How stuffy the car is."

She leaned forward unwinding the indow, and the cool damp night-air rushed in as the car swept in a quick turn and stopped before a stone house with green tubs on the Italian iron-work balcony, holding green trees, and a beautiful iron grille over the door's glass panels.

Before the car had quite stopped the doors were opened and Carter discreet, not even apparently sleepy despite the hour was awaiting them.

"Is my father in?" Tania asked as the door closed behind them and Carter shook

"No Miss Tania. He went out with her ladyship about ten."

Judy made a little grimace of relief but Tania frowned as they went up the winding stone staircase. If their mother were to start once again this endless round of parties and gaiety what possible chance could there be of a successful renewal of married life. Ross was tired; busy with immensely responsible work, he could not ossibly go out night after night, and Lady Emily was no wife to amuse herself with the society of other women and be bereft of her husband's company. They had separated once and the result had been disastrous enough. Ross growing silent, gloomy, taking no notice of his children; the little ones left to nurses and servants, Judy in her most impressionable years growing up any-how with no proper training, getting in with a wrong set, rushing about with a gang of youngsters half grown-up and all children of wealthy and careless parents— herself . . . Tania thought of herself and dismissing her maid sat by her dressingtable, an orchid chiffon wrap pulled round mechanically polishing nails that needed no attention and let herself face the past.

She had been just sixteen when she realized that her parents were getting on just about as well as most of the wealthy worldly set in which they moved.

Then came Tania's visit to her grandmother, the Duchess of Lambourne, her presentation at Court and her first season. The duchess was charming but strict; she was to have Tania for six months and during that time Tania only saw her father once, and her family not at all. She had been a great success, had learned much and gone everywhere and among the men she met had been Rodney Blakiston, a major in the Hussars.

His mother was a particular friend of the Duchess of Lambourne and Tania saw a great deal of him. She refused to accept any of the men who proposed however, Blakiston included, not caring for any of them, and the duchess was rather disappointed. Then Lady Emily announced her intention of coming over to fetch her daughter back and almost on the eve of her arrival Blakiston who had sulked for a week or two came to drive her to a dance which was being given at a house some thirty miles outside London.

E WAS a man of a very curious and dangerous mentality; Tania's refusal had infuriated him and on this evening he determined to force her hand, for he infatuated by her to such an extent that he was hardly sane.

On the way home in the early hours of the morning directly she had taken her place in the car, he had driven away without waiting for the couple who were to accompany them, and Tania annoyed and uncom-fortable found herself faced by a thirtymile drive alone with him at two o'clock in the morning.

All had gone well at first. Then Rodney had resorted to the ancient expedient of a breakdown, he had taken her to a country house discreetly calling itself a country club, where he had made great pretense of telephoning for a car, been caught there in the raid of which he had been warned and as notorious.

Rodney had apparently been desperately disturbed and horrified, had informed her that their names must figure in the highlycolored proceedings that would ensue, had painted with skilful touches the position in which she found herself, and begged her to marry him at once so that he could protect her from the scandal that must follow considering the reputation of the place. Tania, having lively recollections of her father's stern opinions and her mother's contempt of weakness, faced with the unknown horror of police-court publicity, believing alas, all Blakiston had said, went with him one never-to-be-forgotten day in April to the

Marylebone registry-office.

He had assured her that he would not attempt to enforce his position until she came to him of her own accord, willing to be his wife because she loved him, and had also sworn that once his wife he could keep her name out of the whole affair at Irleigh Manor. He had known tragically well how to handle a girl so innocent of the evil of the world as Tania; and when after that brief ceremony he had swept aside his former words and laughed at her for believing them she had been at first too stunned with dismay to resist.

There was a street, irreproachable, discreet and quiet, near Manchester Square, down which she had never gone until this day, of which she could not think even now without a shudder, for it had never occurred to her to question his word, to doubt his assurance that until he had made her love him, the marriage was to be a marriage in name only.

She had gone back to Lambourne House on the evening of her wedding day prepared to meet her mother on the morrow. had hidden her own turmoil of anger, fear. and shame beneath the self-control that her breeding and tradition imposed upon her, and found in the return to New York life, the youth and carelessness and gaiety with which she was surrounded, something of an anodyne for her outraged soul.

Blakiston did not worry her further; having married her, he was for the time being content, unable in his egotism to believe she would be able to persist in her avoidance of him.

'HE first time she met him again was at Ascot in the paddock a year later, and the world of trampled grass, blowing manes, satin coats and lovely dresses had gone for the instant black before her eyes; but he had behaved with careless formality and gradually as the months passed into years she had begun to believe it all a dream.

Tonight as she undressed she tried to view the evening with mind unbiased by imagination or prejudice. Rodney had come into the open, had threatened-what his threats meant she was not yet prepared to consider. She herself had made the acquaintance of a man whose personality disturbed her innermost being, and that man was to be the husband of one of her friends.

Why should Larry Cardross mean to her what no other man had ever meant? Why had she herself been permitted to be so ignorant a little fool that she had wrecked her life sooner than face the risk of gossip? Why even Judy knew more of life now, than she herself had done five years later; Judy would have laughed at her panic.

Judy in the same position would have napped her fingers at scandal or risk, told the man what she thought of him getting her into such a mess and dared her world to care two pins whether she had been in a raided house or not. She would not have feared and it was fear all throughfear of consequences, fear of public opinion, fear of life itself that had spoiled every-

ARRY CARDROSS was in the fortunate position of having an income entirely separate from that of his widowed mother, an income left him by an adoring English godmother who had made him her sole heir. The legacy meant a house in the English

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No. 129—One of the smart new jacket-frocks, with flared peplum and pleated insets in the skirt. A leather belt and contrasting collar and cuffs afford an attractive relief. This frock is very smart in velvet or lacy tweed. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 2 \(^8\)4 yards of 54-inch material with \(^8\)4 yard of 35-inch plain material.

Price 25 cents

No. 117—An afternoon frock that is suitable for both mature and youthful figures. The deep open front shirred below the inset vestee, is very becoming. Silk Crêpe or chiffon velvet are all excellent materials. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price 25 cents

No. 801—A smartly tailored dress with low inserted pleats and pointed insets on the sleeves. It is trimly belted at the natural waistline. Tricotine, lacy tweed or wool crêpe are all excellent materials. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material with ½ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 25 cents





No. 843—The front-pleated skirt joins the bodice of this dress with an unusually distinctive line. It might be made of one of the new light-weight tweeds, with collar, cuffs and belt of plain material. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material with yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

Price 25 cents



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Interesting Skirt Yokes





## CAUGHT COLD?

IT'S easy to throw off a cold when you know what to do-and do it. Two or three tablets of Aspirin will break up a cold in a jiffy! Take them promptly. Aspirin will check your cold at any stage, but why wait until you are miserable? These tablets are perfectly harmless because they don't depress the heart. If your throat feels sore, crush three tablets in 1/3 glassful of water and gargle. This will ease your throat and reduce any infection. A cold needn't worry you if you take these simple precautions. But even a simple cold is serious if you don't.

Remember that, and remember to get the genuine tablets stamped Bayer. Read the proven directions for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica; and for the prompt, positive relief of periodic pain. Until you are familiar with the many valuable uses of Aspirin you can't realize how much suffering is really needless.

All druggists have the genuine tablets of Aspirin. The box says Aspirin and you will see the word Genuine printed in red. Full directions are enclosed.

shires, an income of nearly ten thousand pounds a year, and the only stipulation one that obliged him to keep up the place properly and spend at least three months there of every year.

Larry, tremendously keen on his Canadian ranching, had cursed at first, then had become resigned, and since the war and his engagement, was not only resigned but delighted at the excuse thus given him for keeping a home in Europe. Up till today he had been very content with life, but this morning, after the party at the Plaza, he awoke with an unaccustomed weight on his mind and lay frowning at his man as that silent individual moved about the room. putting out clothes.

Larry bathed, dressed, looked at breakfast and decided he didn't want any, and iust after ten rang through to Mae. She just after ten rang through to Mae. She wasn't up, the maid informed him, did not wish to be disturbed till she rang, so foiled in that attempt at duty he went out.

As he swung into Fifth Avenue he came face to face with Tania Ardwyn.

She was walking quickly. The rough wind had whipped a lovely color into her face and in her straight brown coat, beige fox and small beige hat, she looked as beautiful as she had done the night beforewhich was, so Larry reflected, the case with

which was, so Larry reflected, the case with darned few women and hardly fair on a man. "How fine seeing you!" he exclaimed as they shook hands. "It's the sort of thing one dreams of and never does. Which way are you going? May I come with you?" "I should be charmed. But you were going the other way?"

going the other way?"

"It doesn't matter. Nothing of importance. Are you often walking as early as this?"

"Early?" Tania's voice was amused. "It's nearly eleven. Of course I am. And

"I? Oh I never sleep late. My farm has me up and it's a habit. I'd like to show it The farm I mean.

to you. "I wish you could. Tell me about it." He needed no further encouragement but began to talk of his ranch and his life there

and Tania absorbed by his skill of description forgot the perplexities and troubles of her own life and was startled when they reached her destination. He accompanied her into the shop where

she was going and as he watched her choosing the glass, an idea leaped into his mind. What was the time—ten past eleven—hour-and-a-half run, hour for lunch, two hours -yes it could be done! As they left the shop he stopped abruptly.
"Look here I'm driving down to my

uncle's old place, Dodsworth Manor—Westchester County," he said. I promised to see to one or two things for him while he's away. Come with me. We'll lunch on the road and I'll have you back in town by Will you? It would be fun wouldn't

Tania's pulses quickened . ali day

alone with this man . . . aloud she said.
"What about Mae? Would she mind?"
"Mae's asleep. I rang her up. Besides I'm not on a leading rein even if I am engaged. Do come. I think you'd enjoy it."
"I know I'd enjoy it," Tania said quietly."

Very well I will. I must get a thicker coat. Larry waved to a taxi.

"You go home and pick up the coat and I'll go and get the car and pick you up in fifteen minutes!" he said, and exactly fifteen minutes later she was settled comfortably by Larry's side in the big two-coater the fox coller of her source on the said. eater, the fox collar of her squirrel coat up about her face and laughter in her heart and eyes. Recklessness seized her, the joy in daring which for five weary years had never visited her. She was running the risk of being seen, of being talked about by the crowd which Judy and she both knew, but for once she did not care. Larry had asked her, had even now glanced down at her with a smile that somehow was different to the smiles in other men's eyes, and she put prudence aside and welcomed pleasure.

The car sped northward out of the city,

through the miles of streets, and along the road to the north. The wind was wild yet soft, the clouds broken here and there showing a clear rain-washed blue, the fields and hedgerows lay bare and brown yet not unbeautiful and Tania gave herself up to the joy of these snatched hours and turned back on all else.

They spoke little until they came in sight of the hills, the last of the city long behind them, when at a lovely sheltered spot Larry

pulled up.

"I hope you won't mind but I had iunch put in the car," he said. "I thought we'd get better food and enjoy it more. You won't mind? Because if you do we can get on somewhere.

"Of course I don't mind. I think it was a splendid idea. I'll unpack while you stretch your legs-you've been sitting so long.

She shed her fur coat, revealing herself in a grey tailored skirt and jumper, unpacked and arranged the excellent lunch that Emmett had provided and was ready when Larry strolled back, smiling at him.

"And I expected to be lunching at one of

my mother's parties at the Ritz-Carlton!" she said. "This is heavenly. Why is it that unexpected things like this, dropping out of the blue, are so delightful?"
"You are enjoying it?"

"Can't you see that I am?"
He nodded, stretched across the improvised table and patted her arm.

"And last night before dinner we'd not

met. Queer how one clicks with some people and not with others. We've clicked, Tania!"
"We have indeed. It's terribly indiscreet

Where are you of me but it's worth it. going to live when you're married Larry?

"I've got to live in England three months of the time"—and he told her the terms of the legacy; "Besides I like it. But look here, never mind about being married just now, can't we be indiscreet sometimes? Just you and me? We know we're friends. You've known me less than twenty-four hours but time doesn't matter. Mae hates motoring except to get anywhere in a closed car and I've been too used to the open air to be able to stand too many restaurants and parties—besides she's half the time buying clothes and having 'em fitted. adore having you with me. That's clumsy. What I'm trying to say Tania, is that we

are friends."
"Yes. We're friends Larry. I'd adore it too—but—" She changed what she was going to say: "We've got to be back in town by six!"

"You shall," his tone changed subtly, became casual, less intimate. "Emmett makes good sandwiches, doesn't he?"

They talked carelessly till luncheon was

finished, drank excellent coffee from a thermos and arrived about half past two at Dodsworth, a little New England village lying along a ridge of fertile country. The Manor gates were about a mile

beyond and the house was set facing south and west, comfortable, spacious wellproportioned; a house that made Tania exclaim with delight.

Larry glanced at her quickly.

'You like it?"

"I love it! I should love to live here!" She spoke on the impulse of the moment and equally on impulse he answered.

"I wish to heaven you were going to!"
The color deepened in Tania's face, she opened her lips to speak, checked herself and began to ask questions about the place's history as they left the car and were admitted into the hall by the housekeeper who remembered Larry as a very tempestuous small boy visitor.

They went all over the house and when the tour was over tea was laid by the fire

and they sat down to enjoy it.

"This is a lovely old house," Tania said as she poured out. "One could do so much for the people and for the land. It's like England. You're lucky to have a place there. You have the money and the time and you're known.

"It will be so interesting having it and your ranch in Canada."

"Darned sight too interesting!"

"Why? You owe it to the land to understand its needs.

"And so you think I must carry on the noble tradition.



# No. 109—A tunic dress which employs a jabot and frills for adornment. The circular skirt of the tunic is lengthened by a circular underskirt which is attached to a fitted slip. Crêpe de chine and georgette would be suitable materials. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material, with 2 yards of 35-inch material for the slip and ¾ yard of 39-inch material for the jabot and frills. Price 25 cents

All Chatelaine Patterns are copied from Paris and New York models and Made in Canada

## TWEEDS, WOOLLENS AND SILKS

Each in their Fashionable Place

Price 25 cents



No. 976—A cloth dress is ideal for street or business wear, especially when it is completed with freshly laundered collars and cuffs as this one is. Light weight tweed, wool poplin, or wool crêpe are all popular fabrics that would be suitable. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires 334 yards of 54-inch material with 14 yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 25 cents

No. 138—A tunic blouse in the Russian manner with drop shoulders and sleeves gathered into wrist bands. The round neckline is broken by a clasp at the centre. The pleated skirt is attached to a lining. Chiffon velvet, flat crêpe or wool georgette are suitable materials. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 234 yards of 39-inch material for the blouse and 1½ yards of 39-inch material for the skirt and sach

Price 25 cents



These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from the stores listed on page 52, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns please name both the number and the size of the style desired.



## Frequent Headaches point to an ACID CONDITION

WHEN an over-acid condition casts its shadow upon you, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor. The whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show that an overacid condition is due to errors in our modern diet. But you need not wait to diet your way out of the difficulty.

Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will quickly neutralize the acid. From the hour you relieve an over-acid stomach with this creamy, pleasant remedy, you'll feel like a new person.

Take a little whenever heartburn, sick headaches, nausea, flatulence, indi-gestion or biliousness, show that the digestive system is becoming too acid. Whenever you are taking cold; when sluggishness shows the bowels are clogged. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle laxative action.

This wonderful anti-acid is most pleasant to take. It is widely prescribed for men, women and children. Leaders of the medical world agree that it is magnesia in the very best form. It's a liquid—not a tablet; bottle and wrapper of the genuine always bear the Chas. H. Phillips' signature for your



"Don't sneer!" Tania exclaimed. "It's so cheap!

"I wasn't sneering. I was trying to tease ou. You look so—" he hesitated then went vou. You look soon boldly: "So adorable when you are enthusiastic or angry. Of course you are right. I know just what you mean."

Tania passed by the remark without comment, had she not laid herself open to it since she had come along with this man who was, after all, a stranger? And even so there was something about him, some vital quality of loveableness that took away offense from anything he said. Leaning a offense from anything he said. little forward, speaking eagerly she followed

her theme.
"You have such a wonderful chance you are in the very prime of your life. You've had wide experience of the world, you know so much more than a man who has never lived in other countries. You can help so much, do so much. Teach the people there is something worth while in staying on the land, in making it productive, that there is something permanent and fine in the age-old fight with the soil because it deals with life, and life is always worth while!"

"Is that the kind of life you'd like? To marry a man who felt that way? Who had those ideals for his country? To bear children-boys and girls to grow up, to ride straight across country and carry their share of responsibility to the less fortunate?

A log fell from the blazing pyre to the hearth and smoldered there lazily; the room was shadowy and still, yet something was awakening there, something vital and full of power. . Tania knew and recklessly for the one moment cared nothing for wisdom.

"Yes!" she said and met his eyes steadily. "If I loved the man I would ask nothing better of heaven itself!"

For one instant the silence was absolute as they looked at one another, then Larry was on his feet and his arms were about her and his lips on hers, and through every nerve and vein a fire leaped and she pressed against him answering his kisses, conscious of nothing but the ecstasy and joy of his

To be Continued

## Oh Yes. We All Like Bananas--

Continued from page 20

secure with a toothpick. Broil until the bacon is crisp and brown. Allow three sec-

#### Baked Ham and Bananas

- 1 Slice of ham about
- 1½ inch thick 2 Teaspoonfuls of flour
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of mustard (dry)
  1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of brown sugar
- 11/2 Cupfuls of milk

Mix the flour and mustard and rub into both sides of the ham slice. Melt the butter in a frying pan and sear the ham quickly Place in a baking dish and cover with the peeled bananas which have been cut in halves lengthwise. Over this sprinkle the brown sugar and pour the milk which has been carefully heated in the pan in which the ham was seared. Cover and bake at 350 degrees Fahr., about one and a half hours, or until the ham is tender.

#### Frozen Fruit Salad

- 1 Cupful of bananas (cubed)
- 1 Cupful of oranges (cubed)
- 1 Cupful of diced pineapple
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 1/2 Cupful of mayonnaise 1 Cupful of whipped cream

Add the mayonnaise and lemon juice carefully to the drained mixed fruits and fold in the whipped cream. Pack in two parts ice and one part salt for three hours. Serve in slices garnished with celery and maraschino

#### Banana Shortcake

- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening
- 3/4 Cupful of milk

Boil the sugar and water together gently for ten minutes. Add the lemon juice and sliced bananas and set aside for half an hour or longer. Make a shortcake dough by mixing and sifting the flour, baking powder and salt, cutting in the shortening and adding to milk to make a soft dough. Bake in a single sheet in a hot oven. Split, butter the soft side and pour over the prepared bananas. Serve with cream.

#### Pie Filling (Cooked)

- 2 Cupfuls of mashed bananas
- Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Egg Yolks
- 2 Egg whites
- 1/3 Cupful of brown sugar
  1 Tablespoonful of butter
- Whipped cream

Mix the mashed banana, the lemon juice and the egg yolks. Fold in the egg whites and fill a cooked pie shell with the mixture. Sprinkle with brown sugar, dot with butter and heat through in a moderate oven. Remove, top with whipped cream and serve at once.

#### Pie Fillings (Uncooked)

- 6 Bananas
- 1 Cupful of cream
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of powdered
- sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of vanilla Sprinkle with grated chocolate

Mash the bananas, and add to the stiffly whipped cream to which the sugar and vanilla have been added. Fill baked pie shell with the mixture and sprinkle with the

#### Banana Cream Dessert

- 1 Cupful of whipping cream 1 Teaspoonful of powdered
- sugar Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Tablespoonful of orange iuice
- 1 Cupful of quartered
- marshmallows
  2 Cupfuls of sliced bananas
- 1/4 Cupful of chopped walnuts

Whip the cream and add to it the sugar, vanilla and orange juice. Mix lightly with the marshmallows, bananas and nuts. Chill and serve piled in tall glasses.

#### Banana Ice Cream

- 1 Cupful of cream
- 1 Cupful of milk 1 Cupful of mashed bananas

Juice of 1/2 lemon

11/4 Cupfuls of powdered sugar Juice of 1 orange

Mix the banana and sugar to a smooth paste. Add the fruit juices, the milk and the cream which has been whipped. Freeze in a freezer, using ice and salt in the proportions of eight to one to pack the freezer. Or the mixture may be frozen in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator.

# that

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tion.

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harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

At the same time the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are toned up and the pure, fresh blood containing Nature's six life-giving salts is carried to every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of the body, and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

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Miss McFarlane, dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, To-ronto, is one of Toronto's most outstanding authorities in dietetic activities.

## MISS M. MCFARLANE Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital

## recommends

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#### Try Miss McFarlane's Recipe for GRAHAM GEMS

1 cup flour 4 tablespoons brown

1 cup Graham flour 1 cup of milk

sugar teaspoon salt

1 cgg

4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

butter melted. Sift together white flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Add graham flour. Add milk, egg and

melted shortening and beat well. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven at 425° F. about

This recipe and dozens of others are included in the New Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, send for a copy. It contains more than 200 practical, tested recipes for all

kinds of good things to eat.

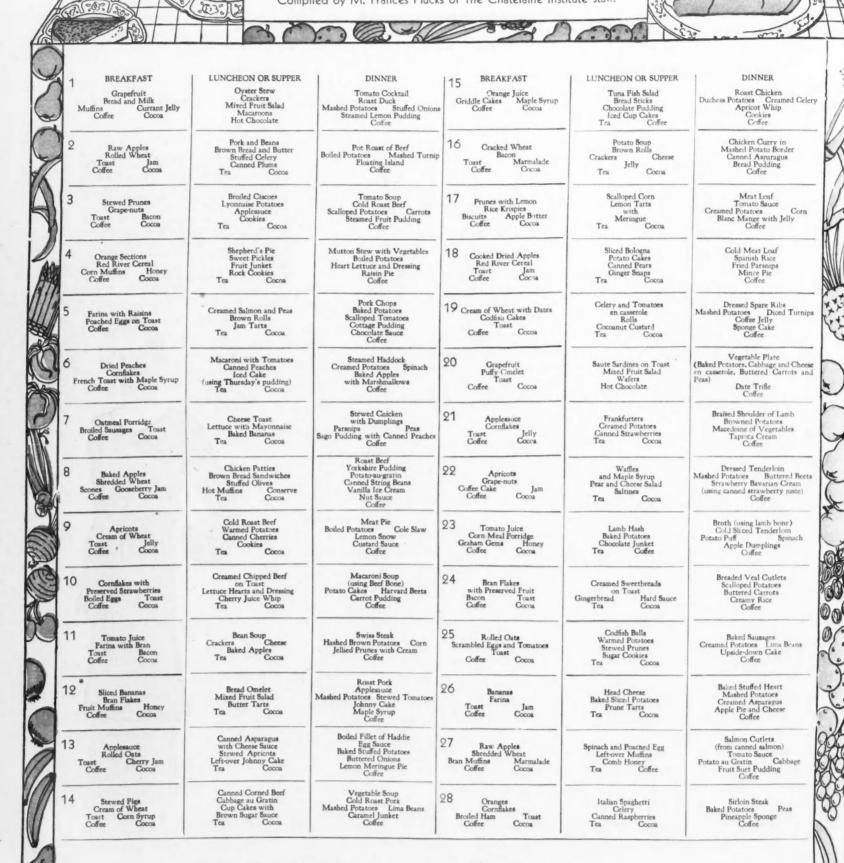
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Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.



The Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks is a regular feature of the Chatelaine every month.

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As dank November sped the Indian Summer, to usher in the everlasting snow, And chill December, just to make us glummer, with thaw and ice and slush played come and so-

 ${
m 7}_{
m was}$  then our Style-Observers, those whose duty it is to know whate'er tomorrow bring. Foretold us in what key of colour-beauty Paris will pitch her phantasies for Spring.

Stylist and Colourist, Weaver and Designer, each scanned and conned and weighed the magic news, Sped daily forth by cable, air and liner, from scouts who watch the Lanvins and Patous.

And now, though winter still persists, fair readers -'ere first lamb skip, or earliest robin sing, We can disclose what Paris fashion-leaders will favour for the dawning mode of Spring. -C. D.

WRITE FOR SPRING SHADE CARD, STYLE BULLETIN AND SAMPLES

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H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director.

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

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\*HE fiction in this February issue of your magazine does not represent the only romance, for there is an unusual amount of it in the stories of the men and women who have prepared this issue for you. As a rule artists and writers are very humdrum sort of people, pounding determinedly on a typewriter or bending over a drawing-board with all the feeling that they have about as

hard a job as anyone in the world.

But look at the story of Ethel Webster, who with "The Flowers That Bloom in the Home" presents the first of a group of unusually practical articles on how to make your

flowers grow.

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Webster moved to the dry southern belt of Alberta, and began instantly to try and grow her beloved flowers. She planted, and hoed, and watered for endless weeks—but nothing A childhood friend from her old home in the Osark mountains sent her some home-grown seeds-petunias. Mrs. Webster planted these

and they grew beautifully.

For years she worked in her garden discovering the best way to make flowers grow. She conducted a column in a near-by paper, and in 1925 received over 900 letters asking for seeds. She formed the Floral Friends Club, distributing to members the seeds she so carefully grew. Today there are thousands of members in the club, all with the one ambition "To make Carada blossom like the rose.

It is with the experience born of these years and years of actual work that Mrs. Webster writes—and in her articles brings her great gift for making flowers grow to many thousands of women who will find her advice invaluable.

Through the Flower Lady's help thousands of prairie homes grew flowers where flowers had never bloomed before.



THERE'S a particular interest to "I'd Rather Have Beauty Than Brains," in that it represents the very first article which Nan Robins ever wrote for a magazine—and it was accepted instantly. You'll understand why when you have read the article—which you have probably already done!

You will also understand why Nan asked me to use a penname. She is a young newspaper reporter in her early twenties and writes for a daily newspaper in western Canada. "When I reporter in her early twenties and writes for a daily newspaper in western Canada. "When I wrote some articles for our local paper" she says "a lot of my friends insisted I was writing about them, and it would be rather embarrassing for

me in connection with this particular article!"

By the way, you'll be interested, I hope, in hearing how the photograph of the young girl was chosen to illustrate. For even the detail of picking the right type of girl was a matter of a

great deal of thought. We had a dozen photographs of beautiful, winsome, coy, cute, sophisticated and gorgeous women laid out on the desk—in the editor's office —and we couldn't decide which one to use. So we asked a group of girls on the staff to come in one by one and pick the prettiest girl. With one exception they all instantly voted for the lassie on page three of this issue. Do you like her—and do you agree with the article? NEWSPAPER women are prominent in the editorial contents this month. One of Canada's best known journalists, Lucy Doyle, gives you a vivid pen picture of Mrs. Howard Ferguson, wife of the new Canadian Commissioner in London. This month London is welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, wherefore it is very fitting that you should read the very human story of this "full-partnership" wife. Lucy Doyle who lives in Toronto is well known throughout Canada. She travelled with the retinue of the Prince of Wales every time he came to Canada, and has attended all the important events in eastern Canada for many years. She spent six weeks in London during the Imperial Conference where she had a unique opportunity of contacting Mrs. Ferguson. In her newspaper work she

has been familiar with Mrs. Ferguson's public life from the very beginning.



THERE'S still a third newspaper woman in the magazine

—Joyce Potter who writes "Will you Introduce me?"

For some years Miss Potter conducted a question and answer column in a big Toronto newspaper. "What was the question most often asked you?" I asked her recently. "How to introduce friends" said she. "That seemed to puzzle people most. After that—wedding etiquette."

So here are the rules for introductions from

So here are the rules for introductions from kings and cardinals down to the newest member of your bridge club. Later we will have the wedding etiquette.



THE article by Helen Gregory MacGill on the new Canadian marriage law appears as the result of a glamorous afternoon on the Pacific Coast last summer. For it was while driving round the beautiful marine drive outside Vancouver, that Mrs. MacGill, who as most of you know, was for many years judge of the juvenile court, began to tell me of the interesting things in the new B.C. marriage law. "That interests me enormously!" I said. "And therefore won t it interest the readers of *The Chatelaine*? Let's

try it!"
So there is the article—and I hope you do



WHO is Joan Sutherland? Many of you must know her name as she is one of the foremost of young English novelists. She knows Canada well and her novel "Cross Currents" which begins in this issue moves between Canada, New York and London. It is a very different tale from "The Cat's Paw" which was an adventurous romance. "Cross Currents" deals with the strange tangled lives that so many of our young people must lead through the carelessness of their parents. I shall be particularly interested in hearing how you like this serial? Will you take the time to drop me a card? For it is really only through these contacts with you that I can gauge just what kind of a novel you like the best.

Rene Norcross who tells you the dramatic story of a day's work in the Victorian Order of Nurses, is a private duty nurse in Vancouver, who besides being a good nurse is a good writer too. The photographs show actual scenes in the fine work of the V.O.N.

Byrns Hops Sanders.

Vol. IV. Toronto, FEBRUARY, 1931 Number 2 CONTENTS Cover Design painted for The Chatelaine by ELSIE HARDING General Articles I'd Rather Have Beauty Than Brains-by Nan Robins . A New Marriage Law—by Judge Helen Gregory MacGill .
Illustrated by Victor Child. My Adventure With the V. O. N .- by Rene Norcross . . . . 17 The Chatelaine Institute The Valentine Party-by Helen G. Campbell The Flowers That Bloom in the Home, Tra-la-by Ethel M. Webster 22 Oh, Yes, We All Like Bananas-by Helen G. Campbell . . . . 22 The No Man's Land of Childhood—by Emma Gary Wallace . . . The Cereal Foods of Canada-by J. B. Spencer, B.S.A. Fashions The Chatelaine Patterns Fiction Illustrated by Henry Davis. Children's Feature The Children's Fairy Book . The Story of a Bear-by Dora Sanders; Illustrated by H. E. M. Sellen.

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and you are protecting your family with Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch cleans perfectly. It gets rid of all the dirt at once—hidden uncleanliness and impurities at the same time the visible dirt is removed. In the bathroom, which is devoted to personal cleanliness, this distinctive Old Dutch feature is reassuring. It means that the tub, bowl and fixtures, when Old Dutch is used, are sanitary and hygienic. Healthful Cleanliness prevails.

Old Dutch cleans quickly. You'll marvel at the ease and quickness with which the tiny, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles work. One smooth sweep and the dirt is gone. Old Dutch is a natural cleanser—cleans quicker than anything else you can use. Saves you time and effort.

Old Dutch cleans safely, too. You'll be surprised with the sparkle of the porcelain, tile and enamel. Old Dutch is kind to lovely surfaces. It doesn't scratch—contains no harsh, scratchy grit or other abrasives. Old Dutch preserves and protects original lustre.

Old Dutch has modernized cleaning completely. Use it throughout the house, keep a can in the bathroom, kitchen and laundry. Old Dutch is the one and only thing to use for bathrooms, floors, walls, woodwork, kitchen utensils, refrigerators, metal work, in fact on any surface on which water may be used for cleaning. And it's economical to use because a little goes a long way.

Old Dutch homes are Healthful Homes

## after you clean them with Old Dutch.

—Listen to the Old Dutch Girl— Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8.45 A.M., over the Columbia Broadcasting System through Station CFRB Toronto.



CLEANS QUICKER

MADE IN CANADA